

# THE TECHNOLOGY REVIEW

RELATING TO THE MASSACHUSETTS  
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY



NOVEMBER  
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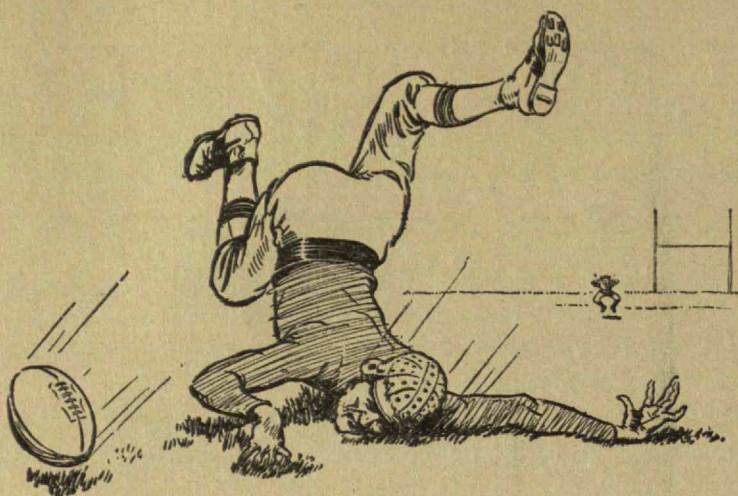
PUBLISHED BY THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

# technology review

Published by MIT

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Particularly if you are a freshman it may be useful to remind you of this principle, because it can help you start off on the right foot in both your campus activities and your college courses.

If your fingers love the feel of a pencil, why not obey that impulse and come out for the publications? You can serve Alma Mater and yourself better as a first-class editor than a third-class halfback.

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The world needs many types of men. Find your line, and your college course will be a preparation for a greater success.

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INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

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## Contents for November, 1924

*Cover Design by Kenneth Reid, '18*

The Past Months . . . . .	5
Editorial Comment . . . . .	8
The Basque Country . . . . .	11
<i>By Samuel Chamberlain, '18</i>	
From Wilmington to Selbyville . . . . .	15
<i>By Eric Hodgins, '22</i>	
The Fifth Estate . . . . .	19
<i>By Arthur D. Little, '85</i>	
Swept and Garnished . . . . .	24
DEPARTMENTS	
News from the Alumni Clubs . . . . .	26
News from the Classes . . . . .	28
Classified Advertising . . . . .	62



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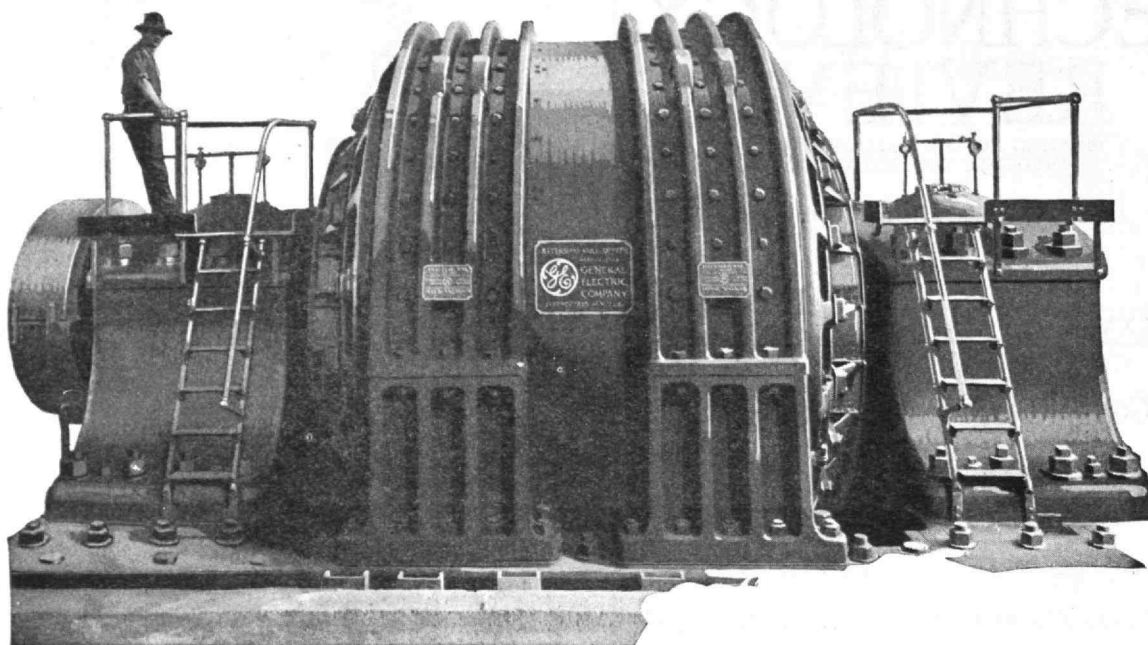
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# GENERAL ELECTRIC

# THE TECHNOLOGY REVIEW

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Vol. XXVII

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## *The Past Months*

AGAIN it is the duty of these columns to note the departure from the Institute of capable and liked professors. As announced at the fall meeting of the Corporation, four chairs will be vacant at the beginning of this fall term. Professors T. H. Dillon and F. S. Dellenbaugh, '21, of the Department of Electrical Engineering, A. E. Ferran of the Department of Architecture and E. H. Schell, '12, of the Department of Economics and Statistics are the men who are leaving their positions at the Institute for various reasons.

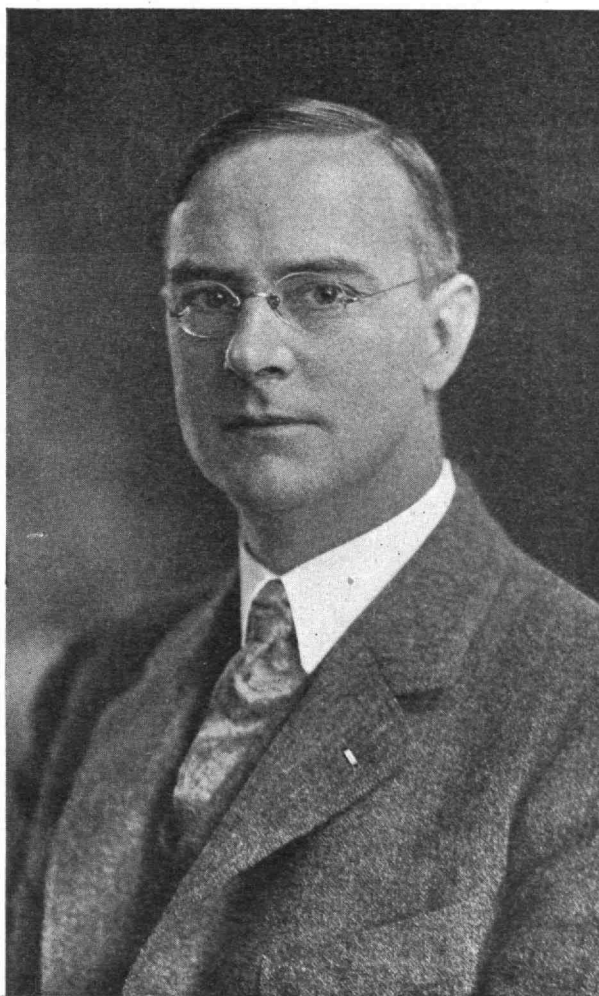
Professor Ferran has been in charge of Architectural Design at Technology for nearly three years. He has returned to France and will continue his instruction at Toulouse. Succeeding him is Professor Jacques Carlu. Professor Carlu holds a diploma from the French Government for work in L'École des Beaux Arts. He won the Prix de Rome competition in 1920.

Alone of the four men Professor Dellenbaugh will not completely sever his connection with the Institute. He has been at Technology since 1919 serving as Assistant Professor of Electric Machinery and as Secretary of the Research Division of Electrical Engineering. He will enroll again as a student this fall and take work which will lead to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the spring. His successor has not been announced.

Professor Dillon has occupied a distinguished position at Technology ever since he came here in 1919 after twelve years of military service. He has served the Institute as Professor of Electric Power Transmission

and Electric Transportation and as Director of the Summer Session. He has resigned his chair to accept a position as head of the Department of Public Utilities in the School of Business at Harvard. Again, the Department of Electrical Engineering has made no announcement of a successor.

Professor Schell has been associated for some years with courses in Business Management. His lecture given each year, popularly known as the "Million Dollar Lecture" will be remembered by many students of recent years. He, too, has accepted a position in the School of Business at Harvard, where he will continue along the same lines he has followed at the Institute. The parallel continues, for unfortunately no announcement of his successor is as yet forthcoming.



THEODORE HARWOOD DILLON  
*who has now left the Institute to be Head of the Department of  
Public Utilities in the Harvard Business School*

*Notman*

MANUSCRIPTS from Alumni, for entry in the third year of the Prize Song Contest, are scheduled for receipt on January 1, 1925. This date allows an extension of time from the original date of October 15, 1924, so that the Alumni, from whom the committee hopes for many entries, will have additional time to complete their tasks.

The judging committee is placing more stress this year upon words than upon

music. Although the combination will be considered as welcomely as before, the committee wishes it to be known that words without accompanying music will be acceptable.

Manuscripts should be submitted to the Secretary of the Technology Prize Song Committee in Room



2-285. They should be signed with a number and should be accompanied by an envelope bearing the same number and containing the name of the contestant.

THE Institute has profited during the summer by three bequests aggregating a potential maximum of \$30,000 and a certain minimum of \$15,000. The reliable benefactors are Miss Elizabeth Peters of Boston who has left \$5,000 to the Department of Mineralogy and Walter Scott Kennedy of Worcester who has made the Institute a beneficiary to the amount of \$10,000. The uncertain sum is due to the unusual will of Jacob J. Arakelyan who makes a \$15,000 bequest to a Dorchester church with the clause, "if at any time said church shall cease to exist, or if at any time drinking, smoking or dancing is permitted in any of the buildings of said church, this legacy shall be forfeited and the principal of said fund shall be given to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for scholarships."

THE Department of Biology and Public Health has announced a new series of specialized courses leading to the degree of Doctor of Public Health. The degree is thus placed on the same level as the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science requiring in general at least three years of graduate work. The opening of this work to civilians is an expansion of the training in public health which has been offered for the past year only to duly qualified officers from the Surgeon General's Department of the Army. According to the United States Public Health Service it should aid in solving one of the most pressing problems in public health to-day.

PRESIDENT Stratton delivered his annual report to the Corporation at its recent fall meeting. The principal interest centers in the Treasurer's report. The Institute kept within its budget last year, the income from students and investments being in excess of the expenses by something more than \$1000. About 60 per cent of the approximate \$2,000,000 required to maintain the Institute for a year was devoted purely to instruction purposes.

The report contains reference to the '93 Dormitory and to the purchase of the new thirty acres of land across Massachusetts Avenue, which have previously been noted in these columns. It points out that the total resources of the Institute, including endowments, plant and current assets are over thirty million dollars.

At the same meeting, Henry Morss, '93, an ex-President of the Alumni Association who has been Assistant Treasurer of the Institute for several years and who was a term member of the Corporation up to last June, was elected a life member of the Corporation. James P. Munroe, '82, was reelected Secretary and Charles T. Main, '76, was chosen again to serve on the Executive Committee for a term of five years.

WHILE eager students have been resting on their laurels (or nettles), Institute faculty members have not chosen to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. The summer has seen them in a veritable orgy of activities so great that the briefest of cataloging is all that a cramped space can allow.

Dugald C. Jackson, Professor of Electrical Engineering and Head of the Department, has come to notice twice. In June, he was one of the contributors to the series of papers which the American Committee presented to the World Power Conference in London. In September, he was appointed chairman of a new committee of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts to study the question of the prices paid for power and the cost of producing power.

At the same time that the World Power Conference was being held in London, another portion of that city was entertaining a convention of higher æsthetic aims. Two hundred architects representing nearly all foreign countries met in an International Congress on Architectural Education. The chief representative of the United States at this meeting was Professor William Emerson, Head of the Institute's Department of Architecture.

But Professor Jackson is by no means the only two letter man in the faculty this summer. Professor R. T.



HARVARD BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN

The wreckage of the old flooring is now complete. Construction gangs are making rapid progress with the new, and the renewed bridge will, perhaps, be open to traffic by December 1

Haslam, '11, of the Institute, in collaboration with E. W. Thiele, also of Technology, is the author of a report on cheaper and more abundant fuel and on international progress in the search for it. This report was made public by the American Chemical Society, to which it was submitted.

Professor E. P. Warner, '17, has also been selected as chairman of a committee in his own field, that of aviation. The Committee is that which will determine in 1925 the most meritorious contribution to the science of aeronautics reported to it during the year. In return for this contribution the Dayton Section of the Society of Automotive Engineers will give a medal which is to be an annual recognition of merit.



**T**HE past summer has witnessed centennial celebrations of two well-known institutions which are closely allied to the Institute in ideals and purpose.

The first of these was the combined celebration of the centenary of Franklin Institute and of the inauguration exercises of the Bartol Research Foundation. On the centenary committee were Elihu Thomson, Pierre S. duPont, '90, and J. Howard Pew, '03. Dr. Thomson served as Chairman.

Institute men who gave addresses were Dr. Thomson, Arthur D. Little, '85, (a transcript of whose address on "The Fifth Estate"



#### THREE DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMEN

Above: Professor Jacques Carlu, who succeeds A. E. Ferran as Professor of Architectural Design. At left: Professor Charles Fabry, of the Sorbonne, President of the Société Physique de France and Director of the Institut d'Optique Théorique et Appliquée of Paris, who will deliver a series of twelve lectures at the Institute, on "Light Interference Phenomena and their Applications." At right: Professor Charles de la Vallée-Poussin, who will deliver six lectures, beginning November 1, on the theory of integration and degree-of-convergence. He is professor at Louvain.



appears elsewhere in this issue), William D. Coolidge, '96, who spoke on "Modern X-ray Tube Development," Professor A. E. Kennelley of the Institute, Professor Bradley Stoughton, '96, who is now at Lehigh, and Dean Harold Pender a former member of the Institute faculty. Professor Kennelley was Technology's official representative.

Only two weeks later Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute held the celebration of its hundredth anniversary at Troy, New York. President Stratton was one of a distinguished list of speakers which included Presidents Angell of Yale, Birge of Wisconsin, and Michelson of the National Academy of Sciences.

At this celebration, Dr. Stratton received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Dean H. P. Talbot, '85, was delegate from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and H. W. Tyler, '84, represented the Association of University Professors, of which he is Secretary.

**P**ROFESSOR William S. Franklin of the Department of Physics has received his reward for his ever ready interest in humanitarian activities. About fifteen years ago while a Professor at Lehigh University, Professor Franklin started the playground movement in Bethlehem. To stimulate interest in it he published his well known book, "Bill's School and Mine," which presents the differences between the environment of the boy in the typical industrial center and of the one who grows up as he did in a pioneer or rural community. After fifteen years the work has borne fruit and Bethlehem is now the owner of a ten-acre tract of land which is to be improved and made into a public park and playground. Fittingly the new playground will be named Franklin Park. Bostonians will be interested in a similar and almost coincident honor awarded Hank Gowdy by the military citizenry of Benning, Georgia.

**L**INCOLN Cathedral is to profit by the gift of A. Farwell Bemis, '93, life member of the Institute Corporation. A movement has been set on foot in England to repair the transepts of the cathedral, a measure necessary to insure the stability of the beautiful central tower. Mr. Bemis' gift of £50,000 is the largest single contribution to the rapidly growing fund.

**A**NNOUNCEMENT has been made that the Annual Banquet of the Alumni Association will be held Saturday evening, January 3, 1925. No further details are forthcoming at this time, but presumably the banquet will be held in the Walker Memorial as heretofore. The Class of '95 at present plans a big attendance in honor of Thomas B. Booth, '95, who is President of the Association.

**I**T is with regret that The Review must record the disappearance of William Whitehead, II, '25. With his brother, Joseph, the young man set out in the middle of August to traverse the more or less unexplored re-

gions of Glacier National Park. They have not been heard from since their departure. Searching parties, led by government rangers, have combed the hills and ravines without success and at this date it seems futile to hope that the boys will ever be found alive.

**"I**T is ten years since Mrs. Ellen Richards, '73, left us and in these years her students are realizing more and more what her work meant to them and not only to them but to many others." With the idea in mind that this year is a tenth anniversary, a committee formed of members of the Technology Woman's Association and of the Alumni has voted that a most fitting memorial would be a bronze bas-relief of Mrs. Richards with a suitable inscription. The gift will be in the name of the Alumni.

**S**EPTEMBER witnessed the largest International Steel Convention ever held. It was conducted this year at Commonwealth Pier, Boston. In the exposition, Technology men played a prominent part. The exposition is held annually under the auspices of the American Society for Steel Treating, of which Dr. George K. Burgess, '96, is President. Dr. Stratton played an important part in the exposition and was a member of the Executive Committee that succeeded in bringing it to Boston.

## Editorial Comment

**Registration's Artful Aid**

Some weeks ago our good neighbor, the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, printed a cynical editorial on registration figures and how to interpret them to the satisfaction of all. Said the Bulletin, in effect, if numbers decrease one's talk should be all of quality in instruction, of the dangers of mass education and the privilege of membership in the aristocracy of brains. But if numbers mount, the cue is rhapsody; the institution is extending its boundaries in an ever-widening circle; it is appreciated; it is fulfilling its duty towards the yearning searcher for instruction, and the sacred charge laid upon it by The Founder. In other words, no eventuality revealed by the naive registrar should dismay the alumni editor, nor shake his confidence that

We are right and you are right  
And everything is quite correct.

All of which is excellently observed, but of no help to us of Technology this year. For the Harvard editor has set no prescription for static conditions; given us no formula for the Status when it is Quo.

And it is Quo with us this year. Registration lies again in the Twenty-nine Hundreds, so close to the figure for the first term of 1923-24 as to be within the rather elastic limit of error. What are we to say? Perhaps something like this will serve:

Technology, after seven years of the uncertainty and confusion laid upon it by the war, once again finds itself stabilized. The ill effects

of a violent fluctuation in numbers, first down, then up sky-high, then down again, may now reasonably be supposed to have worn off. We are set in the proper track again. Henceforth, our clear-eyed administrators may plan for the future no longer hampered by the unsettled conditions which have made it impossible to build for coming generations upon a firm foundation. The slow and steady growth which was interrupted by the European cataclysm, may now go on, and we congratulate ourselves that . . .

That's not bad. It may even have the accidental virtue of truth. An eminent statistician, once a member of the Institute Faculty, is of the opinion that the registration of the Institute will continue to drop until it reaches a point that is a projection of the Institute's normal pre-war growth. If this be true, the expected registration would be, this year, only 2200, and the Institute has enrolled an excess of thirty per cent over normal expectations.

But the unwisdom of this view lies in the impossibility of setting a rate that shall be "normal" or "average" to the satisfaction of those two dubious words. If Columbia University, for example, were to continue its growth at the average rate of the past twenty years, it would not be long before its enrollment were, to the immeasurable joy of President Butler, larger than the population of the earth. Mark Twain, in *Life on the Mississippi*, lunged out at the geologists of his day, by using their methods to demonstrate that the Father of Waters was once so much longer than now that it stuck out over the Gulf of Mexico like a pole. In predictions on a "normal" rate of growth we may be illustrating the converse of this charming conceit by postulating a law where none exists.

After all, no one knows why young men go to college. The considerations that weigh with them and their families are often trivial and inconsequent beyond imagining. In the future as in the past, fads in the popular notion of scientific education will swell our rolls or deplete them. In the future, again as in the past, all American universities will be affected, well or ill, by their inextricable entanglement with an industrial system notably capricious. When the genial editor of the *Harvard Bulletin* suggests the stock and stencil by which any critic may suavely be answered, he prefers to be implicit in the statement of an important fact. That fact is that all of us worry too much about our yard-stick measurements of size. Most of our schools are young, and still self-conscious, and still filled with subconscious doubts of their right to permanency. We shall have to get over this. We cannot continue indefinitely to "break last year's record." Everything in America has been getting bigger and better for the past twenty years, and has come now to the point of being outrageously bigger and intolerably better. We are so used to this that when the unexpected happens, we worry over it. A rather adolescent worry, it seems to us.

## Pons Asinorum

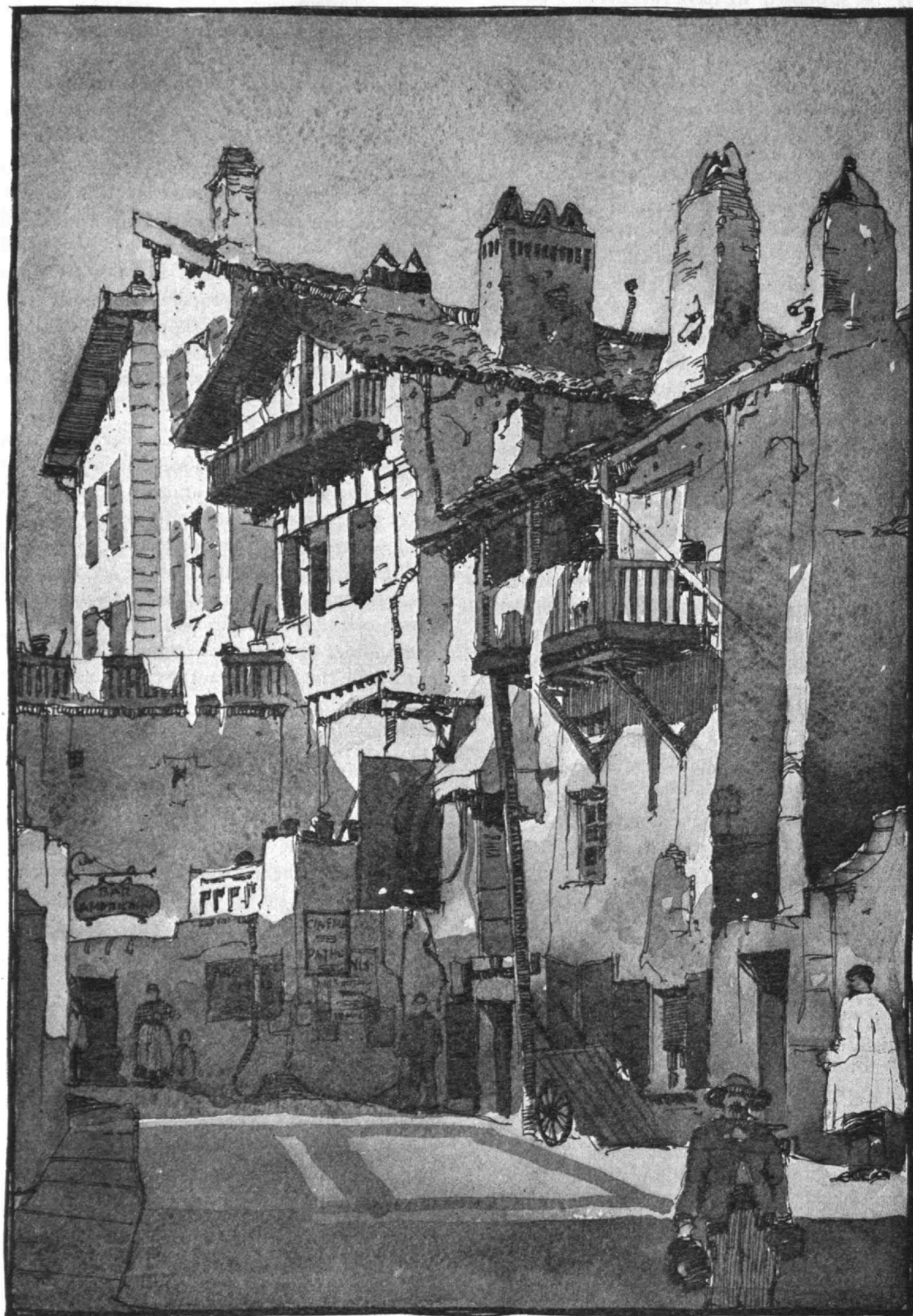
The late summer and early fall are witnessing the passing of the finest of Technology's landmarks. The Harvard Bridge which has so staunchly withstood a tempestuous storm of vitriolic villification ever since the Institute moved across the Charles has at last bowed its head to the tempest and bowing, is gone forever.

We say gone advisedly. The skeleton of the structure will remain. The superstructure will be changed. With this decision of the authorities vanishes any dream some may have had of a new bridge reaching toward the Institute on axis and thereby affording the approaching traveler a proper view of the buildings. It is a pity that with the disappearance of this possibility there also disappears Harvard Bridge. For we may not palter. Harvard Bridge will be Harvard Bridge no longer.

The freshman entering this year may in his passage across the structure gain some idea of the bridge that was. The freshman of another year must learn of it only by pipe-redolent reminiscence on the part of mellow graduate. No longer will the solitary poetic walker by night, seeking refuge for the moment from the whirling integral sign, pause beneath its cloistering shadows and find inspiration and rest in the xylophonic symphonies emanating from its rumbling planks. No more will the playful autoist of a morning be able to indulge in his little game of so striking a loose board with his front wheel as neatly to bowl a pedestrian through the shadowy rail into the river below. The times have gone ahead.

Armies of workmen have swarmed upon the helpless structure. They have uprooted all the remaining boards. On the rusting girders they have placed a camouflaging coat of gray paint, thereby adding an apparent twenty per cent to the strength of the bridge. To the stringers and floor beams they have added mysterious structural shapes. Above the new steel they have laid heavy timbers and on these, blocks of stone. The Boston end hums with the angry drone of the riveter. The Cambridge end is enveloped in a dark pall of tar. The bridge proceeds to an inglorious metamorphosis. Yet not altogether inglorious. We are assured that the old rail will remain with a minimum of patching.

No doubt the new thing will be safer. Perhaps it will be more beautiful. Certainly it can never sound the same. One can only live and hope for the aging day when stones, too, become rebellious and when instead of a tone poem in wood we may hear an orchestral lithographic fugue; for the golden time when splinters become flint arrow heads, for the apogee of life when flying boards will be flying boulders and the devastation more beautiful and more complete thereby. "Finis coronat opus."



A BACK ALLEY IN ST. JEAN-DE-LUZ



# The Basque Country

*Comment reprinted from, and by permission of, The American Architect  
and The Architectural Review*

Undeniably, the idea of sending back to America a manuscript of bubbling observations upon the Basque country is not a new one. The foreign correspondents of our more haughty journals of "le monde ou l'on s'amuse" have dealt with it often and well. But in vain does one scan their paragraphs for even the faintest mention of the architectural charm of the place. To gap this dismal void these few lines are written, with a solemn promise to make no mention of who composed Lord Whattaberry's foursome or what Mrs. Sheckle wore at the opening of the Casino.

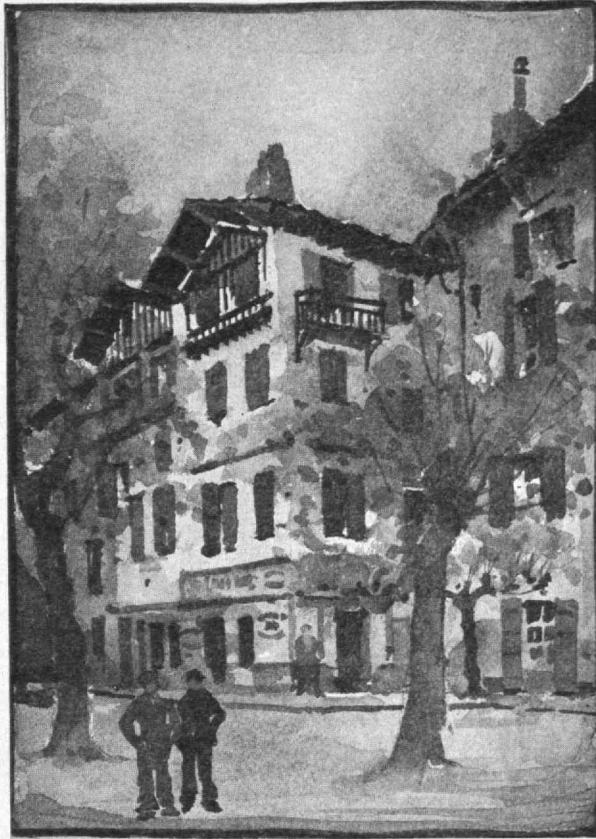
A most individual corner of the world these black-eyed Basque people have made for themselves. They retain their own language, costumes, games, dances. The fact that they are scattered over the frontier of two countries does not divide them. The Basque tongue, unique in Western Europe, defies one who searches to disclose in it a bit of Latin ancestry. There is a bewildering juxtaposi-

By SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN, '18  
*Illustrated by the author*

tion of letters, featuring k's, x's, z's and every other awkward letter in the alphabet. Heard by the garden variety of auditor, the words are as unfathomable as Sanskrit. To the eye, a spoonful of alphabet noodles is equally intelligible. Spoken, it has a crackle like a bonfire of pine needles.

A fez in Turkey is no more universal than the tight fitting, dark blue beret which is worn by every male inhabitant of the Basque country from two to eighty. The lace caps worn by the women have a greater variety. Some resemble glorified cornucopias, some are simple lace handkerchiefs, but the prize exhibits look like nothing more than the paper decorations on the unupholstered end of a mutton chop.

And they have their own games, particularly the fascinating "pelote," a distant country cousin to both handball and lacrosse. And the bullfights at San Sebastian—but this is no sporting column. The natives dance a genuine fandango on those frequent occasions when the



ST. JEAN-DE-LUZ



THE HILLSIDE CHURCH  
FUENTERRABIA

band plays in the public square. The abandon and utter lack of self-consciousness which characterize these people when, as the music suddenly bursts forth, the whole population swings into the gay gestures and agile steps of the fandango, are what startle the conventional Anglo-Saxon mind.

But most gratifying of all, the Basques have developed an architecture typically and incontestably their own. The Basque buildings, particularly the farmhouses, are deserving of study, for they combine a perfect utility with what is much rarer: an architectural treatment at once picturesque, well proportioned and devoid of detail. It is half timber construction at first glance, but basically it is stone and brick, effectively camouflaged with whitewash and painted timbers. Farm buildings in the pure Basque style are invariably marked by a broad passageway in the middle of the structure, in which the wagons and often the horses and oxen are housed. The urban buildings with their vast overhanging eaves and heavily shuttered windows, usually look as though they had received their last coat of whitewash but a month before. Their timbers, slender and strong, are not closely spaced as one finds them in Northern France, and the lintels are strung

with only a simple bead-like ornament. It seems unprecedented to paint the timbers in any colors but a box-car red, a sage green or a strange salt-water blue.

Biarritz is, of course, the much touted city of the region. But Biarritz has sprouted from a forlorn fishing village to the most ornate of fashionable watering

places in less than a century, and looks it. What picturesque spots there are in the town, which, although protected by rustic wooden fences that prove to be cement, appear weary and worn from the endless inspection of lolling tourists. Architects in search of æsthetic tonic here are advised to concentrate their attention on the shop windows of the English haberdashers and gloat over the tweeds and homespun, the exotic golf hose and sweaters there exposed.

See these, the tiny fishing port with its much exploited handful of fisherman, the flashing white cylinder of the simple old lighthouse and the self-same Atlantic Ocean against the jagged blue backdrop of the Pyrenees — and your artistic obligations are at an end. Assuming, of course, that no invigoration is to be found in the spectacle of marvellously made up demoiselles and senioritas, smoothly bedecked in Paris robes a day old and studded with several ounces of glistening stones,

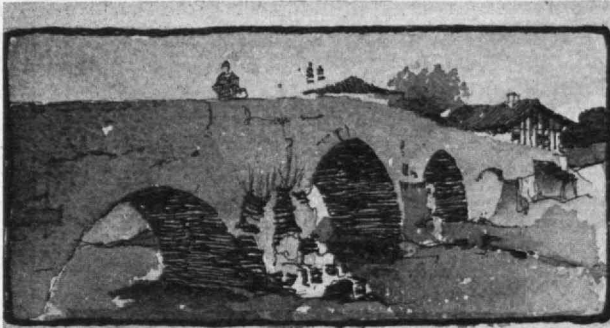


SARE



A TYPICAL BASQUE HOUSE IN CIBOURE

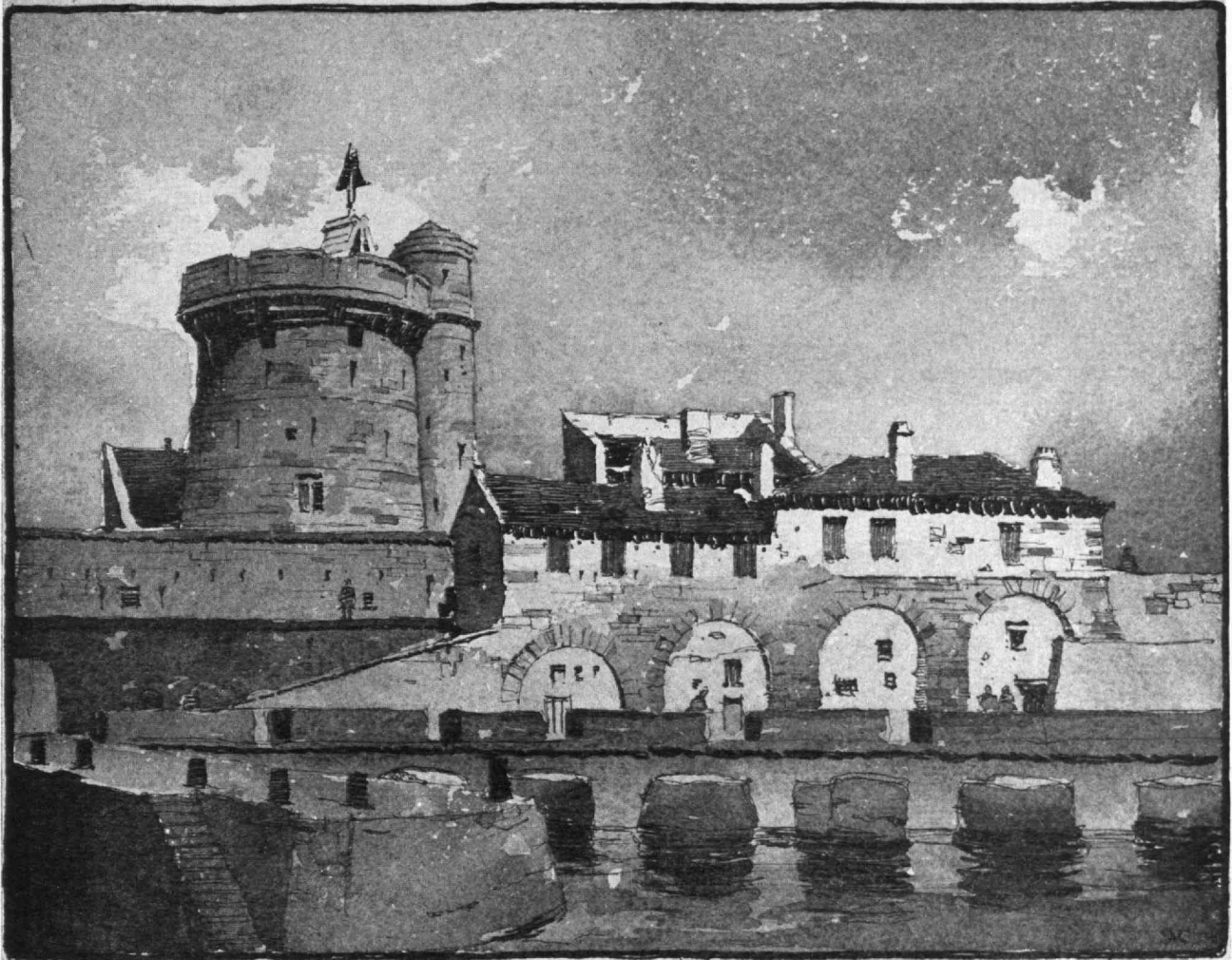




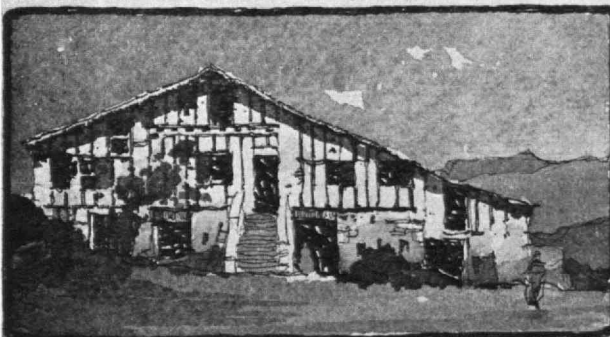
THE OLD BRIDGE AT SOCOA



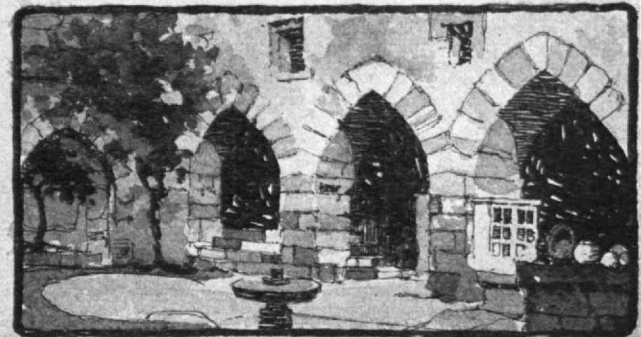
CIBOURE



THE FORTRESS - SOCOA



A BASQUE FARMHOUSE



A CLOISTER IN FUENTERRABIA

A GROUP OF SKETCHES IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY



gazing languidly from their Hispano-Suizas and feeding chocolates to their Russian wolfhounds — but this is not a society sheet.

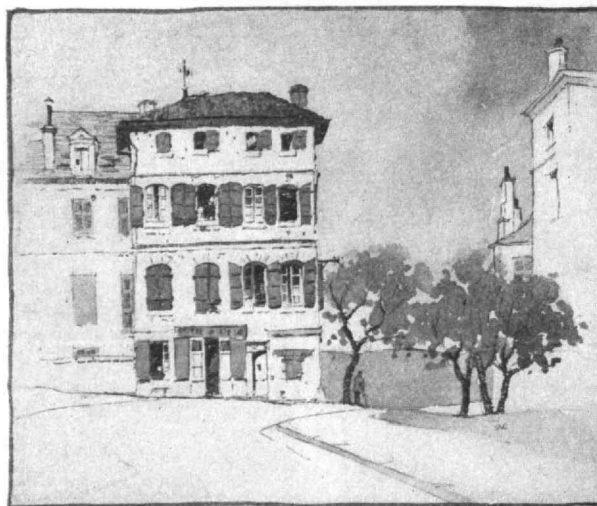
St. Jean-de-Luz, populated chiefly by English tourists and native fisherman, has more to recommend it. As a fishing village it is ideal; the combination of a naturally protected harbor, an elaborate series of breakwaters and jutting stone wharves giving it an extraordinary security. The most picturesque touch in the town is found in the fishermen who, for some unknown reason, wear overalls and jumpers not in the conventional, locomotive engineer blue, but in a gorgeous brownish red, the tone of which changes with each frequent washing. A cluster of fishermen loafing on the pier resembles nothing more than a huge, brilliant blotch of Autumn foliage. Some of the finest of the Basque houses are here; the streets are spotlessly clean; the hotels seemed palatial after one has been for two months in towns without edible soup, a bathtub or civilized plumbing. Louis XIV was married in the quaint, balconied Basque church here, and had the door, through which he emerged a much-married king, sealed up and properly labelled. It is therefore evident that recent generations of pleasure seekers have not been the first to discover the charms of this untroubled village. The wonder is that it has not suffered the fate of a "ville de luxe."

Many curious and anticipatory thrills take possession at the frontier at Hendaye, despite the discomfort of being herded bewildered through a shuttle of corridors and corrals, past money changers, ticket punchers, passport inspectors, baggage snoopers and trunk gougers. One has an ineradicable idea that, as soon as the border is crossed, a complete change will take place everywhere. Rather a childish idea, no doubt, but the transformation in this extreme corner of Spain was even more decided than expected. Dumped unceremoniously into the streets of the uninspiring border

town of Irun, one feels a thousand miles from France. Architecturally the buildings were but little different from those across the border, more frosted perhaps, and more bestrewn with flah-flah. But multicolored clothing hung over every iron balcony, strings of red peppers and onions garnished most of the doorways, and bright plaid blankets ambled by, concealing and smothering some chilly Spaniards beneath their heavy folds. Decidedly a new touch of color.

Fuenterrabia, a bouncing trolley ride away, is perhaps the quaintest walled town in the Basque country. Its narrow streets, overhung with elaborate jutting cornices and bulging balconies, were so sheltered that a shower of rain could moisten scarcely a narrow strip in the middle of the stony pavement. The beautiful old wooden consoles, used to support the balconies, are a joy to behold. One house in every five seemed to be adorned with a bit of ironwork of incontestable antiquity. And that touch as unmistakably Spanish as the click of a castanet — the carved stone escutcheon — is to be found in a dozen spots. The old Spanish Renaissance church, distinguished from a distance by its vast buttressed walls and its finely detailed tower, was a fascination inside. Dark and ominous, the smoky heights of its vaults were filled with the blue haze of incense. Its air of solemnity was marred by the scamperings and exaggerated whisperings of a dozen ragged children who were fishing under chairs for candle remnants, hiding the backs of passing ecclesiastics. High up on the stony roof of the huge dismal dungeon in which Charles V kept his lunatic mother, one has a superb view of the seacoast, far up into France—but this is not a guide book.

Climatically, the Basque seacoast is as near to all-year-round perfection as you can hope to find anywhere. Tennis and golf flourish at all times. No more restful place could be chosen for a vacation — but this distinctly is *not* a real estate sales letter.



AN ADAPTATION OF THE BASQUE HOUSE

[For all sketches here reproduced we are indebted to the courtesy of *The American Architect* and *The Architectural Review*]

# From Wilmington to Selbyville

*The story of how Coleman du Pont, '84, built and gave to Delaware "a highway nobly conceived and as nobly executed"*

The comedy plumber has become enraptured of the French maid, and would press his attentions, but the language is a barrier. She is polite, but uncomprehending. No American fortissimo can batter down the linguistic wall. The plumber must resort, therefore, to the language of Molière.

By the aid of a phrase-book, souvenir of his interval in France, he comes finally upon a solution. "Listen to this, Bill. The French word for chicken is p-u-l-l—uh, *pullet*. And some chicken is 'Doo pullet.' That's what I'm going to say to her when she comes in, Bill, 'Doo pullet.'"

Laughter. It seemed that Zelda Sears, gifted author of "Lollipop," musical comedy extraordinary, had hit upon a sure-fire crack.

Certainly it was one that laid no claim to over-subtlety. Thousands enjoyed it every night. And yet there seems discoverable in the staid public prints of Delaware no mention that when, on July 2, in Dover, the Hon. J. J. Davis waved in direction of a gleaming roadway and said, "This will bridge the former gap between the communities of Delaware" the assembled thousands of his auditors did not rise up and shout, as one man, "*du Pont!*"

Yet it must have happened, for General Coleman du Pont, '84, sure enough, is the one whom Delawar-ians

By ERIC HODGINS, '22  
*Managing Editor of The Review*

must thank for the bridging. He gave them the road.

This beneficence, hugely though it profits Delaware, seems not well known outside the State. And it seems hard to grasp. You mention the gift to a friend.

"He gave them a what?"

"A road."

"Well, uh, what kind of a road. A railroad?"

"No, a road. A cement road. A highway. A thoroughfare. Boulevard."

"And you say he—he gave it to them—to the State?"

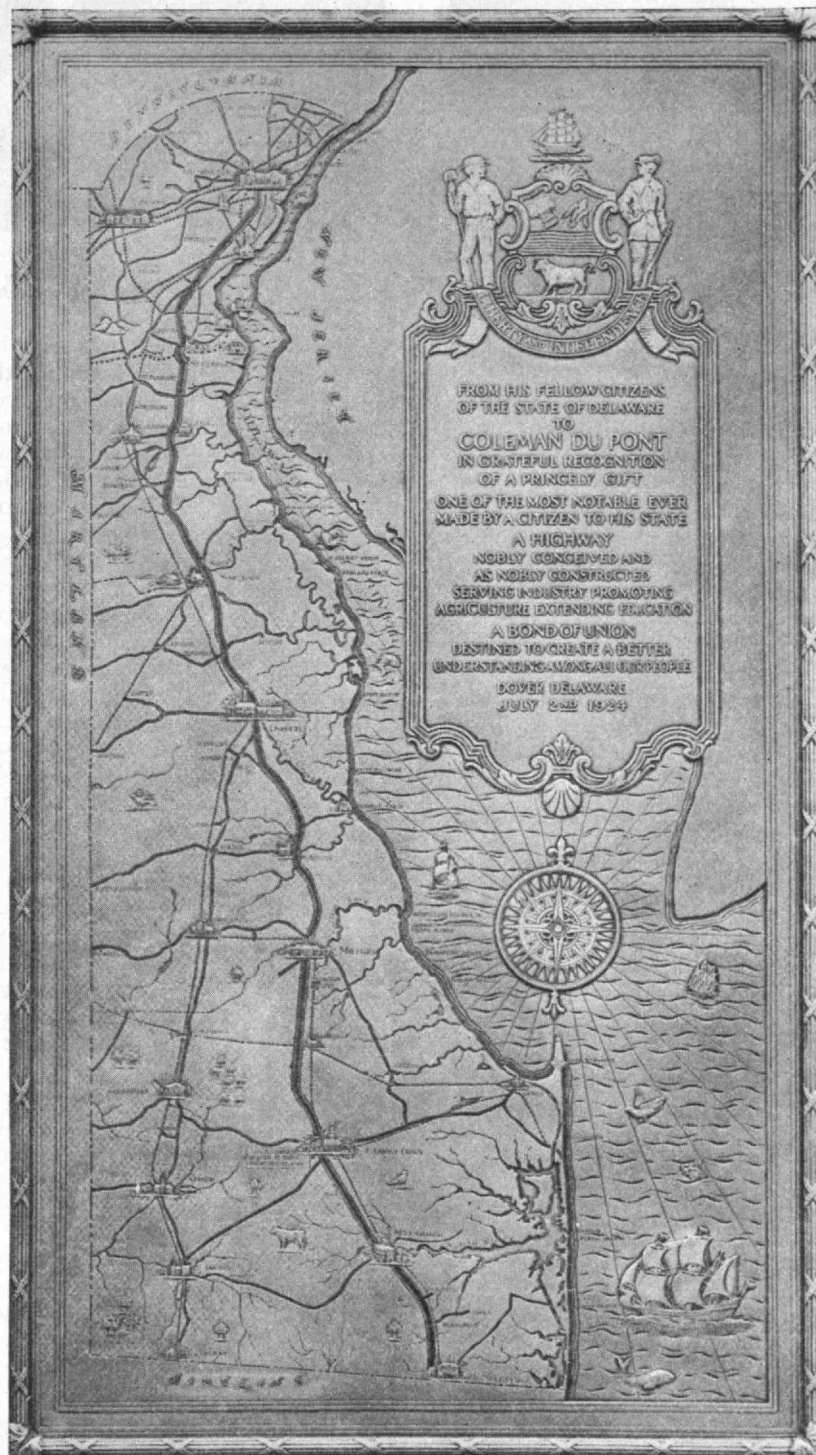
"He did."

"Well, what the hell do you know about that?"

I knew nothing the hell about that, and so I was commissioned to find out. The first question I asked of those in Wilmington who should know was on precedent. Had any philanthropist ever before built and presented a public highway to his fellow citizens? Apparently not. If there is precedent, it is unknown in Wilmington. The idea plus its execution was unique with General du Pont.

It is doubtful if any other single action could more have benefited Delaware. No loyal citizen would say, out and out, that before the du Pont road went through, the State

of Delaware had the worst roads in the Union, but, if pressed to tell what other State did touch the nadir, he would shake his head, and tell you that he couldn't



"IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF A PRINCELY GIFT"

*The citizens of Delaware presented this plaque to General du Pont as testimonial*



BEFORE

*A fair sample of Delaware road before the du Pont road went through*

say offhand, making not the feeblest effort to mention Missouri itself. And he would tell you, chokingly, of the experiences of friends, and how a man had more than once abandoned his half sunken car in the mire from October to April. You will gather that Delaware was fertile in experiences that would cause the hood of a Brewster-green Packard to turn white over night. Inferentially, then, Delaware's roads used to be Something Awful. Photographs will confirm. Before General du Pont put his road through Ellendale, the *Winfield Scott*, I think, could have paddled safely through the village, and farmers, setting out across the country, must have waited on the tides.

A picture of this one time Ellendale Swamp hangs upon the wall of General du Pont's office in Wilmington. Anyone, who like myself, wondered at first why General du Pont chose the gift of a road as a medium for his generosity will find his answer in a glance at it and others like it, which the General, with a slight trace of morbidity perhaps, still keeps on view. I can imagine him, gazing at them, and with the simplicity of a great man deciding not to give his fellow men a library after all, when there were so few in the State who could reach it.

Simplicity has marked not only the conception of the du Pont road, but the details of its construction. With Euclid, General du Pont held to the notion that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Thus when he came to build his road he acted on that axiom, with the result that the finished thoroughfare has nowhere in it an arc of more than five degrees. In all the hundred miles of its length



AFTER

*The one-time Ellendale Swamp, now one of the du Pont road's most beautiful stretches*

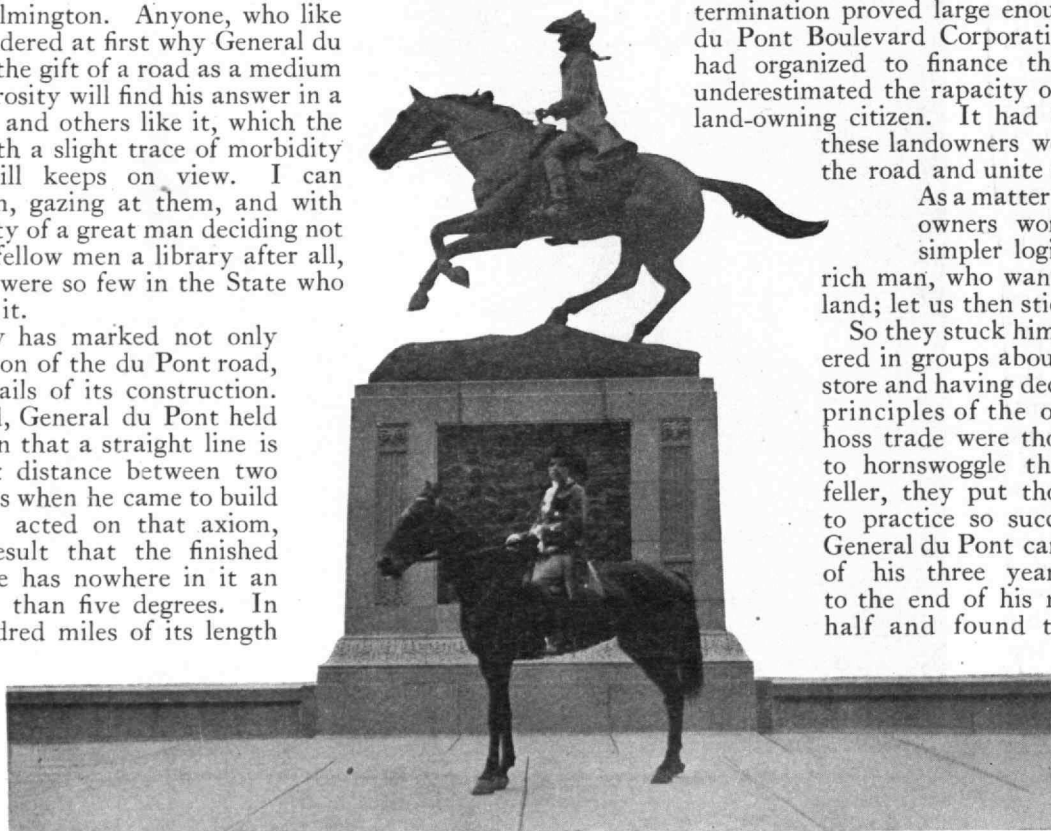
it has almost as few twists as a blonde bob on a wet day. It approaches in actuality that mythical straightness possessed by a railroad's version of its main line route. General du Pont did nothing abstruse and difficult when he built his road on Euclidean principles, but he gave Delaware a new idea.

Of course, it takes money to build a road in a straight line. When economy is a first consideration a road-maker may dodge the land of gouging farmers like a star fullback running in a broken field. But General du Pont was not willing to sacrifice Euclid so easily. It seemed to him that some three years, plus a million and a half of dollars, plus his own energy would run a good straight road from Selbyville to Wilmington.

It was not so. Only the General's determination proved large enough. For the du Pont Boulevard Corporation, which he had organized to finance the work, had underestimated the rapacity of the average land-owning citizen. It had believed that these landowners would welcome the road and unite to further it.

As a matter of fact, many owners worked with a simpler logic: Here is a rich man, who wants to buy our land; let us then stick him.

So they stuck him. They gathered in groups about the grocery store and having decided that the principles of the old-fashioned hoss trade were those by which to hornswoggle the slick city feller, they put those principles to practice so successfully that General du Pont came to the end of his three years and close to the end of his million and a half and found that he had



CAESAR RODNEY: HIS STATUE AND HIS MIME

*The du Pont road was dedicated on the one hundred and forty-eighth anniversary of Caesar Rodney's historic ride from Wilmington to Philadelphia, and its re-enactment was a feature of the celebration*



completed no more than thirty of the eventual hundred miles.

But there were still large quantities of the determination left for future drafts. Instead of throwing up his hands and saying, "Let 'em wallow," as he might so appropriately have done, General du Pont turned his project over to the newly-appointed Highway Commission ("There's not a politician on it," say they of Wilmington, with pardonable pride) to complete the work on any terms desired and asking "only," to quote him, that he "be allowed to pay the bills."

The Highway Commission aided by powers of condemnation which General du Pont could not, as a private citizen, possess, slowly pushed the du Pont Boulevard northward toward Wilmington.

Straight and broad the roadway cut its swathe in Delaware, always skirting, but only once bifurcating, the important towns. General du Pont gave his engineers the fullest latitude in their construction methods with the result that although the highway cost him, roughly, \$40,000 per mile to construct, the State of Delaware will need to spend, each year, only \$100 per mile to maintain it — a toll only one-ninth as large as an ordinary macadam road would exact for upkeep.

On October 31, 1923, the Highway Commission practically ended its thorough-going work by closing the last gap at Drawyer's Bridge. With that, the State found itself in completed possession of what every citizen now terms "The best road in the United States." For a distance of (let us be accurate about this, and take the official figures) 98.1306 miles a shining ribbon of concrete cuts through the woods and swamps of Delaware on its straight, remorseless way. In the swift rushing of your balloon tires over its smooth surface you will find little to remind you of the toil that went into the pioneering of that road. From Wilmington to Dover is forty miles, yet try as you will, you can spend scarcely more than an hour in the passage. If you were to shoot along its curveless way at sixty per until stopped by an ireful motorcycle cop, you would tell him you were doing not a mile over twenty — and actually believe it. With small difficulty you may cover its total course in a scant three hours. Yet the first passage over that road took twelve years to complete, where General du Pont had counted three, and of millions it took from him instead of the modest one and a half he had first set aside, no less than four. How much determination it took there seems no telling in that the General appears to have as much left as he started with.

Twelve years is a long time. When General du Pont's construction gang first swung their picks into the soft mud of Selbyville, the days were those leisurely ones before the war. The Institute, for example, had 1600 students, and housed them comfortably in Rogers, Walker, Engineering A, B, and C. It had no money. It had no Mr. Smith. The white buildings on the Charles existed only in the mind of a new

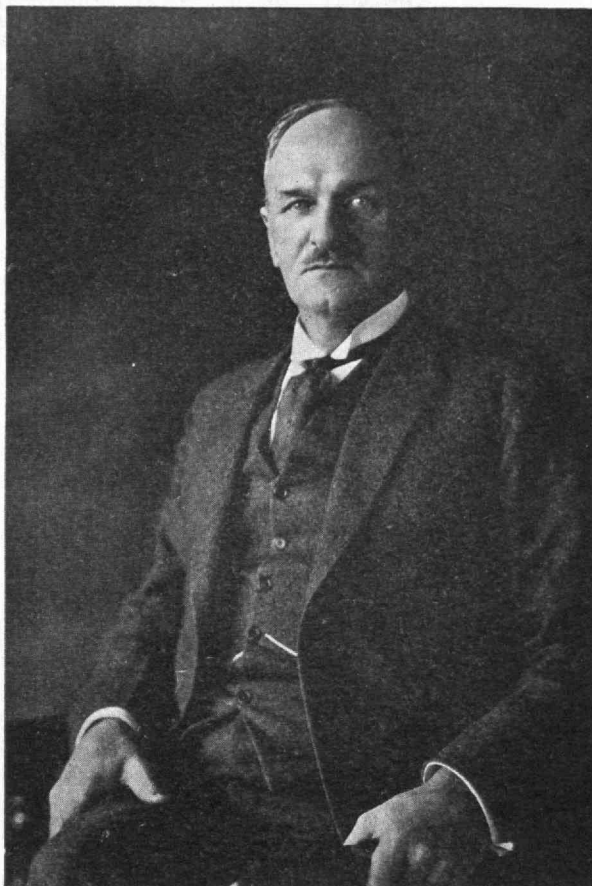
President, a Dr. Maclaurin. Far away and long ago you see, was the beginning of the project to which General du Pont clung. But if October 31 eased his mind, July 2 warmed his heart. For on this day the citizens of Delaware gathered in Dover formally to accept his gift, and informally and boisterously to show him their appreciation of him. There were speeches; there was a parade with floats and fancy dress; Cæsar Rodney, revivous, rode from Dover Green to Independence Hall in Philadelphia, outraging Clio by traversing most of the distance in auto. Governor Denney of Delaware accepted the gift, Secretary of Labor J. J. Davis made the long oration of the day, a committee of citizens made presentation to General du Pont of a commemorative silver plaque and a "Miss Wilmington" dropped roses upon the astounded and embarrassed roadway. It was a great day.

General du Pont, in his presentation speech, digressed interestingly into his history as a builder of roads. Said the General

(as the newspapers say) "in part":

"Ever since I was nineteen years old I have advocated and built, improved and repaired, highways to make transportation more economical, and I think a little story of what might have been the starting point of my interest in good roads may entertain you.

"Among the first jobs I had was assistant engineer of a coal mine in a small town in western Kentucky. This mine sold and delivered all the coal consumed in the town. As it was a new town, there were no roads. Frequently in the winter and spring, it would take four mules to deliver half a ton of coal to the residents of the town. It was part of my duties to look after the teams of the company and lay out the work for them. Near the mine, there was a very bad mudhole that could not be avoided, and one day in the early spring, there were more coal orders than usual. Early in the morning one of the teams, and I think it was the first load, got struck in this mudhole. The second load got stuck so that on the next load, I got some poles and blocks with which to pry the wagons out of the hole. After doing this for perhaps two or three hours, it suddenly occurred to me that it would be



COLEMAN du PONT, '84  
*who spent twelve years and four million dollars in giving the State of Delaware "the best road in the United States"*

W. S. Ellis

more economical to fix the hole than to continue lifting wagons out of it. The next load of coal that came along got stuck too. I put this load (worth in those days \$1.25 per ton delivered), into the hole. We had no more trouble with that hole all winter and I found that wherever the company's teams had to go through mudholes continuously, it was cheaper to repair the road and save strain on wagons, breaking of harness and single trees, beating of the mules and keep the drivers from using words that are not taught in Sunday School, than it was to go through the mudholes.

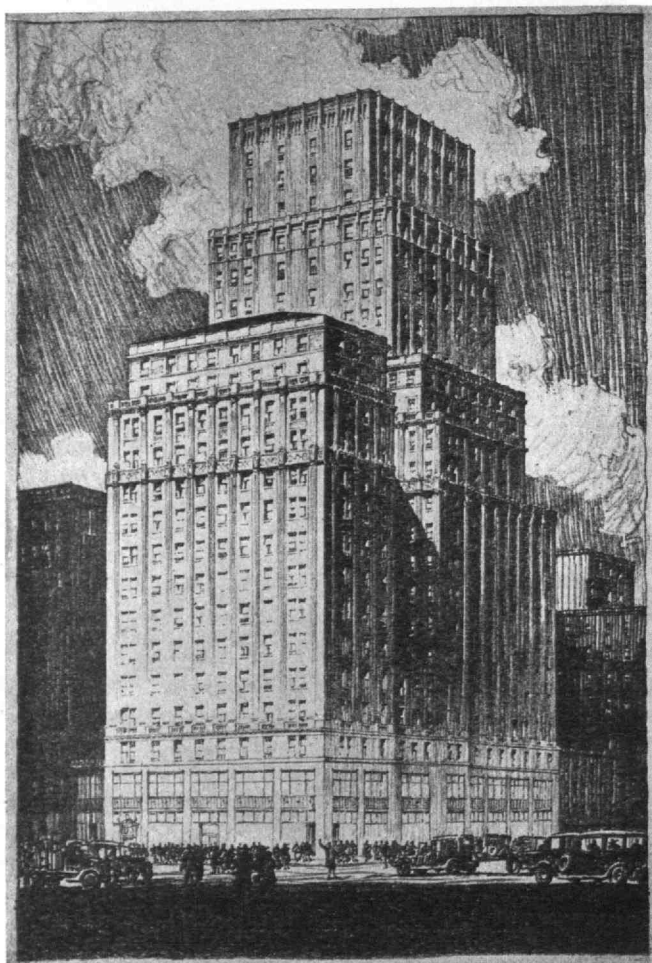
"In those days the coal that went through a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch screen was carried away in carts and dumped until there was slack (now called pea coal), spread around the mining district. By putting an extra cart on I found I could dump the slack on the roads and make good roads near the mines.

"Later the village hired two carts and the road was extended. Then in a year or two, combining with the village, the company, instead of wasting this slack at a cost of \$3 or \$4 a day, paid \$8 or \$10 a day, and the town \$8 or \$10 a day and put on more teams. In two years all the streets of the town were slacked and made passable. The money put into these roads was, I

think, more economically and advantageously spent than any other money spent by the little village. This was in 1883 and 1884; I was building roads forty years ago."

Such was the modest beginning of the builder of the Wilmington-Selbyville airline. It will probably be some time before the General gathers momentum to build another. Even now, for all that he possesses the silver plaque for testimony of the State's affection, there comes to him a letter, now and then, like this: "When you bought my land you told me it would make the rest of my property more valuable, but I cannot raise any more crops than I could before. You should pay me more."

But the General is a balanced and humorous man and so no doubt can laugh at this, even when the spirit is magnified to the point of lawsuits. He has a sense of satisfaction at a job well done. He has the memory of cheering loud in his ears at his accomplishment. As for the vexations, obstructions, delays, wilful misunderstandings, no doubt a man, if he is big enough, can smile at them as he rides them down. And so, no doubt, they added spice to the career of the road-builder. Let us say they were caviar to the General.



*Courtesy of Pencil Points*

THE BORDEN BUILDING, NEW YORK  
*A lithographic rendering by John Richard Rowe, '19*

# The Fifth Estate

Science as the expounder of "the wonders, the significance, the underlying harmony of the world in which we live"

Benjamin Franklin was not perhaps in all respects a paragon, but he was unquestionably a polygon — a plain figure with many sides and angles. There were not enough buttons on his black coat to tell off the multifarious aspects in which his complex personality was presented to the world. He was craftsman and tradesman; philosopher and publicist; diplomat, statesman, and patriot. And he was, withal, a very human being. What concerns us particularly on this occasion is the fact that he was at once philosopher and man of affairs. His remarkable career should refute forever the fallacy, which, unfortunately, still is current, that the man of science is temperamentally unfitted for the practical business of life.

At the time when Franklin was in England the British Parliament was assumed to be composed of representatives of three estates: the lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the commons, but Edmund Burke, pointing to the Reporters' Gallery, said, "There sits a *Fourth Estate*, more important far than all." No one at all familiar with the ubiquitous influence and all-pervading power of the Press would to-day question the validity of Burke's appraisal. Even then, however, there was present in England, in the person of Benjamin Franklin, a prototype and exemplar of the membership of a *Fifth Estate*, an estate destined to play an even greater part than its predecessors in the remaking of the world.

This Fifth Estate, to which your attention is appropriately invited on the centenary of the Franklin Institute, is composed of those having the simplicity to wonder, the ability to question, the power to generalize, the capacity to apply. It is, in short, the company of thinkers, workers, expounders, and practitioners upon which the world is absolutely dependent for the preservation and advancement of that organized knowledge which we call Science. It is their seeing eye that discloses, as Carlyle said, "the inner harmony of things; what Nature meant." It is they who bring the power and the fruits of knowledge to the multitude who are content to go through life without thinking and without questioning, who accept fire and the hatching of an egg, the attraction of a feather by a bit of amber, and the stars in their courses as a fish accepts the ocean.

The curious deterioration to which words are subject has left us with no term in good repute and common usage by which the members of the Fifth Estate may properly be characterized. Sophists are no longer distinguished for wisdom: they are now fallacious reasoners. Philosophers, who once claimed all knowledge for their province, are now content with speculative metaphysics. Scholars have become pupils. The absent-minded and myopic professor is a standardized property of the stage and screen.

By ARTHUR D. LITTLE, '85  
*Speaking at the Franklin Institute Centenary*

The expert, if not under a cloud, is at least standing in the shade. In Boston, one hesitates to call a professional man a scientist, he may be a Presbyterian; and a "sage," as an anonymous writer has pointed out, "calls up in the average mind the picture of something gray and pedantic, if not green and aromatic." Let us, therefore, for a time at least, escape these derogations and identify ourselves as members of the Fifth Estate.

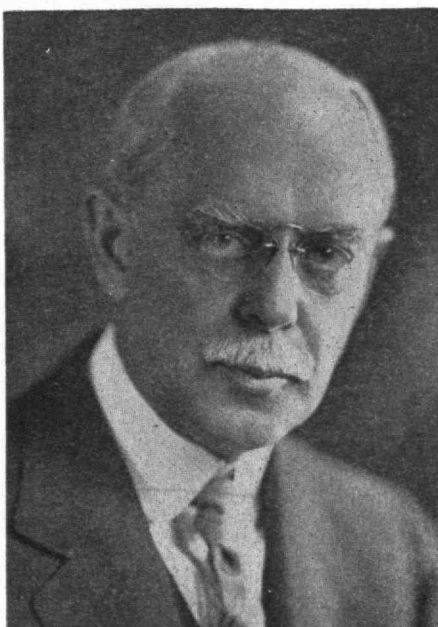
Although the brotherhood of the Estate is open to all the world, its effective membership nowhere comprises more than an insignificant proportion of the population. Two hundred and fifty constitute the membership of the National Academy of Sciences. The latest edition of "American Men of Science" includes only about 9500 names. The number is expanded to 12,000 on the roll of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Although gathered from all countries and though chemistry is one of the most active and inclusive sciences, the chemical papers, books, and patents reviewed in *Chemical Abstracts* in 1923 were the product of about 22,000 workers. One may hazard the estimate that there are not in all the world 100,000 persons whose creative effort is responsible for the advancement of science.

The studies of Cattell indicate that in America, at least, the great majority of men of science come from the so-called middle and upper classes, or precisely these sections of society which, in Russia, have been practically exterminated in the name of the new Social Justice. In about two-thirds of Cattell's reported cases both parents were American-born, while the fathers of nearly one-half were themselves professional men. Seventy-five per cent are dependent upon the universities for support, from which we may assume that the burden of the higher surtaxes does not bear heavily upon the Fifth Estate.

In proportion to population the cities have produced twice as many scientific men as the country, but how many "hearts once pregnant with celestial fire" repose in country churchyards because of lack of opportunity and absence of the stimulus of contact, cannot, of course, be known, nor can we tell how many brains, competent and equipped to penetrate the mysteries of nature, the war has cost the world.

Initiative is one of the rarest mental qualities, yet without it progress is impossible. Its combination with the scientific imagination and command of fact is still rarer and more precious. Since comparatively few of those who study science develop the capacity to extend its borders, the cost of a man competent

to advance science has been estimated at \$500,000 and his value to the community set at a far greater figure. Full membership in the Fifth Estate thus seems to involve the highest initiation fee on record. It is a figure disconcerting to the candidate, but as Wiggam



ARTHUR D. LITTLE, '85  
who, at the Centenary Celebration of the Founding of the Franklin Institute, delivered the paper here published for the first time



has finely said: "Only genius can create science, but the humblest man can be taught its spirit. He can learn to face truth."

That the Fifth Estate is not better appreciated or always understood by the world at large is not surprising. In their endeavors to secure accuracy of definition and expression its members have evolved a preposterous and terrifying language of their own. It is not ideally adapted to the interchange of confidences in ordinary human intercourse. It does not lend itself to poetry. "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home" becomes impossible when one is forced to address the prettily-spotted beetle as *Coccinella dipunctata*. A primrose by the river's brim is much more than a yellow primrose to the botanist: it is a specimen of *Primula vulgaris*. The organic chemist produces a new synthetic product in a mass of pilular dimensions and bestows upon it a name that would slow up Arcturus. Nothing but static interference can account for the terms of radio telephony. If knowledge is to be humanized it must first be translated.

Dewar has said that the chief object of the training of a chemist is to produce an attitude of mind. It should be the object of all education to produce the scientific attitude toward truth. We may even agree with Robinson that "of all human ambitions an open mind, eagerly expectant of new discoveries and ready to remould conviction in the light of added knowledge and dispelled ignorances and misapprehensions, is the noblest, the rarest and the most difficult to achieve."

Now vision, a trained intelligence, and an open mind are the qualities which characterize all those who are worthy of membership in the Fifth Estate. They are qualities which the many-sided Franklin possessed in exceptionally high degree.

Among all the activities with which his busy life was crowded, Franklin undoubtedly found his greatest pleasure in the pursuit of science, and in that pursuit he followed the eclectic method. At a time when nearly everything awaited explanation his focused attention ranged like a searchlight over many fields. He observed the movement of winds and developed a theory of storms. He considered ventilation and the causes of smoky chimneys and proceeded to invent new stoves. He introduced the Gulf Stream to Falmouth skippers and demonstrated the calming effect of oil on turbulent seas to officers of the British Navy at Portsmouth. From earthquakes he turned to the heat absorption of colored cloths and the fertilizing properties of gypsum. He wrote on sun spots and meteors; waterspouts, tides, and sound. The kite, which for centuries had been the toy of boys, became in Franklin's hands a scientific instrument, the means to a great discovery. That its significance is, even now, not universally appreciated is shown by the recent answer of a schoolboy, "Lightning differs from electricity because you don't have to pay for lightning." To Franklin, as the child of every man knows, we owe our initial conceptions of positive and negative electricity, and he was the first to suggest that the aurora is an electrical phenomenon.

The gregariousness, which is a prominent characteristic of the Fifth Estate, found early expression in Franklin. He formed The Junta, a club for the discussion of morals, politics, and natural philosophy, and in 1744 drew up a proposal for the organization of the American Philosophical Society, of which later he became president. He established a wide acquaintance and cemented many firm friendships among the fore-

most scientific men of France and England, by whom he was received on equal terms. In 1753 he was awarded the Copley medal of the Royal Society for his discoveries in electricity and on his leaving England, David Hume wrote: "I am sorry that you intend soon to leave our hemisphere. America has sent us many good things, gold, silver, sugar, tobacco, indigo, but you are the first philosopher and indeed the first great man of letters for whom we are beholden to her."

The professional spirit which animates the Fifth Estate is essentially one of service. Its compelling urge in the search for truth springs from the conviction that the Truth shall make men free. That spirit finds complete expression in Franklin's statement; "I have no private interest in the reception of my inventions by the world, having never made, nor proposed to make, the least profit by any of them." This impersonal relation to the children of his brain was indeed carried by him to an extent which ordinary human nature would find hard to emulate. "I have," he writes, "never entered into any controversy in support of my philosophical opinions; I leave them to take their chance in the world. If they are right, truth and experience will support them; if wrong, they ought to be refuted and rejected."

There is, nevertheless, a place for militancy in science. The world needs a Huxley for every Bryan.

Franklin was a man of science, but his career proclaims that it is possible to be a man of science and much more besides. Science was made for life, and life is more than science. Art in its fullest expression may touch deeper springs, human relations and affections may bring richer rewards, and public affairs may make a more imperious claim. With Franklin as their prototype the members of the Fifth Estate may well strive to emulate his devotion to the public service and his broad and constructive interest in human problems and affairs.

Error and misconception have a feline tenacity of hold upon life, and the Fifth Estate, though richly endowed with latent executive capacity, is still in popular opinion regarded as equipped for thought rather than for action. The practical man, busily engaged in repeating the errors of his forefathers, has little time and less consideration for the distracting theories and disconcerting facts of the man of science. Yet who, among the men of action, is more intensely and truly practical than Carty, Backeland, Reese, or Whitaker? Where shall one find a firmer grasp on the details of business than that possessed by E. W. Rice, Jr., Gerard Swope, or Dr. Nichols? What quality caused the young director of a research laboratory to find himself responsible for the production of gas masks to protect four million fighting men? In a time of dire emergency it was a professor of chemistry who organized the great Edgewood Arsenal and developed the means and methods and the trained personnel required to supply munitions for a new type of warfare. It was not to a statesman or a business man or a great manufacturer that the Allies entrusted the supreme command. It was to a teacher in a French military school. The range and value of their public service obscures the fact that Charles W. Eliot was a professor of chemistry and that Hoover is an engineer. The League of Nations is the child of a schoolmaster.

Numerically the Fifth Estate has always been feeble and insignificant. Its total membership at any time could be housed comfortably in a third-rate city. No politician makes a promise or invents a phrase to

attract its scattered and ineffective vote. Rarely do its members sit in Congress; when they do, they sit in the gallery.

With less political influence than the sparse population of Nevada the Fifth Estate has recast civilization through its study and application of "the great and fundamental facts of Nature and the laws of her operation." It has opened out the heavens to depths beyond imagination, weighed remote suns and analyzed them by light which left them before the dawn of history. It has moved the earth from the center of the universe to its proper place within the cosmos. It has extended the horizon of the mind until its sweep includes the 30,000 suns within the wisp of smoke in the constellation Hercules and the electrons in their orbits within the atom. It has read the sermons in the rocks, revealed man's place in nature, disclosed the stupendous complexity of simple things, and hinted at the underlying unity of all.

Because of this new breadth of vision, this lifting of the corner of the veil, this new insight into the hidden meaning of the things about him, the mind of man, cramped for ages by taboos and bound by superstition, is emerging into freedom; into a new world, rich in promise and of surpassing interest and wonder.

Man brought nothing into the world and through long and painful ages he added a little to that nothing: a club, an ax of stone, a pebble in a sling, some skins of beasts, a rubbing of sticks for a fire. He might labor, but to what avail? Even to-day the South American Indian works incessantly, yet his labor produces little more than heaps of stones. To those who would have us believe that all wealth is produced by labor the Fifth Estate replies, "Wealth is the product of brains, and labor is productive only as it is guided by intelligence."

Science is the great emancipator of Labor. Bagehot has somewhere said, perhaps in "Physics and Politics," that, during the early stages of civilization, slavery was essential to progress because only through the enforced labor of the many could the few have leisure to think. To-day, in the United States, the supply of available energy is equivalent to sixty man power for every man, woman, and child. There is now leisure for all to think, but the millions prefer the movies.

It is not Labor, but the trained intelligence of the Fifth Estate which has endowed man with his present control of stupendous forces. It has solved problems that for ages have hindered and beset mankind. It has revealed great stores of raw materials, synthesized scores of thousands of new compounds, furnished the fundamental data which find embodiment in machines and processes and in those agencies of transportation and communication that have made of the world a neighborhood. It has enabled man effectively to combat disease, added years to the average life, and made it better worth the living.

Benjamin Franklin died in 1790 — one hundred and thirty-four years ago. Could he return to make appraisal, what wonders would confront his astonished vision; what triumphs of the Fifth Estate compel his admiration!

Electricity, which to his contemporaries was little more than an obscure force, the curious manifestations of which might supply an evening's entertainment, has become the structural basis of the universe. The atom of Democritus is now a microcosm, vibrant with energy that glows in the white light of the electric lamps, which have replaced the tallow dip. In place of the

electrophorus and the charges of the Leyden jar he would find in our own country alone twenty-seven million horsepower driving generators in thousands of stations from which electric energy is distributed to our homes and factories and transportation lines to perform innumerable services. Imagine, if you can, the stunning impact of the impressions that would crowd the day of his return. With what amazement would he converse over a wire from Philadelphia to San Francisco or hear a voice transmitted through the ether from a point halfway around the world. So commonplace a thing as a street car would leave him open-mouthed with wonder, which might well increase at sight of an electric locomotive, hauling its hundreds of tons of freight.

In great industrial plants he would find electricity driving machines of an intricacy, precision, and productive power beyond the imagination of his generation, or at work in decomposing cells and in the heart of glowing furnaces fashioning new products. In university and corporation laboratories would be revealed to him the marvels of the X-rays, photography, the fascinating world of the microscope, balances weighing 1/100,000th of a milligram, the spectroscope, and all those instruments of precision and research which are the tools of the Fifth Estate. Elements unknown to him would be placed in his hand; fascinating experiments performed to demonstrate properties and relationships beyond his dream. The air, which he studied with reference to winds, combustion, and ventilation, would be reduced before him to a liquid as obvious as water, though boiling on a cake of ice.

Where once the postboy and the post chaise were familiar, he would find our roads crowded with automotive vehicles and the country gridironed by the railways. Did he wish to send a letter across the continent, he would have only to commit it to the air mail to ensure its arrival in thirty-six hours. Were he called upon to revisit England, there would be no ten-weeks voyage in a sailing packet, but the speed and luxury of a 50,000-ton liner, oil fired and turbine driven. At Portsmouth, where he calmed the waves with oil, he would find, instead of wooden frigates and smooth-bore cannon, submarines and armored superdreadnaughts, a single gun of which could sink the entire British Navy as he knew it. Did he wish to proceed to Paris? He would have only to take passage in an aeroplane.

The gardeners Franklin knew grew peas for pleasure or profit. Mendel grew them and established the laws of heredity. Farming, which was a wholly empirical occupation, is now the special concern of a great governmental department devoted to the development of scientific agriculture. Here Franklin would learn of soil analysis and seed selection, of hardier and more prolific varieties of plants, of better breeds of animals, of methods of control of such virulent diseases as splenic fever, anthrax, hog cholera, and bovine tuberculosis. He would find his own experiments with gypsum extended to cover the whole field of chemical fertilizers, the air itself converted into an inexhaustible reservoir of plant food, and the efficiency of farm labor multiplied many times by ingenious agricultural machines.

He would find household economics revolutionized: the town pump replaced by running water; electricity a servant in the house; the food supply broadened and stabilized; domestic drudgery assumed by laundry, bakery, and factory; tasteful clothing within the reach of all; transportation and amusement for the multitude, and the history of yesterday sold for a penny. In-

numerable new industries, based on the findings of the laboratory, now offer the means of decent livelihood to millions and open careers to thousands.

In great hospitals, permeated with the scientific spirit and equipped with many new and strange devices for the alleviation of human suffering, he would hear of the incalculable benefits which medical and surgical science have conferred upon mankind. He would see the portraits and listen to the story of Pasteur and Lister and Loeb and Erlich. We know today with what joy and relief the world would welcome a veritable cure for cancer, but we can little realize the emotion with which one like Franklin would learn in a single afternoon of the germ theory of disease, of preventive serums, of antiseptics, of chemotherapy, of the marvelous complexity of the blood stream and the extraordinary influence and potency of the secretions of the ductless glands. What appraisal would he make of the service to humanity which, in little more than a generation, has mitigated the horrors of surgery by the blessings of anæsthesia and antiseptics, which has controlled rabies, yellow fever, typhoid fever, tetanus, which is stamping out tuberculosis, curing leprosy, and providing specifics for other scourges of the race. What values would he put on insulin, thyroxin, adrenalin. The physician is no longer compelled to rely on herbs and simples and drastic mineral compounds of doubtful value and uncertain action. Compounds of extraordinary potency, isolated or synthesized by the chemist, are now available to allay pain, correct disorders, prolong life, and even to restore mentality and character.

With contributions to their credit which have so enriched and stimulated the intellectual life; which have brought the peoples of the earth together into closer touch than English shires once were; which have revolutionized industry, enlarged the opportunity of the average man, and added so greatly to his comfort and well-being, we may reasonably inquire, "What are the recompenses of the Fifth Estate?"

On the material side they have almost invariably been curiously inadequate and meagre. It is incomparably more profitable to draw The Gumps for a comic supplement than to write "The Origin of Species." There is more money in chewing gum than in relativity. Lobsters and limousines are acquired far more rapidly by the skillful thrower of custard pies in a moving-picture studio than by no less skillful demonstrator of the projection of electrons. The gate receipts of an international prize fight would support a university faculty for a year.

One may recall that Lavoisier was guillotined by a republic that "had no need of chemists," that Priestley was driven from his sacked and devastated home; that LeBlanc, after giving the world cheap alkali, died in a French poorhouse; that Langley was crushed by ridicule and chagrin in his last days. A month before the war who could have believed that within a few years the Fifth Estate in Russia would be utterly destroyed and in Germany and Austria existing at the very edge of starvation. What has happened there may happen again elsewhere if the intelligence of the world does not assume and hold its proper place in the direction of national and world affairs.

In the preface to his recent "Lehrbuch der Photochemie" Professor Plotnikow has written: "Home and property were pillaged by bands of idle Russians who used my library for cigarette papers. Hunger, misery, want, and personal insecurity, often approaching fear

for my life, were the constant accompaniment of my labors."

One is reminded that Carlyle, on the authority of Richter, says: "In the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of 'Light-chafers,' large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honour to the Fire-flies. But — ! —"

It is not becoming that the world expect the light to shine indefinitely when carrying a lantern is often less remunerative than carrying a hod. The money and the years of study required for special training are not recognized as invested capital, and the return from a decade of research is often taxed as the income of a year. Professorial salaries move forward as slowly as a glacier, but they seldom leave a terminal moraine. Yet teaching is our most important business, for a failure to pass on for a single generation the painfully accumulated knowledge of the race would return the world to barbarism.

Though material wealth is rarely acquired by the Fifth Estate, they have the riches of the royal man, defined by Emerson as "he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments." Their wealth is in the Kingdom of the Mind. It is inalienable and tax-exempt. It may be shared and yet retained.

Science has so drawn the world together and so rapidly remoulded civilization that the social structure is now strained at many points. Statecraft and politics, law and custom, lack the plasticity of science and are now in imperfect contact with the contours of their new environment. The result, as events have shown, is friction and confusion. Though our civilization is based on science, the scientific method has little place in the making of our laws. Office does not seek the man in the laboratory, and candidates are not pictured as engaged in any activity that might suggest a superior intelligence. They are shown milking cows, pitching hay in new blue overalls, or helping with the family washing. Recently, in the Senate of a New England State, there was presented the edifying spectacle of the presiding officer being shaved by a barber, called to the rostrum, while senators were reading the encyclopædia into the record. To expedite further the public business sundry members of the chamber were presently gassed with bromine. Does not this suggest that a few chemists might with advantage be distributed among our legislative bodies?

It is claimed that fifty per cent of the members of State Legislatures in America have never been through high school and that only one in seven has been through college. We see in the ranks of science knowledge without power and in politics power without knowledge. An electorate, which regards itself as free, listens to the broadcast noise of manufactured demonstrations and is blind to the obvious mechanics of synthetic bedlam. The result is too often government by gullibility, propaganda, catchwords, and slogans, instead of government by law based on facts, principles, intelligence, and good will.

As Stanley Hall once said, "man has not yet demonstrated that he can remain permanently civilized." Many thoughtful people have been led to question the ultimate effect of science upon civilization. We all recognize the utility of matches, but we keep them away from children. Meanwhile, science puts dynamite



and T. N. T., poison gas, aeroplanes, and motor cars at the disposal of criminals and the leaders of the mob. Bertrand Russell, in "Icarus," sees in science the ultimate destroyer. Haldane, in "Dædalus," visualizes it as the stern and vigorous chastener and corrector which will ultimately save the race and usher in the new day of light and reason.

"Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers," and Democracy levels down as well as up. Even in Boston cigars have replaced books on a corner famous for a century of literary associations. The world is wrong because few men can think. It will not be made right until those who cannot think trust those who can. When its foundations are so obviously out of joint humanity still clings tenaciously to fossilized precepts and opinions and is as resentful of suggested change as in the days of Galilee. Despite the pressure of new ideas, education must still, to be acceptable, follow old conventional lines.

Though we go from here to happy homes, let us not deceive ourselves. Human life is still a hard and fearful thing. Mankind is required to maintain existence in a world in which, as Kipling has said, "any horror is credible." More than a hundred years ago De Quincey wrote, "We can die, but which of us, knowing as some of us do, what is human life, could, were he consciously called upon to do it, face, without shuddering, the hour of birth." But little more than yesterday Henry Adams closed his "Education" with the expression of the hope that perhaps some day, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, he would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder.

Everywhere there is upheaval and unrest. "The machine," to quote Dr. Elton Mayo, "runs to an accompaniment of human reverie, human pessimism, and sense of defeat."

We are everywhere overburdened by unnecessary illness, crushing taxation, extravagant and inefficient governments, huge expenditures for trivialities, and the appalling waste of effort, material, and resources. We are hampered by class suspicion and misunderstanding, racial antagonisms, the inhibitions of organized labor, and the lack of imagination in high places. Life in general is on a low cultured plane and bound by custom and tradition.

One hundred years of science have failed to satisfy the cravings of humanity. Chesterton finds science "a thing on the outskirts of human life — it has nothing to do with the center of human life at all." We do not, of course, agree with him, but we must still meet the challenge of John Jay Chapman, who declares: "Science, which filled the air with so large a bray, is really a branch of domestic convenience, a department for the study of traction, cookery and wiring. The prophet-scientists have lived up to none of their prospectuses." The fault, however, as Wiggam points out, is not with science, nor with the scientists. It is with those who "have mainly used the immense spiritual enterprise of science to secure 5-cent fares, high wages, and low freight rates," when it should have "ushered in a new humanism."

Thus we still encourage race deterioration, still carry the burden of the unfit, still cultivate national antipathies, still are breeding from poor stock, and witnessing with equanimity the suppression of the best.

The history of aristocracies, feudalism, the church, the guilds, and the soviets has amply demonstrated that no one class possesses the qualities required for

the government of all classes, and we cannot claim them for the Fifth Estate. We can, however, claim with full assurance that the Fifth Estate possesses many qualities, now practically ignored, which could be utilized in government to the incalculable advantage of us all. Its knowledge of material facts, of natural and economic laws, of the factors governing race development and human relations; its imagination, vision, and its open mind should be brought to bear effectively in the formulation of national policies and the solution of governmental problems.

Since most of the troubles that beset mankind have their origin in human nature, it would seem worth the while of those who make our laws to study and apply the findings of the biologist and psychologist as to what Human Nature really is and the springs of its motivation.

Plato called Democracy "the best form of bad government." It will be the best form of good government only as it develops the capacity to breed leaders and the faith to trust them. The quality of our children will determine the quality of our democracy. If our laws and mores and economic structure continue to discourage breeding from our best strains, if there is to be no adequate recompense for service of the higher types, the time is not far distant when Democracy will no longer be safe for the world. If the Fifth Estate were everywhere to be wiped out, as it has been in Russia, the result would be vastly more calamitous than universal war.

Oswald Spengler, in a recent monumental work, forecasts the downfall of Western Civilization and would prove his thesis by the history of past cultures. But never in the past has man lived in so compact a world, never has he had such facilities for intercommunication with his fellows, never has he been endowed with such control of natural forces. He has never known himself so well and, above all, never before has he had it in his power to direct so definitely the course of his own development. Our civilization is certainly imperiled, but there will be no downfall if mankind can be taught to follow the light already before it. As lantern bearers, it is the clear duty of the Fifth Estate to show the way. In the past, the world has suffered grievously from lack of knowledge; to-day it suffers from its rejection or misapplication. Could the springs of human conduct and the affairs of peoples now be regulated only as wisely as we now know how, there would be work and leisure and decent living for all. The criminal, the defective, would be bred out and sane minds in sound bodies bred in.

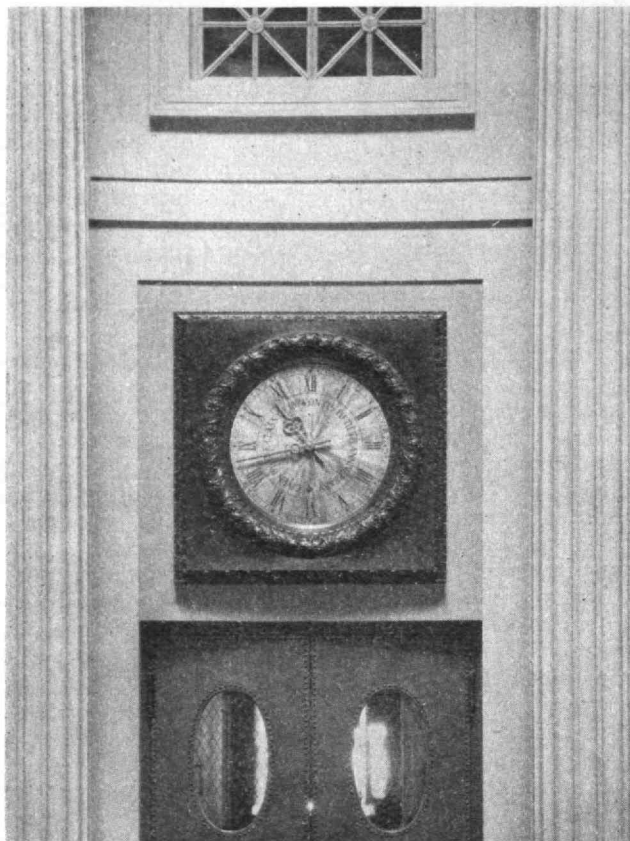
We might reasonably expect ugliness to be replaced by beauty in our cities and small towns and later even in our homes. Government by intelligence for the general good of all should supersede government by special interests, blocs, faddists, and fear of organized minorities and the uninformed crowd. With it all would come relief from the economic pressure which bears so heavily upon the Fifth Estate that its children, which should be counted among the best assets of the community, are now a luxury.

The world needs most a new tolerance, a new understanding, an appreciation of the knowledge now at hand. For these, it can look nowhere with such confidence as to the members of the Fifth Estate. Let us, therefore, recognize the obligation we are under. Ours is the duty and the privilege of bringing home to every man the wonders, the significance, and the underlying harmony of the world in which we live.

The students returning to the Institute after the long vacation will scarcely recognize Technology, so dressed up does she appear. The first thing one notices on entering the great court is the greensward that rolls forth to meet him. The new turf is the fruit of a summer's work on the part of carpenters, hoe-men and gardeners. The old wooden retaining walls which have held back the tide of gravel with more or less indifferent success for the past years have been removed and the stone has been allowed to surge forward in natural waves. In place of the rotting board walks which served as crossing over the burning sands from Building One to Building Two, a neat cement sidewalk has been installed which may be reached by a large walk on the axis of the buildings and by two smaller ones at the wings. Around this dazzling white the green grows up fresh and serene. A few bushes,

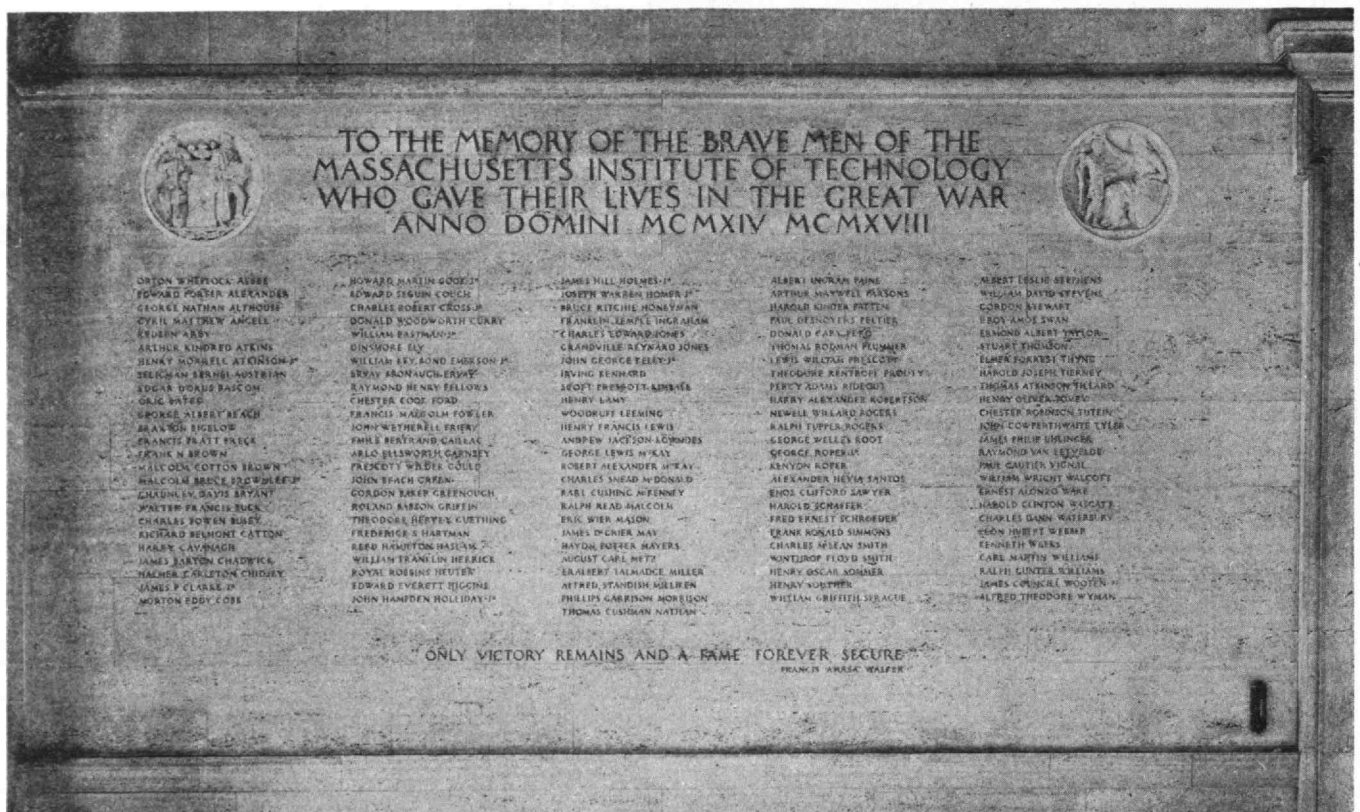
## Swept and Garnished

*Many physical improvements are wrought in the Institute during the summer months*



the harbingers of a young forest, one surmises, have been placed in the corners. Unfortunately, the younger man at Technology can not be trusted to keep off new grass and so for the protection of the turf and the ultimate beautifying of the Great Court ropes have been swung along the walks. The utilitarian purpose of these and their eventual beneficence can not be doubted. No more can it be questioned that at present they give the walks something of the appearance of a destroyer's deck in a high sea.

The thought of destroyers and landscape gardening brings one very naturally to the Pratt Memorial where again our botanists have said their say. The steps of this building are gently garnished with fir trees and parsley and the effect is different and on the whole improving although as yet neither plant has attained the size nor dignity of the elms of Harvard.



### TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE MEN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR ANNO DOMINI MCMXIV MCMXVIII

OSTON WHELOCK ALBEE  
EDWARD FOSTER ALEXANDER  
GEORGE NATHAN ALPHRED  
CYRIL ANDREW ANGELL  
EUGENE ARBY  
ARTHUR KINROD ATKINS  
BENNY HOWELL ATKINSON  
STEVEN FERNEL AUSTRIN  
EDGAR WOLFE BAISON  
OLIG WATERS  
GEORGE ALBERT BEACH  
BRANSON BIGELOW  
FRANCIS PLATT FINEA  
FRANK N. BROWN  
WILLIAM COTTON BROWN  
WALCOLM BRUCE BROWN  
ELGIN L. BAYBRY  
WALTER FRANCIS BUCK  
CHARLES FOWEN BUCK  
RICHARD BELMONT CATTON  
HARRY CAVENDEH  
JAMES EATON CHADWICK  
HAROLD CLAYTON CHIDLEY  
JAMES P. CLARK JR.  
MORTON EDDY COBE

HOWARD MARTIN COCKEY  
EDWARD SIGUR COUCH  
CHARLES ROBERT CROSS JR.  
DONALD WOODWORTH CULRY  
WILLIAM EASTMAN  
DINSMORE ELY  
WILLIAM EYLAND EMMERSON  
BRAY FRANK AUCHERSON  
LYMOND HENRY FALLOWS  
CHESTER EDGE FORD  
FRANCIS MAZOUZ FOWLER  
JOHN WETHERELL FERRY  
PHILIP BERTRAND GABRIEL  
WILCOX HULWORTH GIBNEY  
FRANKLYN WELSH GILLIE  
JOHN FRANK GREEN  
GORDON ELMER GREENOUGH  
ROLAND ARSON GRIFFIN  
THEODORE HERVEY KUTTING  
FREDERICK S. HARTMAN  
BEN HADNOTON HASKINS  
WILLIAM FRANKLIN HEERICK  
ROYAL ROBERT HUTTEN  
EDWARD EVERETT HIGGINS  
JOHN HAMPTON HOLDRAY

JAMES HILL HOLMES JR.  
JOSEPH WARREN HOMER JR.  
RUSSELL KITCHEN HONEYMAN  
FRANKLIN LEWIS HUGHES  
CHARLES EDWARD JONES  
GRANDVILLE KEYNARD JONES  
JOHN GEORGE KELLEY JR.  
IRVING KENNARD  
JOSEPH FRANKLIN KIMBLE  
HENRY LAMB  
WOODRUFF LEEMING  
HENRY FRANCES LEWIS  
ANDREW JACKSON LORIMORE  
GEORGE LEWIS M'KAY  
ROBERT ALEXANDER M'KAY  
CHARLES SHAW M'DONALD  
RABE CUSHING M'KENNEY  
RALPH READ M'COLL  
ERIC WIER MAISON  
JAMES DEWEY MAY  
HAYDON ELMER MAYERS  
AUGUST CARL MEYER  
ERASMUS LALANDE MILLER  
ATREID STANDISH MILLER  
PHILLIPS GARRISON MORTON  
THOMAS CURRIAN MOTTEN

ALBERT MORGAN PAINE  
ARTHUR MAYNARD PAXSON  
HAROLD KNOTT PATTEN  
PAUL DEWEY FELTER  
DONALD CARL PETER  
THOMAS NORMAN PUMMER  
LEWIS WILLIAM PRECOTT  
THEODORE KENTROTT PRAKLEY  
PERCY JAMES RICHARDS  
HARRY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON  
NEWELL WILLARD ROGERS  
RALPH TUPPER ROGERS  
GEORGE WELLES ROOT  
GEORGE ROBERT RYAN  
ARNOX RYAN  
ALEXANDER HEVIA SANTOS  
ENOS CLIFFORD SAWYER  
HAROLD SCHAEFER  
FRED ERNEST SCHROEDER  
FRANK RONALD SIMMONS  
CHARLES MILEAN SMITH  
MONTGOMERY FLOYD SMITH  
HENRY OSCAR SOMMER  
HENRY SOUTHWELL  
WILLIAM GRIFITH STURGEON

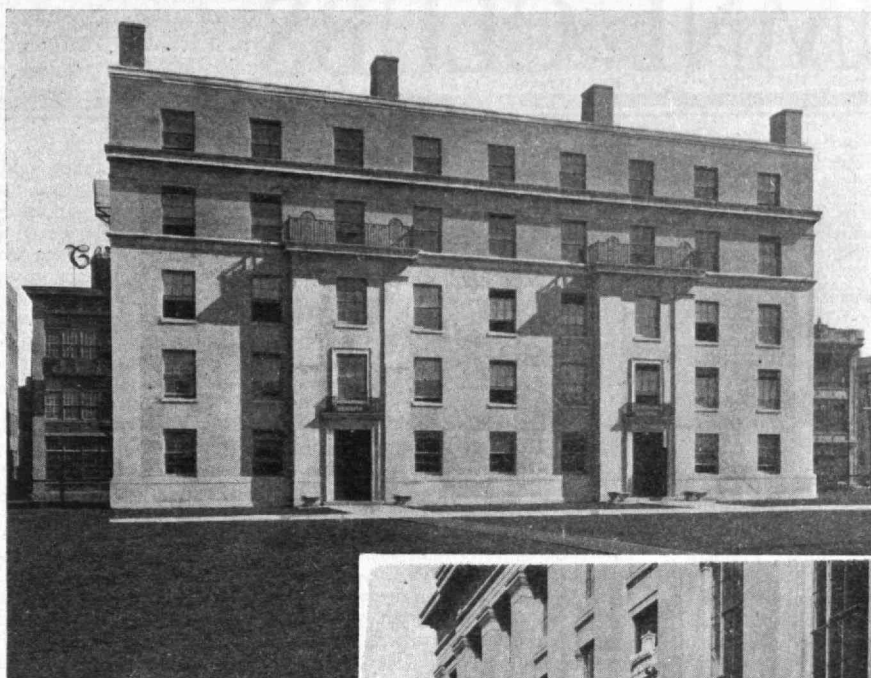
ALBERT LESLIE STEPHENS  
WILLIAM DAVID STEVENS  
GORDON STEWART  
ROYAL M. SWAN  
EDMOND ALBERT TAYLOR  
STUART THOMSON  
ELMER FORREST THYNG  
HAROLD JOSEPH TUCKER  
THOMAS ATKINSON THURLOO  
HENRY GLENDA TOWNE  
CHESTER ROBERTSON TUTTIN  
JOHN CORPENTHWAITE TYLER  
JAMES PHILIP UNTERMEYER  
RAYMOND VANCE VANDERBILT  
PHILIP CAUTER VIGAN  
WILLIAM BRUCE WALCOTT  
ERNEST ALONZO WARE  
HAROLD CLINTON WATKINS  
CHARLES GANN WATERS JR.  
JOHN JOSEPH WEBER  
FRANK WELLS  
CARL MARTIN WILLIAMS  
RALPH CLINTON WILLIAMS  
JAMES CUMMIS WOODEN  
ALFRED THEODORE WYMAN

ONLY VICTORY REMAINS AND A NAME FOREVER SECURE

FRANKLIN WELSH WALFORD

THE WAR MEMORIAL IN THE MAIN LOBBY  
Above, the Library clock presented to the Institute by the Class of '74





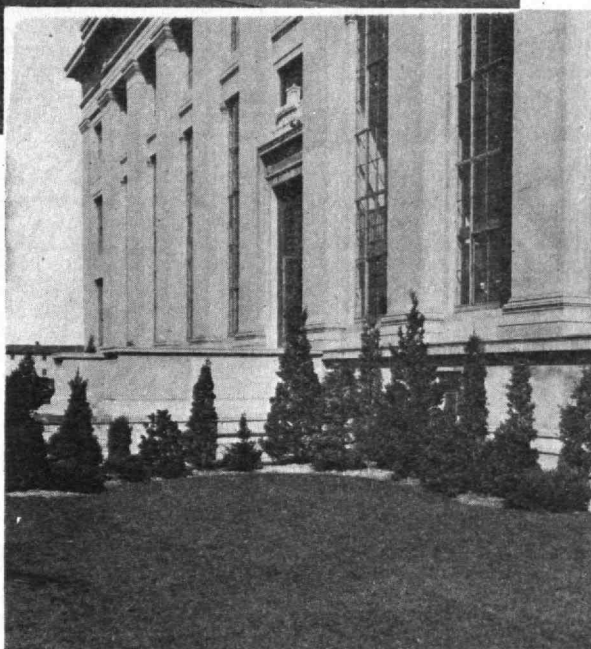
But the changes have not been confined to the exteriors of the buildings. The Central Library is the proud possessor of a new clock, of bronze, one suspects, proudly hung low in the door directly facing the main entrance. No longer may a student, breathlessly entering a class in Heat, proclaim shamefacedly (and get away with it) that he has been reading Shakespeare upstairs. The clock will be a boon to the instructors in purely technical subjects.

By far the most sweeping change, however, has been made in the Walker Memorial. Ever since the Blashfield Mural was unveiled, murmurs of dissatisfaction at the frame provided have been heard. Even the addition of the side panels did not seem to make the picture compatible with its surroundings. Mahomet has gone to the mountain and this summer the pseudo-Greek polychrome which has been the prevailing decorative scheme of the main hall has been replaced by a warm gray, simulating stone, which now forms a much more congenial surrounding for the epic painting.

In addition to these changes a very suitable and distinctive memorial has been graven upon the stone in the main lobby in honor of those of Technology's sons who

gave their lives in the World War. It occupies the entire panel on the west wall of the lobby. The heading is of large letters incised in the travertine of which the wall is made, a heading which reads "To the Memory of the Brave Men of The Massachusetts Institute of Technology who Gave Their Lives in the Great War." On either side of the title are plaques in sunken relief. Below the title appear the names in five columns also incised. At the very bottom is a quotation from Francis Amasa Walker, "Only Victory Remains and a Fame Forever Secure." The letters of title, names, and inscription are filled with a dull gold in harmony with the warm coloring of the wall and the whole forms a fitting and dignified memorial.

A total of one hundred and twenty-six names thus appear. The list is all-inclusive, and embraces not only those who met their deaths with the American forces, but also those who sacrificed their lives in the cause of the Allies before this country entered the conflict.



*Top: The Ninety-three dormitory, at last completed*

*Middle: New garnishings to the Pratt Doorway*

*Bottom: Walker, redecorated and the Blashfield Mural extended*





# NEWS FROM THE ALUMNI CLUBS

## INDIANA ASSOCIATION OF THE M. I. T.

June 14, 1924, besides being "Flag Day" marked an occasion long to be remembered in the life of the Alumni Associations of Cincinnati, Dayton and Indianapolis. It was on that day that the Indianapolis alumni initiated a great get-together meeting at the Cedar Springs Hotel, Cedar Springs, Ohio.

All parties travelled by motor, leaving their respective cities in time to arrive at Cedar Springs at or before noon. The location of the hotel makes a convenient meeting place. It is about five miles east of the Indiana boundary, eighty miles from Indianapolis, sixty miles from Cincinnati, and much nearer to Dayton.

There were present the following people: From Cincinnati—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morrill, David Davis, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Weissbach, R. W. Proctor, Stuart R. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lackman, Master John Lackman, Master Lewis Rockwell Lackman, Miss Elizabeth A. Lackman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Kennedy, James L. Ricketts, and Mrs. John A. Plimpton. From Dayton—Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Gibbons, Jr., Miss Edith Gibbons, Master M. J. Gibbons, III, Master Sam Gibbons, Master Adam Cappel, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Wells and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spiehler. From Indianapolis—Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Balke, Joseph W. Stickney, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph J. Batchelder, Miss Alice Batchelder, Dr. and Mrs. Walter W. Bonns, Mrs. L. Willis Bugbee, Sr., L. Willis Bugbee, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Morrill, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson B. Parker, Dr. A. G. Long, Arthur I. Franklin, George G. Flemming, and Miss Mary Converse.

While enjoying our choice of chicken or steak dinners served in true cabaret style, some of us found that we just couldn't make our feet behave when the jazz got into sway.

Wilson B. Parker (Uncle Billie) brought along his enormous Technology banner which occupied first place in the dining room decorations. The tables were arranged in the form of a T.

Arthur I. Franklin, President of the Indiana Alumni Association, presided. After each one present had introduced himself, short remarks were made by representatives of each alumni association. The Technology yell was given and the ladies proved efficient aids in pepping it up. Mrs. Arthur B. Morrill entertained us with several vocal solos which were much appreciated in spite of the vociferous piano accompaniment interjected by a cabaret performer.

After unanimously voting to make such an event an annual one, we adjourned to the veranda and to the beautiful wooded grounds of the hotel, where bridge, ballgames, target shooting and a guessing contest involving the detection of various chemicals, essential oils, etc., occupied attention during the afternoon.

Dr. Walter Bonns took a photograph of the group but rumor has it that it was not fit for publication.

Our genial Secretary of the Indiana Alumni Association, J. Lloyd Wayne, III, was missed by all. He was in Boston where he had gone to attend the Tech commencement exercises.—Signed Arthur I. Franklin, *Secretary pro tem*.

The July meeting of the club was held on the twenty-eighth at the beautiful Woodstock Country Club in the northwest part of the city. An opportunity for golf and tennis was available and several members came out early for that purpose. In the golf line, Frank Shields is one of Indiana's ranking players and this year he was right up to the fore in the State Tournament and in the past has been runner-up. Frank didn't show this afternoon at all among our other M. I. T. class for the simple reason that he didn't come out. In the tennis line, Morrill was anxious to pit his 160 pounds against the Secretary's 290. He did, but weight will tell and modesty prevents me from divulging the results.

We had about twenty at dinner. The club served us a splendid meal appropriate to the season. The Secretary then gave an account of the Graduation Exercises of the Class of 1924 at which he was present, his nephew, G. Y. Anderson, Jr., being of the Class of 1924. The spacious porches of the Woodstock Club House were soon dotted with little cliques of good sons of M. I. T. indicated by the starry little specks of red at the business ends of cigars, etc., and identified by discussions of good old M. I. T., past, present and future.

J. Lloyd Wayne, 3d, '96, *Secretary*,  
Indiana Bell Telephone Co., New York and Meridian Streets,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

## TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF NEW BEDFORD

The annual clambake and outing of the Technology Club of New Bedford was held on Saturday, September 27, at George Nye's summer home by-the-sea. Twenty-three members and Orville B. Denison, Executive Secretary, as guest, were in attendance. The

festivities opened with the serving of the bake which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A rifle shoot at thirty yards between teams captained by Dennie and Charlie Wing developed some wonderful marksmanship. Dennie's team emerged a winner. Horns were distributed as prizes to the winning team. A consolation prize of a drum was awarded to Charlie Wing. At quoits, Gillingham and Jewett proved themselves superior to Robinson and Earle, the winners receiving prizes of tambourines. Gillingham should receive special mention for making the only ringer of the contest. An event never before on our club's program was a band concert under the leadership of Charlie Wing, drum; assisted by Jewett, first tambourine; Gillingham, second tambourine; Dennie, harmonica; King and Akin, horns. Only two selections, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were rendered by this improvised organization. They were not permitted to play again. Last on the program was the ballgame between the "Never Kicks" captained by Stetson and the "Never Sweats" captained by Charlie Wing. Nye officiated as umpire on strikes and Robinson handled the game on the bases. The "Never Kicks" by disputing several of the umpires decisions showed that their team was improperly named, while the "Never Sweats" showed an unusual activity which belied their name. Featuring the game was the striking out of Faunce of the "Never Sweats" with three men on bases and a triple play by the "Never Kicks." Dennie to Gidley to Hawes. The Secretary, as official scorer, records the game won by the "Never Kicks," 10 to 5.

Those in attendance at this grand affair were T. B. Akin, L. S. Design, C. R. Allen, L. F. Bedford, '06, I. M. Chace, Jr., '98, E. L. Chapmen, '01, O. B. Denison, '11, F. E. Earle, '06, C. L. Faunce, '88, H. T. Gidley, '09, D. H. Gillingham, '13, C. P. Hawes, '16, T. G. Jewett, Jr., '16, E. R. King, '99, W. L. Learned, '98, A. W. Milliken, '22, E. N. Milliken, '98, G. H. Nye, '85, A. R. Pierce, '91, W. A. Robinson, Jr., '98, E. H. Steele, '15, J. A. Stetson, '99, W. Tallman, '15, C. F. Wing, Jr., '98, and R. L. Wing, '10.

Ira M. Chace, Jr., '98, *Secretary*,  
131 Bedford Street, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

## TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF PARIS

On March 28 we were fortunate to be able to arrange a special dinner meeting at the Inter-Allied Club, with Professor H. W. Tyler as guest of honor. Those present were: President A. S. Garfield, '86, R. Norris, '95, R. W. Riefkohl, '09, H. L. Green, '02, H. H. Needham, '04, J. B. Farwell, '13, C. C. Stockman, 2d, '18, and the Secretary. Dr. Tyler gave us most interesting impressions of Technology of today and reported that he had had the pleasure of brief visits with Mr. Edward P. Allis, '71, at Mentone, France, and Mr. Gorham P. Stevens, '98, at the American Academy in Rome.

McCeney Werlich, '15, *Secretary*,  
3 rue Taitbout, Paris, France.

## TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF EASTERN NEW YORK

The following notes have been supplied by P. L. Alger, our Vice-President:

The Technology Club of eastern New York has undertaken to raise a scholarship fund sufficient to cover tuition and laboratory fees for one year at M. I. T. The scholarship will be awarded to a student from one of the local high schools each year. By this means, it is expected that the club will be able to perform a useful service to the community and at the same time come into more direct contact with the student life and activities through association with the appointee.

The first award has been made, for the school year of 1924-25, to Mr. Oswald V. Karas, of Carman, New York. Mr. Karas is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Karas, and is a member of the graduating class of June, 1924, of the Schenectady High School. For over two years he has been working after school hours and on Saturdays in the Schenectady office of Mr. E. G. Atkinson, architect. He will take the course in architecture at the Institute.

The Technology Club of Eastern New York consists of about one hundred members, the majority of whom live in Schenectady. The Committee of the club which is in charge of the scholarship award consists of Professor F. P. McKibben, '94, Head of the Civil Engineering Department at Union College and City Engineer of Schenectady, Mr. W. M. Stearns, '96, Mr. K. A. Pauly, '96, and Dr. W. D. Coolidge, '96, of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, Mr. B. R. Rickards, '89, of the State Health Service of Albany, and Mr. C. P. Eldred, '11, of the Manning Paper Company, Troy.

George A. Chutter, '21, *Secretary*,  
Building 23, General Electric Co., Schenectady, New York.

### TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF HAWAII

In a letter to Mr. Frank A. Bourne, Secretary of the Class of 1895, Mrs. Richard C. MacLaurin spoke in glowing terms of the fine reception she and her boys, Rupert and Colin, had when they spent a day at Honolulu in early July on their recent trip to New Zealand. "The Governor when he received your letter," she wrote Mr. Bourne, "notified the Tech men of our coming and he and Mrs. Farrington entertained us most charmingly at luncheon. When we arrived in the morning, Mr. Horace Johnson, '01, according to the local custom, placed a garland of carnations around my neck and then two more Tech men, Mr. L. Herbert Bigelow, '01, and Mr. Sidney T. Carr, '06, came up with a similar greeting. We were motored over miles and miles of the island, and shown so many of the wonders of Honolulu that it was like a page out of the Arabian Nights. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty and charm of the island or the kindly hospitality of the people."

Norman Watkins, '98, Secretary,  
The Pacific Guano and Fertilizer Co., Honolulu, T. H.

### TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF FLORIDA

With the advent of fall, after a rather warm summer, we started the ball rolling for our 1924-25 season with a dinner meeting at the Canton Restaurant on September 23. It was a most enjoyable evening and despite the fact that our potential membership within a fifty-mile radius is less than twenty-five we had five members and two guests present. When Tech men are in Florida, particularly in Jacksonville, for any length of time, we would like to hear of it. Also we are planning to resume our monthly luncheons on the fourth Friday of each month starting in October.

Henrietta C. Dozier, '99, Secretary,  
606 Bisbee Building, Jacksonville, Florida.

### TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF LAKE SUPERIOR

We opened our 1924-25 season with a bang on the evening of September 24 at the Kitchi Gammi Club here in Duluth. With a good crowd on hand we first of all gave a "bon voyage" to our present four undergraduates about to return to the 'Stute, following this a welcome to three 1924 men who have just come over here: C. R. Bailey with the Minnesota Power & Light Co., and Allen Black and John D. Fitch with the Phoenix Utility Co.

After one of those justly famous feeds provided by the chef of the Kitchi Gammi Club, we listened to L. D. Davenport, '07, the man who moved Hibbing, tell of the two years of special work he has just completed as chief consulting engineer for the South Manchurian Railway. He was located at the Fushun Collieries in South Manchuria, where there is the largest known deposit of coal in the world. In his own inimitable manner he described how wheelbarrows were turned into standard gage locomotives and hand picks into 400-ton steam shovels.

It is a pleasure to report that Vernon G. Sloane, '12, has accepted his appointment by us as representative of our club on the Alumni Council.

Jonathan A. Noyes, '12, Secretary,  
910 Alworth Building, Duluth, Minnesota.

### THE CINCINNATI M. I. T. CLUB

The Cincinnati Club held a very successful joint outing in June with the Indianapolis and Dayton Clubs. The various contingents motored to the Cedar Springs Hotel near Richmond, Indiana. The three delegations were mixed as thoroughly as possible and then surrounded a good dinner. After some bad speeches, the company adjourned to the lawn where a heavy program of sports was run off. Playground ball, target shooting, bridge and Stuart Miller's smelling game, were the pastimes. The attendance was forty-three of which seventeen were from Indianapolis, sixteen from Cincinnati and ten from Dayton.

The Cincinnati delegation was delighted with the place and the company. We are planning a big two-day outing of the three cities at the same hotel, for June 1925.

Fred W. Morrill, '07, Secretary,  
5713 Valley View Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### NIAGARA FALLS TECHNOLOGY CLUB

The annual fall picnic of the club was held again at Buckhorn Island. The day threatened a great wetness so the men from Buffalo did not arrive. The prospect of a raging storm in the passage above the falls was too much for them. Nevertheless, twenty-one intrepid adventurers gathered at Mang's Boathouse determined to make the trip. Captain Noyes observing the arrival of the chowder ingredients and casting a weather eye at the sky and Jake Strader's straw hat gave the signal to cast off. The trip over was without incident save the duet work of Pollard and Hinckley.

The landing was a signal for scrub and double and this progressed well except that it was impossible to put Bill Leach out. He showed thorough contempt for the fielding by walking the bases with an eight-inch cigar in his face. A neighboring farmer arguing with Skipper Noyes departed in haste when Porter landed a hot liner into right field. Great alarm greeted the appearance of a revenue cutter at the landing but it proved to be only Montgomery who had gone back home to find out where the party was and had consequently missed the first boat.

On behalf of the entertainment committee, MacMullin and Hutchins appraised the value of Jake Strader's straw hat at eleven cents. The committee therefore magnanimously paid him fifteen cents and confiscated it. As a target for golf balls it soon was fully depreciated.

The chowder and Boston baked beans filled up the gaps. Richardson led the field in ice-cream consumption.

The return trip was given to riotous singing. By this time, Hinckley had discovered that "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'" was a universal tune and proceeded to sing "Take me back" and the Stein song to it. As if this was not enough he finally succeeded in singing the Star Spangled Banner to the same tune. All acknowledged this a triumph of phonetic engineering.

The trip was completed without the expected storm, so no lives were lost.

R. R. Ridgway, '20, Secretary,  
Norton Company, Niagara Falls, New York.

### TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

By the time these notes are published we shall be looking back upon our first meeting of the year which was held on October 1. We shall recall with pride how Vice-President J. G. Harrison, '06, conducted the meeting, for we have a suspicion that Harrison is in training to preside some day over a Democratic State Convention in Texas. We shall remember how we were entertained with humorous impressions of Europe by Leonard Ormerod of the Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania.

And long before these notes go to press we shall get other impressions of Europe from President Dexter A. Tutein, '17, who is now on the Continent. Jeff is expected to be back about the middle of October, but, judging from the itinerary still to be covered, he will have to do a country a day if he is to get back on time.

Bob Weeks, '13, recently Secretary of the Chicago Club, is now located in Philadelphia. He is still with the Pennsylvania Railroad in the Stores Department.

We are always glad to have any Tech man, whether resident or transient, join us at our luncheons and dinners. We have luncheon every Thursday at 12:30 p.m. in the men's lunch room in Wanamaker's (8th floor, 13th Street side). We have dinner on the first Wednesday of each month at 6:30 p.m. in the Engineers' Club.

In case you are located in Philadelphia or in territory tributary to Philadelphia and have not received our notices, we urge you to get in touch with the Secretary so that he can add your name to the mailing list.

Walter J. Beadle, '17, Secretary,  
Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF THE MERRIMACK VALLEY

The annual dinner of the Technology Club of the Merrimack Valley was held on June 23 at the Merrimack Valley Country Club at Methuen. Orville B. Denison, Executive Secretary of the Alumni Association, was the speaker of the evening.

Officers for the year 1924-25 were elected as follows: President, Dr. John H. Lambert, '98, Lowell; Vice-President, John F. Alter, '11, Lawrence; Secretary-Treasurer, William C. Ready, '21, Lowell; Council Representative, Charles H. Eames, '97, Billerica.

William C. Ready, '21, Secretary,  
10 Bertha Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.

### TECHNOLOGY CLUB OF NEW YORK

Mr. Thomas D'Arcy Brophy, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, has planned a series of entertainments for the coming year, which promise to be quite different from anything that we have had in the past.

We cannot announce the detailed program at this time, but it will consist of nine entertainments each to be held approximately three weeks apart. Each entertainment will be a feature program and we feel sure that the club members and their guests will be highly entertained during the coming season.

The series of entertainments will open with a Hallowe'en Party on October 31. Details and notices will be mailed at a later date.

All Tech men are cordially invited to attend these entertainments.

Robert J. Marlow, '17, Executive Secretary,  
17 Gramercy Park, New York, New York.

# NEWS FROM THE CLASSES

News from even-numbered classes is published in issues dated November, January, March and May. News from odd-numbered classes is published in issues dated December, February, April and July. The only exceptions to this rule are those classes whose Secretaries have guaranteed the appearance of notes in every issue. These classes are: 1895, 1896, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1905, 1907, 1911, 1912, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1921, 1922, 1923 and 1924. Other classes adhere to the alternate schedule. Due to strict limitation of space, The Review is unable to publish lists of address changes of members of the Association. The Alumni Office, in Room 3-209 M. I. T., will supply a requested address or will act as the forwarding agent for any letters addressed to members of the Association in its care.



THE REUNION OF 1874

The fifty-year class photographed at the home of Samuel Brown, during the course of their celebration

'74 The following appeared in *The Tech* for June 10, 1924: "A large electric clock was unveiled on Monday, November 9, in the Main Library, as a memorial to the Class of 1874. The gift was made on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary Reunion of the class.

"The clock is made from a design by S. J. Brown, '74. The Howard Clock Company made the mechanism and the case was furnished by Irving and Casson-A. H. Davenport of Boston. The frame is carved from a knot of French walnut with numerals inlaid in ebony. An inscription around the face is inlaid in coramanda wood.

"A short speech of presentation was made by the Secretary of the class, C. F. Read. W. E. Nickerson, a member of the class and one of this year's Aldred lecturers, presented at the same time a portrait of William Ripley Nichols, '69, who was Professor of Chemistry while the class was at the Institute and who was later made head of the department. The portrait was painted by Horace D. Burdick.

"President Stratton accepted the gifts for the Institute. About twenty-five members of the class were present. Mrs. Read, Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. Nichols were also present. Some few undergraduates and the library attendants also attended. The class was then the guest of President Stratton for luncheon."

In the afternoon, several of the class attended the Commencement exercises in Walker Memorial and were seated in places of honor in the audience.

On Tuesday, several attended the Class Day exercises of 1924 and, as on the previous day, were assigned to special seats.

On Wednesday, Sam Brown was the host at his attractive home at Queen Anne's Corner, South Hingham. A lunch was served by T. D. Cook & Co., the well-known caterers of Boston, in Sam's adjacent grove, where Mrs. Brown also did the honors of the day.

Charles French Read, Secretary, Old State House, Boston, Massachusetts.

'82 The Executive Secretary of the Alumni Association, who recently made a sweep around the country, reported that he had a delightful contact with Winslow B. Ayer of Portland, Oregon, where he was his luncheon guest. Ayer seemed very much interested in what is now going on at Tech. To quote the Executive Secretary: "He seems like a very keen, shrewd business man and is thought of very highly in the community"—and quoting the Secretary further: "In Seattle I spent nearly a half hour with Edward R. Adams, '82, of Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd. He believes heartily in local clubs throughout the

## Records of Classes in 1924 - 1925 Dues Campaign

(Including Dues Received October 10, 1924)

NOTE:—Total membership includes all living former students, because it is desired to have as many as possible of the non-graduates become active members of the Alumni Association.

Class	Total	Paid	% Paid	Class	Total	Paid	% Paid	Class	Total	Paid	% Paid
1924	1345	401	29.9%	1923	1490	320	21.5%	1914	492	87	17.7%
1888	231	64	27.7%	1917	670	144	21.5%	1910	491	87	17.7%
1887	200	55	27.5%	1902	358	77	21.5%	1903	402	71	17.7%
1885	150	41	27.4%	1900	365	78	21.4%	1908	476	84	17.6%
5 1890	227	61	26.9%	25 1878	43	9	20.9%	45 1874	52	9	17.3%
1921	957	252	26.4%	1922	1604	334	20.8%	1909	474	81	17.1%
1881	88	23	26.2%	1913	535	111	20.8%	1899	363	62	17.1%
1891	242	62	25.6%	1905	534	110	20.6%	1915	584	98	16.8%
1893	345	88	25.5%	1898	421	85	20.2%	1919	537	86	16.0%
10 1920	630	152	24.1%	30 1873	60	12	20.0%	50 1883	100	16	16.0%
1882	79	19	24.0%	1911	473	94	19.9%	1918	655	101	15.4%
1896	396	94	23.8%	1897	362	72	19.9%	1868	27	4	14.8%
1889	223	53	23.8%	1876	92	18	19.6%	1884	129	19	14.7%
1879	94	22	23.4%	1907	473	92	19.5%	1872	39	5	12.8%
15 1886	193	45	23.3%	35 1869	26	5	19.2%	55 1880	75	9	12.0%
1892	282	65	23.1%	1912	486	93	19.1%	1871	43	5	11.6%
1877	91	21	23.0%	1875	79	15	19.0%	1870	45	3	6.7%
1895	342	77	22.6%	1901	361	68	18.8%				
1916	593	132	22.2%	1906	522	94	18.0%				
20 1894	291	63	21.6%	40 1904	456	82	18.0%				
								Total . . .	21393	4530	21.2%

% Subscribers (October 10) of Grads and Associates = 39.8%

% Subscribers (October 10) of Last Year's Subscribers = 72.2%



## 1882 Continued

country to maintain alumni interest and was heartily in favor of my plan of putting up definite objectives, such as local scholarships, for the local clubs to aim towards. I really enjoyed my time with him very much and feel that his interest in Tech may increase now that I have had this delightful chat with him."

In the Boston *Transcript* appeared the following death notice: "At New York City, May 5, Henry E. Snow, formerly of Winchester, son of the late Thomas H. and Mary A. Snow. Services at Mt. Auburn Cemetery Chapel, Wednesday, May 7, at 3 o'clock."

Unfortunately, the Secretary was not able to attend the services and has not yet obtained any further information than appears above.

Lloyd Lewis has recently changed his address to 17 Baltimore Street, Lynn, Massachusetts.—In May last, John Low reported himself as manager of Safford & Seymour, Inc., Fine Arts and Decorations, 142 West 57th Street, New York City.

On June 20, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus F. Herrick celebrated their silver wedding anniversary at their home in Winchester. Several members of the class were present.

Walter B. Snow, *Secretary*,  
115 Russell Avenue, Watertown, Massachusetts.

'84

The Fortieth Anniversary Reunion of the Class of '84 will be in animated if not violent or spectacular progress at the very moment at which *The Review* closes its columns to class notes.

The Secretary will not draw on his overworked imagination to describe the joys and worries of this memorable occasion. On returning from a six-month cruise in Europe he is gratified to discover a communication from Charles Bell Emerson, addressed to the Secretary as "President of '85 Class, M. I. T." and dated, "Adventure Cabin, Los Gatos, California." Emerson, who has been somewhat out of the public eye (that is, the Alumni Office register) for a good many years, writes in part as follows: "In my various travels, especially during the twenty years of tropical life, the memories of old Tech have come to me perhaps at the camp fire, or on some river exploration where, in the eyes of the natives, the white man was rather a novelty; and I have wondered how many of the old acquaintances were still on earth's trail, or how many had 'hit the long one,' for in all the years I have met only one Tech man, and he had taken some special course in, or was connected with, the work of the Navy Department."

"I have interests in the Olancho District, Honduras, and will probably be there again about November 1. That country is in about the same shape as it was several hundred years ago, as far as native enterprise is concerned. So the Yankee has to get in his licks between revolutions, keep out of politics, and keep friends with the natives, especially the Indians, for when once friends of yours, they will stick to you, and your word is better than gold to them."

A letter from C. S. Robinson relates the story of a very interesting European tour with Mrs. Robinson and their daughter. He says in part, "starting from home for a two-month trip abroad, we have just finished a motor trip from London to Edinburgh and back through the English lake district. Beautiful trip and favorable weather. Then crossed to Hook of Holland, to Amsterdam, Brussels, and from there by motor to Paris. From here we go to Nice, to Florence and around to Montreux. From Montreux by rail to Paris and home from Cherbourg. Rather a whirlwind trip but we are having a wonderful time."

Robinson reports that the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, of which he is Vice-President in charge of operations, has become third in size of American steel companies, with a capacity of three and one half million tons of ingots per year and with twenty-five thousand employees.

The European cruise mentioned above makes it difficult for the Secretary to report any news about other members of the class. In the absence of such information he may add that his tour with Mrs. Tyler and two daughters included five weeks in Spain; eight in Italy, nearly all sunshiny; three in Switzerland; and seven in France, mainly rainy ones. About three thousand miles of the journey was in a Ford car which was purchased in Paris and given up at Leghorn. An extended chapter might be written on European hotel garages, on the automobilists' vocabulary in Romance languages, or on the intricacies of customs and other regulations for the exasperation of the tourist.

Harry W. Tyler, *Secretary*,  
Room 2-261, M. I. T., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'88

The annual class dinner, which came too late to be mentioned in the May Review, was held on April 26, at the St. Botolph Club, Boston, preceded in the afternoon by golf at the Chestnut Hill Golf Club, of which J. C. T. Baldwin is President.

First, a threesome started out, made up of Collins, Thompson and Snow, which Collins easily won, owing to a fine second round. Later, Webster and Horn joined the party.

At the dinner, letters of regret from members who could not come were read by the Secretary, who stated that during the year we had lost by death, Harvey and Shuttuck.

Webster gave an extremely interesting and instructive talk on the working of the League of Nations, at Geneva, where he had unusual opportunities of witnessing its operation.

Sixteen members were present: Ellis, Sawyer, Runkle, Webster, Lee, Pierce, Keough, Blood, Shaw, Baldwin, Buttolph, Roberts, Horn, Cole, Collins, Snow.

At a Management Congress held at Prague Czecho-Slovakia last summer, a paper on Management in the Coal Industry prepared by Sanford E. Thompson was read by a substitute.

The following is from the Boston *Herald* for July 15: "William T. Keough, Business Agent of the Boston School Committee for the past seventeen years, has resigned. Dr. Scannell voiced the feelings of his fellow members when he said, 'We cannot overestimate what Mr. Keough has meant to the school system, and to my thinking he has been a unique civic figure above reproach, a man of ability, honesty and devotion to the public weal.'

"It is understood that Mr. Keough objected to certain criticisms of his office by one or more members of the School Committee.

"During Mr. Keough's tenure he has been considered a careful and conservative public servant and his office, the committee admitted, has been virtually flawless.

"Mr. Keough lives in West Roxbury, is married and has three children. He is a graduate of M. I. T. and before becoming business agent of the committee, served as a member of the school committee during 1903-04-05."

William G. Snow, *Secretary*,  
112 Water Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

'90

F. P. Royce and his family spent the summer in Europe. They sailed for the other side on June 28.

Willis R. Whitney has a new scheme for economy in the home, a description of which recently appeared under his name as shown in the following article: "Dr. W. R. Whitney of the Faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology proposes to do away with dish-washing by the use of a modified phosphate rock in the making of tableware. A cheap process of manufacture from this rock could result in a system of throwing the dishes away after every meal, and using the broken pieces as fertilizing material. He believes that the vast quantities of phosphate rock in existence in Iowa could be used in this way to carry phosphate back to the soil and thus furnish one great essential for crop production. China dishes last entirely too long for this purpose, but it is possible to make a phosphate rock dish that will dissolve in a short time with a cost of production so low that a single use is entirely feasible. This is one of a dozen of the wonders that science will bring to mankind in the next generation, according to Dr. Whitney's dreams."

William McMillan Adams, son of our classmate, Arthur H. Adams, who was lost when the *Lusitania* went down, was married last October to Miss Julia Davis, daughter of Mr. John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for President. Miss Davis is a graduate of Wellesley College. She met Mr. Adams in London. Mr. Adams is with the U. S. Rubber Co., the same one with which his father was associated. He is the company's representative at Copenhagen.

Herbert C. Tuttle's address is now 377 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.—Harry E. Hayes is now living at 6 Middlesex Road, Stoneham, Massachusetts.

During the past few months, several most interesting magazine articles have been published, telling of the business career of our classmate, Charlie Hayden. Charlie remains just the same as he was in our early days at Tech. He is still single and on the job. His headquarters for the past few years have been at New York, so we do not see him around the Hub as in former days. He is planning, however, to be with us at our Thirty-fifth Anniversary Reunion.

The next grand Technology Alumni Reunion is to be held at Technology, Wednesday and Thursday, the 17th and 18th of June, 1925. But what is of importance to us is that it marks the time for the Thirty-fifth Anniversary since our days at Technology. We have not been together since our Thirtieth Anniversary in 1920. This reunion proved so successful that we are now laying plans for next June. The time set is from Saturday to Tuesday, June 13 to 16. So put these dates down and start your plans to be with us at that time, remembering that the ladies are included. We hope to locate at some hotel or club with a golf course near-by, and at no great distance from Technology.

You will hear from us before long as to further particulars. We hope to publish another issue of the *Ninety Teakettle* before long, which will give you the story of what is coming.

Your Secretary would be glad to hear from any of you more frequently. Why not drop him a line now and then to let him know what you are doing, so that your classmates may know you are still on earth. Now get busy fellows and come across.

George L. Gilmore, *Secretary*,  
Lexington, Massachusetts.

**'92** Since the last publication of news from '92 we have lost two more of our members. John A. Curtin, of Brookline, died suddenly on May 26, while on a trip in the South. He had retired apparently in good health, but when the Pullman porter went to awaken him, it was found that he had died during the night. He had an active life as a prominent member of the bar of Massachusetts and was always interested in politics. At one time he represented the town of Brookline in the House of Representatives, and later he was elected a State Senator. Following up his early military activities when he was a captain of one of the companies at the Institute, he joined Battery A, of the Massachusetts National Guard, and later served on the staff of Governor Curtis Guild, as Major. After being graduated from Technology he studied at the University of Berlin for a year. On his return to Boston he entered the Boston University Law School and was graduated from there with the degree of LL.B. He leaves a widow and three children, John, Virginia, and Agnes.

Herbert Sturgis Potter, who had long been a resident of Brookline, Massachusetts, died at his home 63 Goddard Avenue, on June 29. He had been confined to the house only two weeks before his death, although he had not been really well for several months. After leaving Tech he engaged in the electrical engineering and contracting business with his father in Boston, which he carried on under his own name following the death of the latter. He was always interested in nautical matters and was active in yachting circles. He assisted in the organization of the Boston Yacht Club at Hull, and belonged to the Corinthian Yacht Club at Marblehead. He was also a member of the Engineers' Club and the Boston Athletic Association. A widow, one son, and a daughter survive him.

John W. Hall, Secretary,  
8 Hillside Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

**'94** One of the pleasantest jobs of a Class Secretary is to record events such as the '94 Reunion to celebrate thirty years of the graduate life of the class. It was a great event as I believe all those who were present can testify. For the benefit of those who could not be present and to excite their envy, as well as their curiosity, a brief report on what the class did and who was there may not be without interest at this time.

As all will recall from the circular which was sent out, the reunion was held at the East Bay Lodge, Osterville, where our Twenty-fifth Reunion was also held. Previous to leaving for the Cape, the class met for its first event, a luncheon at the Engineers' Club. Here we had about thirty-three men and the reunion started off with a most enjoyable get-together. The following men were at the luncheon: Adams, Batcheller, Batson, Beardsell, Bean, Bovey, Cheney, Clafin, Clement, Crary, Curtis, Dates, Davis, Day, Duckworth, Ferguson, Gardner, King, Moore, Owen, Patrick, Phelan, Piper, Pollack, Pratt, Prescott, Ripley, Spalding, Taber, Tenney, Warren and Weston. Denison, '11, the Executive Secretary of the Alumni Association and Alumni representative, was a guest of the class, both at the luncheon and in the later festivities at Osterville. Following the luncheon the party was divided into small groups of two or three and drove to the Cape. This gave an opportunity for men who have not seen each other for some years to have a little private reunion of their own. The cavalcade, consisting of ten cars, left the Engineers' Club about two o'clock and arrived at East Bay Lodge in time to get well settled before dinner. Here the group was joined by Ken Wood.

The first evening was spent in the usual getting together in small groups, discussing experiences and singing, especially singing '94 and other Technology and college songs. Then in the later part of the evening some of the members indulged in bridge, billiards and other games of skill and chance. Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, as the story books say, and immediately after breakfast the golf enthusiasts began to get busy. Spalding had arranged the previous evening for the pairings and suitable handicaps for play for the President's cup, a silver cup of pleasing and chaste beauty, presented by President Bovey. The links of the Seapuit Golf Club were at our disposal and a majority of the men present participated in the royal and ancient game. A smaller group, consisting of those who are particularly agile and do not show the evidences of advancing years, participated in a tennis tournament on the courts by the hotel.

We were joined on Saturday morning by Bates, and later in the day by Tenney, Piper, Phelan, and Weston who had been unable to come down immediately after the luncheon. After luncheon on Saturday we haunted the porches for a short time and then a red-hot ballgame took place between two teams designated as the "Chemical Indians" and the "Engineering Braves." In order that the decisions might be entirely impartial, no member of the class was allowed to act as umpire, but Mr. Denison was drafted for this purpose. The make-up of the teams was as follows: Chemical Indians: Clafin, Lovejoy, Clement, Adams, Davis, Duckworth, Bates, Moore and Prescott. Engineering Braves: Spalding, Bean, Crary, Ripley, Bovey, Batcheller, Taber, King, and Dates.

The battle was a very hard fought one, several pitchers being used on both sides. It may be added that the soft indoor ball was used in this contest. Especially through the marvelous stick wielding ability of Bates, the Chemists forged ahead at the start, but were afterward overtaken by the Engineers and at the end of the nine innings the score stood nine to eight in favor of the Chemists. Those who did not participate divided into two groups of lusty shouters who cheered their respective favorites. As soon as we were able to recover from the effects of this strenuous performance, afternoon rounds of golf and tennis were played.

Saturday evening was the time set for the dinner. Unfortunately, a few members had been obliged to leave. Nevertheless, thirty-three members of the class gathered about the board. A special reunion menu had been prepared which could be used as a souvenir, and one of these will be forwarded to every member of the class whose address is known to the Secretary. We had hoped to have with us on this occasion President Stratton of the Institute, but at the last moment some important matters came up which prevented his attendance. President Bovey made a very pleasing toastmaster and gave a very enjoyable talk. The Class Secretary's report was then presented, a copy of which is attached to these news items at the request of several members of the class. We then listened to a very interesting account of Tech life of today by Mr. Denison, the Executive Secretary of the Alumni Association, who also entertained with songs. Other members of the class made brief but snappy speeches and altogether it was a very enjoyable occasion. No account of this dinner would be complete without especially mentioning the songs by Harry Bates. To those whose memory went back to the days of more than thirty years ago in the old Chemical Laboratory when Bates used to lift up his voice in song occasionally, it was a wonderful experience. The years have not impaired, but, on the other hand, have enriched and beautified the quality of his voice and the songs which he had selected were admirably fitted to the occasion. No member of the class who was present can fail in years to come to recall this as the particular outstanding feature of the dinner. After the dinner, the nominating committee, which had been appointed by President Bovey, brought in its report. Frank W. Lovejoy was unanimously chosen as the President of the class until our quinquennial reunion, and following the urgent demands for a speech, expressed his appreciation of the honor to which he had been elected and his desire to serve the class and the Institute throughout his term of office. We all know how effectively this will be done.

Telegrams were read from a number of men who were unable to be present and a message was received from Klipstein who at the time of our dinner was eastbound for Europe off the coast of Cape Cod. Then came the one event of the whole reunion of which the Secretary had no previous intimation. On behalf of the class, King, in a sincere and friendly little address, presented the Secretary with a beautiful white gold wrist watch which is inscribed as follows: "Professor S. C. Prescott, M. I. T., Class of 1894, presented to him by his classmates in recognition of his long and efficient service as Secretary of the class. June 7, 1924." There are no words which the Secretary could speak or that he can now write which can express in full degree the pleasure and appreciation which he felt on receiving this token of friendship and regard from his classmates. He can only say that the watch will be a daily reminder of a group of splendid fellows with whom he has been associated for many years and whom he is glad to serve in the humble capacity of Class Secretary. The watch is a token of enduring friendship which will last as long as life shall last and the Secretary wishes now to express his sincere thanks to the whole class for this very beautiful and serviceable gift.

At the dinner, another presentation was made, Harry Bates receiving a bronze seal of the Institute mounted upon an open shield as a prize to the member of the class coming the longest distance for the reunion.

The following day witnessed the finals of the golf tournament and tennis games and on Sunday evening the presentation of the President's cup was made to the golf champion of the class, Horace Crary. A second prize of a box of golf balls was presented to Norwin Bean.

Some of the men were obliged to leave on Sunday, others remaining over until Monday morning before returning to Boston.

Thus ended the reunion in celebration of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the class.

The last previous official meeting of the class was held at East Bay Lodge, Osterville, Massachusetts, on June 21, 1919, on the occasion of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Reunion. President T. G. Richards presided. Forty-five members of the class were present. The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was omitted, but the Secretary made a brief report.

Election of officers for the five years, until the next quinquennial reunion, following the report of the nominating committee, resulted as follows: President, William H. Bovey, Secretary, S. C. Prescott, Executive Committee, William H. Bovey, S. C. Prescott, A. A. Clafin, and Nathan Cheney.

The duties of a graduate Class Secretary are at times not onerous, while on certain occasions there is much to do. Since our last re-



## 1894 Continued

union we have had the campaign for funds to meet the conditions imposed by our generous benefactor, Mr. Eastman, and there has been one general reunion of alumni in celebration of the auspicious and successful completion of this campaign. At this reunion the members of the class were entertained at a dinner at the University Club, as guest of our distinguished President, Bovey.

The Secretary has attempted to publish in *The Review* the items of interest regarding members of the class, and to make these notes a general narrative of the class personnel. Ninety-four seems to be a class of rather marked stability, as is befitting men thirty years out of Tech.

It is with very deep regret that I have to report that our class membership has been reduced through the death of eight of our former members, some of whom were present with us at our last reunion. We shall treasure the memory of these loyal brothers of '94: V. L. Benedict, G. A. Blume, P. F. Bonesteel, John Ellis, C. M. Lawrence, A. G. Robb, F. A. Stearns, and T. W. Vantuyl.

Eighteen hundred ninety-four Necrology: I. E. Beach, V. L. Benedict, C. A. Blume, P. F. Bonesteel, E. D. Clarke, H. B. DuPont, E. L. Eaton, John Ellis, F. W. Harwood, N. H. Janvrin, L. P. Lane, C. M. Lawrence, R. Loring, J. C. Locke, C. A. MacClure, A. R. Mackay, L. W. Pulsifer, A. G. Robb, R. K. Sheppard, F. A. Stearns, F. W. Van Tuyl, R. C. Wheeler, and C. N. Wrightington.

In somewhat lighter vein, the following appendix to the report was read as a means of showing how '94 men are concerned with the fundamental industries which minister so much to the enjoyments and the necessities of life.

Should you ask for information as to place and occupation of the members of the class of ninety-four, I can, from a list that's ample, give you here and there a sample, and if you should be insistent, maybe more. Without any hesitation I affirm that in the nation there is not a more distinguished group of men, and the products they are backing have no virtue that is lacking. Read the ads and you will surely know it then.

To show how '94 interests affect the life of an average man, listen to this: Abbot and Fowle are concerned with the radiation from the sun and its effect on our earth. Bates supplies fertilizer to raise to turn into Bovey's Gold Medal flour for bread to be baked by Tenney's gas inspected by Moore, in one of Dana's ranges. Bean regulates your bank. Kimberly makes possible the rotogravure section of your Sunday paper. Bigelow edits your *Saturday Evening Post*. If you need a pair of rubber boots or a hot water bottle, Piper supplies you. Clement sells you the best fence for your farm and George Taylor your machinery. You make some money and buy bonds from Spalding or public service securities from Reynolds. George Owen will design your yacht and show you how to use it. Gardner or Klipstein or any of our architects will fit you to a house and Weston will attend to your water supply and sewage disposal. Your phonograph motor is made by Patrick and the rest of the works by Hicks. Your telephone, if you live on the west coast, is under the supervision of Coolidge and Nowell, or in the Middle West by Rogers. Ripley sells the wool for Jenckes to make into cloth for your suit which you buy from Hastings, and the fine cotton for your shirts is made in a mill designed by Marvell, insured by Lacount, and run by Harold Chase, bleached by Duckworth with chemicals bought from Clafin. For breakfast you eat oranges raised by Price. If you go on a winter vacation it is to Tufts' Pinehurst or for summer fishing in Maine you travel over Newbegin's railroad, taking along one of Lovejoy's kodaks. Your wife's shoes are made with Beardsell's counters. You polish your boots with a product supervised by Phelan, your golf clubs with Greenleaf's abrasive. Your time is regulated by a Warren clock; an Estey piano graces your parlor. You go to New York over Gardner & Whitin's Fall River line. Your electric light is possible because Billy Pratt lets the General Electric work. When your tires wear out, if they ever do, you sell them to Sherman. Your medicine chest is supplied with Proctor's products.

In fact, almost every need from early childhood until the time of your demise can be supplied by some organization with which a '94 man is connected, but so far as I know, we have no undertakers.

Klipstein and his family have been spending the summer in Europe. A message was received by the Secretary indicating that he has recently been travelling in England.

Mrs. de Lancey, who will be remembered by the class as Miss Gallop, has also spent the summer abroad and on her return wrote a most interesting letter to the Secretary, telling of the interesting travels she and Mr. de Lancey took in England and France.

An announcement has recently been received of the marriage of Miss Virginia Clafin, daughter of our well-known classmate, to Dudley Pratt, son of Mrs. Pratt and the late Bela Pratt, the noted sculptor.

Donald Ross, Jr., has changed his business address and his present one is Church, Ross & Co., Ltd., Room 805 New Birks Building, Montreal.

Samuel C. Prescott, *Secretary*,  
Room 10-405, M. I. T., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'95 Our fifth annual outing was held at Saybrook, as usual, on June 13, 14 and 15; and likewise, as usual, was most successful. Booth, Alden, Fred Cutter, Eugene and Gus Clapp, John D. Moore, Hannah, Winthrop Parker, Lawrence Barr and Mrs. Barr were there. Many telegrams and letters were received from others who would have been there had they not been so far away. Some of the letters received are given below.

Golf claimed most of the attention, with swimming a close second. Booth and Gene Clapp carried off the golf prizes.

Dave Weston had the hardest luck of all, as you will see by his letter from La Lima, via Puerto Cortez, Republic Honduras, and he has our sympathy. Under the circumstances he was lucky to save himself and his family alive. "Why send anyone such a tempting notice? Since taking over the general management of this sugar property I have had to cut golf and swimming, my principal diversion being combating the effects of revolution.

"After coming through two months of insurrection, and getting a sugar crop well under way, I got caught with my family on a single track by a freight locomotive going the other way. As our track car is a sedan you may imagine that it was not easy to escape, so Mrs. Weston is in the Touro Hospital, at New Orleans, with her leg broken in two places. I'm writing from my bed, laid up with a broken ankle. Fortunately, the children escaped; but their teacher who was with them is in Touro with Mrs. Weston, having a badly smashed arm repaired.

"I see that Swope is Caddy Master. If it rains, do they play the match as African Golf? If anyone of the class will come to Honduras you will find me ready for any kind of indoor sports. What they call 'spending a rainy day' at Saybrook, no?

"Why not send us a radio? This is not so far away. I get the Herald Station, Pittsfield, and about all stations in the States, on a Radiola VII."

Here is a letter from F. S. V. Sias, c/o The Standard Register Co., 593 Market Street, San Francisco, California: "Some of the fellows might like to know what F. S. V. is doing away out here on the coast.

"In September, 1921, I related myself as New England District Manager to the Standard Register Co., of Dayton, Ohio.

"I must have done a fairly satisfactory job in old New England because in April, 1923, the company offered me the Pacific Coast District Management and made the proposition so attractive I could hardly turn it down.

"It is no doubt a glorious country out here and I have travelled in my auto over Western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, all of California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Colorado.

"Many of the trips have been over hazardous mountain roads with wonderful scenery, but one does not want to get too near the edges of some of the trails as they are soft and treacherous. In fact, I have seen many cars which have rolled over from 50 to 100 feet down the side and in many cases it meant a drop of 2000 feet if one lost control of the old steering wheel.

"Yes, it is as above stated, a wonderful country, but I am rather inclined to reverse Horace Greeley's, 'Go West Young Man' to Stay East Young Fellow.

"It is a land of great distances. The mileage works a hardship on the salesman as it is often 150 miles between points with nothing between.

"In fact, one time while travelling in a train I noticed a poor old lady weeping and asked her if I could be of any aid. She said she had gotten on the wrong train and the first stopping place was three days off.

"I have twenty-three men under me and I am now beginning to see a welding together of a strong, capable sales force.

"Wish I could be with you. My thought and heart will be. Remember me to all the boys."

Gerard Swope, 120 Broadway, New York City, sent the following note:

"I had my ticket reserved and even more surprising still, had it paid for, but unfortunately at the last moment some matters have arisen which will necessitate my remaining here over the week-end, so that I won't be able to come up to Saybrook. I had looked forward to this, as there are some old papers I have about the times when we were still at Technology which I wanted to read to the class, but now I am putting them aside and hope to bring them with me next year at our Thirtieth Reunion, at which, as Donham says, if life continues, only an accident or a fire will prevent my being there. I hope at that time we can have a large attendance.

"I hope those who are going to Saybrook will have a very pleasant time, as I am sure they will, and you won't regret my absence nearly as much as I will regret not being able to be with you."

Benjamin Adams, c/o The American Blower Co., 112 South 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, sent the following: "I regret very much having to send my regrets for our annual outing at Saybrook, Connecticut, but it is impossible for me to be present this year. I certainly will be next year, as I understand it will be our Thirtieth Reunion and it ought to be made a big one.



1895 Continued

"I wish you would give my very best regards and wishes to all the old members of my class that attend this outing. I see you mention Ed Alden in your notice. He and I used to run together a good deal. Be sure to remember me to him. If any of the crowd ever reach Philadelphia in their travels, be sure to look me up so that we can talk over old times. Ninety-five graduates in Philadelphia are few and far between."

George L. Bixby, c/o the Detroit Electric Car Co., 5860 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, wrote: "Your notice regarding the annual outing of the Class of '95 received and I am very sorry that it will be out of the question for me to be present."

"I am enclosing my check for past dues and would ask you to kindly give my regards to all my classmates present."

"Ninety-five was not very well represented at the Technology Clubs Association in Detroit, Booth and myself being the only ones present. Was very glad to have the opportunity of meeting him. Believe everyone enjoyed the outing very much."

"As you no doubt know, I have been with the Detroit Electric Car Company for a good many years now and we have recently put out quite a new and novel electric milk delivery truck which we are expecting great things of. Thinking you might be interested in looking this over, I am enclosing one of our circulars covering this. It certainly looks like the very best thing along this line that has been put on the market to date and I am certainly proud of having charge of the working out of this proposition."

H. P. Coddington of the Forbes Lithograph Mfg. Co., 41 Park Row, New York City, wrote: "As it was my turn to act as host at our last class luncheon, I am enclosing some brief notes which you may like to have for The Technology Review."

"I have just heard that John A. Gurd, who was an architect with an office at 101 Park Avenue, New York City, died on Saturday, the 21st and was buried on the 23d. Further than this I have not heard anything and Frank Schmitz says he has not heard any particulars. If I find any notice in the papers of Saturday or Monday I will forward it to you."

"I hope that sometime you may be in town and may be able to attend one of our luncheons which we usually try to have on a Wednesday in the middle of each month."

The New York Luncheon Club met at the Technology Club on June 18 for the last luncheon until fall, and brought together for an enjoyable few hours: Canfield, Schmitz, Donham, Crane, Thomas, Park, Hannah, Gardiner, Wolfe, Nichols, Cushing and Coddington.

We were served on the outdoor veranda of the club and were thus enabled to forget the sultry weather. Naturally, politics was the leading topic and we all wished that J. D. J. M. could have been present to have given us some of the real dope.

Ben Donham was the only one of the bunch who seemed to have been playing in hard luck of late. Besides having had his knee joint knocked out of alignment, his home was recently almost wiped out by fire.

Ned Huxley could not be with us, as he is in the Philippines where all go to get rich quick.

Al Drake was off on a speaking tour and so we missed his always happy smile. In fact, we missed everyone who was unable to be with us, but we hope that they all show up at our next luncheon.

Gerard Swope has purchased an apartment in the 100 per cent coöperative building now being erected at 1040 Park Avenue, corner of 86th Street, New York City.

The amiability of the Class of '95 is well shown by the fact that a second appeal for class dues brings second payments from some of those who have already paid; mirabili dictu.

Your Secretary presents the following from the *Transcript* for September 22, 1924: "When the Dollar Line Round-the-World steamship, *President Garfield*, docked at the Army Base today, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Bourne of Boston were among the passengers to disembark. With them was their son, Philip. Mr. Bourne is an architect and Mrs. Bourne an artist. They have been travelling in Jugo Slavia and Mr. Bourne told of being fined 4½ cents by the authorities there."

"They were sketching an old Roman bridge when they were taken into custody by two policemen. After being detained for an hour they were assessed three dinars, equivalent to 4½ cents, and were told that it was a tax upon them as aliens. They were arrested because the hotel keeper had failed to report their presence in the country."

Frank A. Bourne, *Secretary*,  
177 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

'96

The annual notice for class dues for one dollar was sent out in May and a good number have replied. Also, in connection with the notices sent out by Mark Allen for the All-Technology gathering in Detroit, a lot of replies were received and from these two sources quite a bit of interesting news has been obtained. Eddie Mansfield represented the Boston Edison Illuminating Company at the convention of the National Electric Light Association in Atlantic City, May 19 to 23,

inclusive.—Harry Rawson had been in the hospital in May, but was out and much improved. He was planning a trip East to Lake Placid with his family for the summer vacation.—Meyer Sturm was another fellow who had been under the weather all last winter but reported that he was recuperating.—H. K. Jones made a trip to Washington in May to attend the National Convention of Architects.—Ted Jones had the honor of delivering an address before the Atlantic City convention of the National Electric Light Association. The Brooklyn Edison Company, with which he is connected, is doing a lot of new construction which involves some novel and interesting engineering problems.—Billy Clifford, as reserve officer of the U. S. Army, went on a thirty-day duty with the general staff of the War Department, beginning May 20. He reported that Mrs. Clifford had been ill in the hospital but was improving.—George Merryweather took a well-earned vacation last winter and spent four months in Cuba. He was not in the best of health when he went but returned in first-class condition and reported that he enjoyed the spirit of the country immensely.—George Hatch has suffered another attack of his old enemy, rheumatism, and was considering at last accounts a trip to Hot Springs, which he has found in the past to be the best form of relief.—Marshall Leighton travelled around the country and made a trip to Seattle last spring. The Secretary wishes that he would make it a point to look up '96 men along his route and send in a report regarding them.—Fred Walker has changed his job and is now Manager of the Scott Equipment Company at 133 South 16th Street, Philadelphia. This concern specializes in electric refrigerating machinery under the trade name of Kelvinator.—F. A. Howard reports that he has a boy who has now reached the age where he plans to enter Tech this fall. Howard called upon the Secretary one day in August but unfortunately the Secretary was not in at the time and missed the pleasure of seeing him and of securing some interesting notes.—Sam Hunt is busy building power lines for the Metropolitan Edison Company of Reading, Pennsylvania, and says that he has a new powdered fuel plant which is a dandy.—Underhill is no longer with the Chandler Company but is now the Boston representative for the Overland car at 933 Commonwealth Avenue.—Bragg wrote early in the summer that he was planning to spend his vacation in Massachusetts as usual and would hope to call upon his friends around Boston, but, so far, the Secretary has not seen him.—Guy Morrill has been spending the summer in California.—Charlie Lawrence's son received his Degree of Master of Science at Technology in June and is planning to return this coming year to work for a Doctor's Degree.—Harry Brown appears to be slowly recovering from his recent severe illness. The doctor tells him he is certainly better and the fact that at last accounts Harry had been able to play golf four times would indicate that the doctor was right.—John Longren, after his return from India where he had charge of the erection of a rod and wire plant, went back temporarily with the Wheeling Steel Corporation at Portsmouth, Ohio. He has in mind, however, locating on the Pacific Coast where he feels that there is an excellent opportunity for development of manufacturing of steel products.—Mort Sears says that the government has changed him from a mineral examiner to an assistant law examiner and that he is now definitely located in Washington where he can enjoy the company of his family instead of being engaged in field work which involved long absences from home. His work now consists of adjudicating mineral applications for patent.—Will Hedge became a happy father of a baby girl on May 19, which makes three girls in his family.

Some classmates will recall that a '96 class fund was collected for the presentation of a suitable present to the class baby of '96. Thorough investigation showed that the present belonged to Steve Gage's daughter who is now grown up and married and is Mrs. Roy N. Brodie. She is located with the State Department of Public Roads at Jefferson City, Missouri. Mrs. Brodie's wishes were consulted in the matter and she decided that, while she would be happy to receive any gift the class might select, she would prefer a piece of silver to a class cup. Accordingly, the Secretary has purchased a silver bowl which is being suitably engraved and will be presented to Mrs. Brodie in due time. She thought that as she has no children a cup might not be as useful to her as a dish. Gage himself has been suffering from the effects of the deadlock of the Rhode Island Legislature which has prevented the making of annual appropriations so that no funds are available for the payment of salaries. Gage and other state employees have continued their work but have had to get along largely on faith and the kindness of their friends.

Notices were sent out for a field day of '96 men at the Wianno Club in June, but all the replies received indicated that the men were too busy to attend this year. It may be that next year in connection with the big All-Technology Reunion we can get a crowd together for Wianno, but certainly in 1926 at our Thirtieth Anniversary we will all be there.

Wayne was in Boston in June and called upon the Secretary and other friends. The immediate purpose of his visit was to attend the graduation of his nephew on June 10, although he counted much on seeing his friends here as well. He was planning to return home to Indianapolis via New York and look up John Tilley and other

## 1896 Continued

members of his old gang. He is now in the Traffic Department of the Telephone Company at Indianapolis and has to do more or less traveling around the state, so that he has a chance to see more or less of the fellows in that vicinity. He reported that they were all going strong.

Belated items from Allen in connection with the All-Technology Reunion have come forward. He says that Flood and Whitney are both heavy men and that Flood carries around one of those everlasting smiles that makes everyone feel good. The Secretary has a bone to pick with Flood because he has not made any reply to a letter which he wrote him asking for information about Von Holst.—McGonigle is busy up to his neck putting up a twenty-seven story office building in Detroit. The Secretary saw this building when he went through Detroit in September and it towers above all other Detroit buildings.—Tozier sports gray hair and is a demon for golf, wanting to play all the time when he was in Detroit, except when he was asleep.—Whiting, who is making his headquarters in Seattle and Chicago, thought it was a good time to come to Detroit to sell some lumber. At the banquet in Detroit three of the men had their wives; Mrs. Flood, Mrs. McGonigle, and Mrs. Allen being present. Allen's family went to Europe for the summer but left him at home to hold down the job, which, as far as the Secretary can learn, kept him busy for at least two hours every day, Saturday's excepted.

Dr. Rowe has acknowledged with thanks the continuation of the annual contribution of fifty dollars from the Class of '96 for Technology athletics.

Joe Harrington has put on the market through the Stoker Sales Co. of Chicago a new mechanical stoker called "King Coal" which is designed to introduce fine coal screenings into a boiler, burn it smokelessly, and then discharge the ash into a receiving hopper. This represents the result of Harrington's many years of experience as a combustion engineer. Tests on fine western coal, high in volatile matter, are said to have shown that this coal can burn smokelessly and with an efficiency as high as 80 per cent. It aims to reduce fuel costs by burning cheaper grades of coal, reducing the volume of ash and completely eliminating smoke. It works as automatically as an oil burner.

The Rev. Welles M. Partridge who is Chaplain of the 102d Field Artillery went to camp as usual this summer with his men. He has accepted a call to become Rector of St. Ann's Episcopal Church on East Cottage Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts, beginning his duties on September 1.

M. L. Fuller with Mrs. Fuller left Massachusetts in October, 1923, for a trip across the continent by automobile, going by way of Chattanooga, the Gulf States, New Mexico and Arizona and making many side trips off the regular highways, and crossing mountains sometimes with no roads at all. They studied features of geologic interest, cliff dwellings, and historic spots connected with the explorations of Coronado and other early Spanish explorers. Arid Arizona proved anything but dry, rain or snow falling on twenty out of the thirty days that they were in that state. The temperature dropped to thirty above and the cactus plants were covered with snow. At several points they ran over into Mexico, the specific reason for which is not given. They passed the winter at San Diego, Santa Barbara and Monterrey, and later motored north through the red woods and along the Pacific to Portland; camped in the Cascade Mountains and finally reached Seattle whence they sailed on July 1 for Alaska. Further report has not been received, but it was their plan to go to Seward, then by government railroad to Fairbanks, and steamer down the Yukon to its mouth, returning up the river past Dawson to the head of navigation and then to Lake Atlin and over White Pass to Skagway. After coming back to the United States the return trip across country was to be made by auto making a trip of something over a year in duration.

Con Young and Mrs. Young made a visit to York, Pennsylvania, in June and had a nice visit with Louis Morse and his family. Louis appeared to be in fine health but Mrs. Morse had had a severe illness from which she was apparently well on the road to recovery. Morse has two fine daughters and a boy who expects to enter Tech shortly.—Jameson recovered his health sufficiently during the year that he spent in North Carolina so that he is back in Washington and located in his new home at 13 Oxford Street, Chevy Chase.—Bakenhus has been spending the past year as a student at the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island. Joe Clary is one of the leading figures in the Washington Tech Club and has a boy who will be ready for Tech in a year or two. As for himself, Young says that he was not in good health last winter and had an illness in the spring which put him out of business for the month of March so that he was under the doctor's orders to spend the month of August and September in the Adirondacks as he did last year. He made his headquarters at Echo Camp, Raquette Lake, New York.—Charlie Stamp of Cleveland, who organized a company to manufacture the Stamp hoist, sold out his business last May and Young understood that he was planning to locate in California where he had another business in which he was much interested. During one of Merryweather's trips to Washington he made it a point to look up Young and they had an impromptu reunion in June.—Con says that George retains

his slim figure and youthful countenance but attributes much of it to the winter spent with his family in the hill country of Cuba. Between the warm sea bathing and horseback riding he came back with clothes almost twice too large, at least in some places, and he was certainly in the pink of condition.

Two classmates have been lost and the Secretary will welcome any information regarding their present whereabouts. One is H. V. Von Holst who is an architect and for whom the last address available was the firm of Fyfe and Von Holst at 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois. The other is Albert O. Wight, whose last address was Inglewood, California.

The Secretary made a hurried Western trip in September with Anderson, meeting Anderson in Chicago and going as far west as California. Lack of time prevented calls upon classmates as it was necessary that not a minute should be lost and the ground should be covered as rapidly as possible. Between trains, however, there was an opportunity to see E. H. Roberts in Denver, who reported that he and Mrs. Roberts were on the point of leaving for a long automobile trip across the country which might continue for several months. Their idea was to come directly to New England before the weather became too cold and then journey southward in easy stages, viewing points of interest on the way. Roberts still retains his youthful appearance except when he takes off his hat and shows the top of his head. In Salt Lake City we had a few minutes with Lewis Cannon, who is associated with Fetzer as an architectural firm. Cannon does not seem to have changed much for years and he reported that while business was a little quiet just at the present time he had in mind the construction of some coöperative apartment houses and his firm had designed the new West High School, costing \$700,000, the new Municipal Baths, costing \$250,000 and the Deseret National Bank Building, costing \$600,000. He has five children, four girls and one boy. Two of the girls are old enough to be engaged. Finally in Detroit, Mark Allen was routed out of bed a little earlier than his accustomed hour and came down town to spend a few minutes at the depot. Mark's chief complaint is that '96 men do not come to Detroit often enough to see him and try the hospitality of his new house which has commodious quarters for everyone.

At the September meeting of the American Society of Steel Treathers in Boston, the presidential address was delivered by Dr. George K. Burgess. A paper on "Metallurgical Education" was presented, by title, by Bradley Stoughton, but unfortunately he was so busy with the opening of school at Lehigh that he was unable to attend in person.

Classmates will recall that last spring Frank Hersey announced the arrival of a son. The boy is proving to be such a joy to his father that the latter is buying a new Buick sedan in order to perambulate the boy around and is also building a new house in Needham for his occupancy.

Charles E. Locke, *Secretary*,  
Room 8-109, M. I. T., Cambridge, Massachusetts.  
J. Arnold Rockwell, *Assistant Secretary*,  
24 Garden Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

# '98

We notice in the May number of the McGraw-Hill Book Notes an able article by Fred Bishop on Education vs. Training in which he draws a nice distinction between engineering training and education which will give a man a true appreciation of the relation of engineering to the problems of civilization. Bishop, as we all know, is Dean of the School of Engineering and the School of Mines, University of Pittsburgh, as well as being Secretary of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education. We hope that the education as well as the training he got in '98 at Tech, is helping him to solve the problem which Tech is also still working at of trying to produce an educated engineer. If he had only been able to attend our Twenty-fifth Reunion he would have seen a bunch of fellows who had proved that they were educated as well as trained.

Paul Johnson writes as follows: "Since you are hard up for news, I will give you some. My son, Seymour Foulke Johnson, was married in Pasadena on October 25. He lives in Altadena, about two miles from me. I have lately been devoting most of my time to experimentation in my radio laboratory here and am leaving the store in Pasadena to the management of my son, who is proving an able manager. I enclose a notice of my daughter's marriage to J. W. Bates, which occurred on May 6. With these two weddings, I am too poor to come East for the Detroit meeting and probably will not see you at all this year. Regards to Joe Riley and the rest."

Mark E. Taylor has changed his address to 81 Dunmoreland Street, — still in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Charlie Winslow addressed a meeting under the auspices of the Massachusetts Dental Society and the New England Health Institute on the topic of "Some Unsolved Problems of Public Health." Among other things he was misquoted — as great men often are — in the Boston *Herald* the next day as doubting the value of the Schick test for diphtheria as applied in the schools. As a matter of fact, he spoke highly of the value of this test, and urged its extensive use.



## 1898 Continued

Two of our wandering sons are expected soon to return: Colonel Harold Jones, who has been stationed in the Philippines, and Seth Humphrey, who has been visiting the Pacific Islands, Japan and China. We wonder what new light on the race problem Seth will bring back from the Orient.

The foregoing was written last May and set in type then, but it did not find space in the crowded July issue of *The Review*.

Since then we have seen Seth Humphrey, although we have not had a chance to talk over with him at length his impressions of the Orient. However, we gather that he does not consider the Pacific Islands a fit place for white men to live.

Chester F. Drake has received from Duquesne University the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. From the Pittsburgh *Sun* for June 14, 1924, we read: Dr. Drake has been identified with the development of pure water supplies since 1898. He was sanitary engineer for the City of Philadelphia and has had considerable consulting practice for the State Department of Health. The degree of Doctor of Science is comparatively rare in this section. Since his appointment as superintendent of the filtration plant, Dr. Drake has been recognized as an authority on water supply and it is largely due to his efforts that Pittsburgh's water supply has become one hundred per cent pure.

Miss Minerva A. Laing resigned last June from the Faculty of the Hyannis Normal School, where she has served for twenty-six years as a member of the Art Department. Throughout her residence there, according to the New Bedford *Mercury*, she has been active in the Women's Club and the town affairs.

Julius Nolte was in town the early part of the summer having some work done at the Institute under Professor Prescott on foods, in connection with one of his projects in China. For a long time he was engineer with the Standard Oil Company in China. Now, with four others, he has organized an engineering firm, one of the functions of which is to undertake hydroelectric developments in China. At present, many of the projects are held up by the political unrest in that country. Nolte says his firm is planning to open an office in Boston next year to handle products which they import from China.

Arthur A. Blanchard, *Secretary*,  
Room 4-160, M. I. T., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

**'99** Despite discouraging prophecies from several of the dormant members of the good old Class of '99, who became conscious long enough to write the Class Secretary pessimistic diatribes about our reunion, there were many enthusiastic members present. Many of us looked forward to meeting Mrs. Ben Morse and Mrs. Lewis Emery. Our disappointment was keen when neither of them saw fit to gratify our curiosity. However, many charming wives were present, large, small and indifferent and it was better so. It would be difficult to describe even with a fertile mind what might have happened if some of the bachelors, to say nothing of the husbands, apparently off on the sort of moral holiday which William James suggested, had not felt the restraining presence of the other fellow's wife. As it was, they . . . ! Perhaps it would be wiser to refrain from all accurate description of the facts. Even if it were possible to be exact, some might be shocked and others disappointed. Let the pleasures of remembrance remain fresh in the minds of the "bon viveurs."

A large number arrived on Friday, June 17, and it has been almost impossible for the historian to get an accurate chronicle of the events of that day. The reports vary to such an extent that even the writer whose judgment is discriminating would hardly dare attempt to record facts where such testimony and data as are available are so conflicting and contradictory.

On Saturday, however, '99 came in crowds. Upon arriving at the Wesley House, each was given a blue card with coupons bearing a number. Why on earth the writer was given No. 23 still remains a mystery. In spite of the suggestion he remained and much to the surprise of most of the class presided at the business meeting which was held in the evening. Obviously, our esteemed Secretary could have done the trick much better but in the words of Plato, "It seemed a good idea at the time."

W. M. Corse was unanimously re-elected Class Secretary to serve for the ensuing quarter of a century. After his election, Skinner paid an eloquent tribute to the work which Corse had done during his term of office. He said among other things that all the live ones would be back for the Fiftieth Reunion and that the dead ones would probably remain away as they always did.

An Executive Committee consisting of Corse, Eaton, Kinsman, Sawyer and Hamilton was appointed. Eaton was appointed Assistant Secretary.

On Sunday, most of the crowd drove over to Gay Head. Sawyer told us the botanical names of the various trees, their uses and abuses. The ladies intuitively named the flowers and shrubs whether or not they had ever seen similar varieties before.

In the evening, Delano, '98, whose hospitality to '99 was ingratiating, told us about the many varieties of grapes in Martha's

Vineyard and many other things that were not there. He especially mentioned the purity of the water. Some stupid member of the audience said, "What is it used for?"

Later, Hamilton told us about the ice in Alaska and put many of the audience to sleep with stories of what he thought he had seen and done in the North. After he finally ceased talking the only man who was still awake said, "Say, Cook didn't have anything on him."

The Olympic games were held the same evening. Eaton proved the best athlete. Ben was a close second but he had a good alibi or at least he thought it was good. The most artistic event of the evening was, of course, Lewis Emery. Even back in our unregenerate days, Lew was an event, but now after twenty-four years of training his voice has acquired splendid perfection. Few of you know that in an operatic contest he was runner-up to Caruso. It would be difficult to do justice to his voice. Even he himself said he couldn't. It has the liquid quality of the Wood-thrush (*Hylocichla mustelina*) with the colorful quality of the Scarlet Tanager (*Piranga erythromelas*). He promises to sing for us at our Fiftieth if he is not still studying in Paris.

The clambake at the Country Club came off on schedule and was gorgeous. Parker arrived on time, completely demolishing an automobile en route from Washington.

Most of the class left Monday. Sherrill forgot his coat and Eaton his wife, but no serious mishaps occurred to mar the pleasure of the reunion. There were thirty-seven members present, thirty-six men and one woman, also twenty-three wives and children.

It must be mentioned, greatly to the credit of the class, that W. M. Corse is the first American to be invited to address the British Institute of Metals. On September eight he was to deliver a paper on "Recent Developments in Non-Ferrous Metallurgy in the United States" before the Institute in London.

W. Malcolm Corse, *Secretary*,  
1901 Wyoming Avenue, Washington, D. C.  
Henry C. Eaton, *Assistant Secretary*,  
30 Greenwood Lane, Waltham, Massachusetts.

**'00** Greetings everybody! A new school year has begun here at Cambridge, likewise a new volume of the *Review*. Your scribe has been away from these parts for some weeks and lately returned to find that the last call for news had been issued and that the gate was nearly down for the late comers. For a moment it looked as though his record for long-distance writing was to be spoiled but a twenty-four hour reprieve granted by our genial editor has saved the day. Evidently others also have been busy enjoying the summer, for a most alarming dearth of class news seems to exist. Not a letter has found its way to the sanctum. This will never do. You fellows must immediately sit down and send in some news about the other fellow. You won't write about yourself but you surely would like to see an article about somebody else written by you, appear in the December issue. So get busy and save the election of another secretary at the January alumni meeting. Yours truly accepted this office provisionally for one year and in just two months time the gate may be down for you.

Since other news is lacking, you may pardon the Secretary if he makes note of his own perambulations this summer. With summer school sessions off the slate and a dry August in prospect, he shipped for a cruise to Cuba and the Central States. Havana received five days of his attention as did those oasis towns of Colon, Cristobal and Panama City at the Canal Zone. 'Twas wonderful and it only needed the helpful presence of Fred Cooke, Fred Chase, Dinnie Priest and others of the old guard to have made the trip memorable. When it came to inspecting the Canal the writer wished more than once that that old canal-builder Cook was along. As it was, Governor Walker of the Zone proved an admirable host, and through his kindness the writer saw the old ditch inside and out. From Panama the cruise led up the coast to Costa Rica and inland to that quaint old town of San José. Here he unexpectedly encountered a loyal Tech alumnus in the person of Ricardo Pacheco, '12, and a few days were well spent among the fruit and coffee plantations of San Pedro. On the return trip another Tech man, W. F. Grimes, '08, was found at Colon and a right royal party enjoyed. Havana was touched again on the return, and the cruise of nearly 5000 miles was finished at New York. It was a fine trip but hot. The temperature at Limon was 124 and the humidity stood at 98.

One good bit of news that has sifted in through the Press Clipping Bureau is that of the marriage of Robert C. Simpson, XIII, to Miss Mabel F. Nash of New London, Connecticut, on August 25. Simpson will be well remembered by the class, and that he has at last come through is a source of pleasure to us all. He has our heartiest congratulations and best wishes. The latest information as to his whereabouts places him with the Electric Boat Company of New York and Groton, Connecticut, where he is in charge of the designing department.

The only other news that has come to the Secretary will bring sadness to all. Samuel Bass Elbert died last December at Rochester,



## 1900 Continued

Minnesota, where he was being treated for cancer at Mayo Brothers Hospital. Elbert was graduated from the mining course and from the time of graduation to his death was actively engaged in mining operations. A short resumé of his various activities, as compiled by his friend, A. C. Dart, is as follows: Immediately after graduation he went as Assistant to S. H. Brockunier on examination of gold placers in Central America; later was Mine Sampler and Assayer for A. E. Reynolds of Denver in southwestern Colorado; with A. C. Dart, '01, in custom assay and engineering business at Idaho Springs, Colorado, from 1901 to 1903; Superintendent for Northwestern Colorado Development Company, Rollinsville, Colorado, from 1903 to 1904; Resident Engineer with mining company in Mexico, from 1904 to 1906; Shift Boss, Tomboy Mill, Telluride, Colorado, in 1907 and 1908. Suffered severe injury of right hand and arm and returned to home in Des Moines for about one year; Engineer and Assistant Superintendent Yerington Mines and Mason Valley Smelter, Nevada, from 1909 to 1915. At this time he developed and sold the McConnell Mine. From 1916 to the time of his death he was with the Nevada United Mines Leasing Company, Fly, Nevada.

We all mourn the passing of Elbert. His pleasing personality made him loved by all and his sterling worth made his friendship sought and valued by those who knew him.

In closing this column, let it be called to your attention that next June marks our Twenty-fifth Anniversary and that there will be fitting ceremonies conducted to mark so important an occasion. Every true son of 1900 who has red blood in him will be there if humanly possible. The plans will be announced early in the spring and each man should begin now to lay up a fund against that day. Remember the years are slipping along pretty fast and many of our number have already passed from us. Let's chum together just once more.

George E. Russell, *Secretary*,  
Room 1-272, M. I. T., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'01

After a busy summer, your Secretary resumes his avocation of transmitting such bits of information concerning members of the class as reach him from time to time. He takes this opportunity to extend his greetings

to the class and to remind them of the class reunion, which we hope to have coincidentally with the All-Technology gathering of 1925. Nearly a year ago your Secretary met the Washington Club, of which A. B. McDaniel, '01, was President. At that time he rejoiced in the imposing designation of Member of the Civilian Advisory Board of the General Staff of the War Department, and Consultant to the U. S. Civil Service Commissioner. My brief and pleasant contact with him at that time showed him amply competent to consult most helpfully with the Commissioner in both of his capacities. I now hear from him that he has formed a partnership with F. H. Newell and has organized a somewhat unique service situated at the Capitol. The purpose is to make investigations and reports on topics of national interest of importance, and to serve as fact-finding agencies for those who desire information relative to governmental matters. They are the official representative of the American Association of Engineers, and anticipate further national corporate affiliation. Apparently, Newell takes the engineering side, while McDaniel specializes in personnel. I know that every member of the class has a lot of queries that he would like to make at once. Why the Volstead Act is a burning question with many of our representative members. Jack Scully wants to know who is to be the next President, and I suspect that several others with stock market associations would like first-hand and early information on this point. And there are others.

Louis Henrich is with Coolidge and Carlson, the latter of whom, as every good Technology man knows, is one of our most active and helpful alumni. Perhaps he can persuade Louis to come to a Technology gathering. The mine is laid.

Frank B. Walker is chief engineer with the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company. He starts out with the wholly misleading statement that his career has been uneventful and then proceeds to stultify himself by mentioning that in the years since leaving Technology he has located a railroad in Alaska, constructed terminals, tunnels, and bridges for the Washington Ore Docks, spent fifteen years with the Great Northern Railway in the Lake Superior regions, and has enjoyed a variety of other interesting and lively doings. To one whose idea of foreign travel is a trip to Revere Beach, this does not seem entirely uneventful. Frank is another of the '01 members who will form the little nucleus to make the Twenty-fifth Anniversary a success.

Lammot duPont is Vice-President of the E. I. duPont de Nemours Company, his duties being those of a general executive. When last heard from, he was farming and developing a particularly attractive line of registered sheep, if my memory serves me. He offered, at that time, to assist any other '01 man who was anxious to try a similar experiment by contributing one or more of his flock. His stony silence in regard to this activity in the present communication leads me to believe that enough clamorous appeals were made

seriously to cripple the industry. Confidentially, I may say, I thought of applying for one (I like mutton) but I was quite sure that I couldn't get away with it.

Charlie Adams, who was a Special in '01, is also a Vice-President of the Daly Company in Denver, Colorado. He doesn't say what he does in that capacity and he maintains an equally sphinx-like silence in regard to interesting news. Should this happen to catch his eye, I hope he will send in a supplementary statement for the benefit of the class.

John Alden Trott writes that he has entered the holy bonds of matrimony and suggests that I do the same. Happily for my own peace of mind and that of some ignorant and fair young girl, I do not carry a middle name which is historically associated with matrimonial vicissitude. Naturally, he had no choice.

Farnum Dorsey writes in to say that there is nothing new. I wish he would come over to Boston and attend a meeting of the class. I would guarantee novelty.

Ordway, of Course V, is with the National Carbon Company in Cleveland. He is concerned with the output of the dry cell, flashlight and radio batteries produced by the company. He states that he is unmarried and is the only man in the United States who owns neither an automobile nor a radio set and paints the lily by adding that he is the only man on earth who wants neither of them. Far be it from me to obtrude my personality into any entirely impersonal discussion such as the present, but I can go Ordway one step further and make a trinity of the things not wanted. Ordway cannily remains uncommitted in regard to his first proposition. He states that he is the only 1901 graduate of M. I. T. who can walk forty miles between dawn and dark of the same day. This may be a matter of latitude. He registers a fondness for the East, which he has left, which leads me to hope that he will be one of those to revisit it on the occasion of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary. I hope you fellows get this Twenty-fifth Anniversary stuff. It's going to happen.

Ralph Stearns writes in from New York that there is now a Miss Margaret Dewar Stearns, born just a year ago. I am sure every member of the class will rejoice with him in this event. He says he is still living in Bronxville near where Fred Clapp is supposed to live. As I last heard from Fred Clapp in Australia — this was after the Tea Cup Dome episode, I think there may be more truth than bitterness in Ralph's statement. Ralph is pledged to come to the Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

Word has just reached your Secretary that Grace MacLeod, who has been associated with Columbia for many years, has been created Assistant Professor of Nutrition and last June received the Doctorate of Philosophy from the Faculty of Pure Sciences. Dr. MacLeod has been a productive worker in the nutritional field for many years and a number of papers dealing with various phases of metabolism have appeared over her signature. It is hoped at the present time that Dr. MacLeod will be present in her professional capacity at the reunion. We need her.

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V. F. Holmes, *Assistant Secretary*,  
131 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

'02

The class outing held at the Riversea Club, Saybrook, Connecticut, on June 13 to 15, was a delightful affair. The Class of '95, as in the previous year, held a similar outing jointly with '02, and the pleasant acquaintances begun a year ago were revived and strengthened. Baldwin and Mathesius motored over from New York, bringing in their cars, Place, Hammond, Hathaway, Manley, Franklin, Montgomery, and Cutter, '95. Brainerd came down from Middletown with Alden, '95. Murray Walker arrived by train from Boston with Booth, '95, and Normie Borden motored down from Woodstock, Vermont, in a brand-new Buick, picking up Hunter at Springfield. Robbie spent part of Saturday with the bunch, having come down from Hartford to take in a staff outing of the National Fire Insurance Company which was held at Saybrook Point that day. While Robbie always got back to the Point for his eats, he spent the rest of the time with his classmates, who only regretted that he was not able to stay through with them.

Golf was the only formal sport on the program, and a handicap tournament was held, open to both classes. The players were divided into three groups: "Top Notchers," "Near Players," and "Dubs." In the "Top Notchers," Manley captured first prize, and Place second, the booby prize going to a '95 man. In the "Near Players," Hammond secured first prize, Walker second, and the booby again went to a member of '95. In the "Dubs" class the situation was reversed, with '95 men taking first and second, and Hunter, — making his first attempt at golf, — securing the booby prize by a liberal margin. In a team match between the two classes, Manley and Place defeated Clapp and Booth of '95, two straight matches, so that it was not necessary to play a rubber. In the first match, Manley had the honor, with Clapp second, and Place third. In the second match, Place had the honor, with Booth second, and Manley

1902 Continued

third. Place made a score of eighty-seven in the second match, which is the lowest score yet turned in by an '02 man for the Fenwick Course. Manley made an eighty-eight, beating by a stroke the class record which he set the year before.

In swimming, the Class Secretary was the only '02 man who dove off, Alden, Cutter and Hannah, '95, helping to cool themselves several degrees and to warm Long Island Sound one one-thousandth of one degree.

At a class meeting held on Saturday evening, Monte declined to let his name be placed in nomination for another year as Class President, and Franklin was elected as his successor. The selection of Baldwin as Vice-President for New York was confirmed, and Patch and Millar were reelected as Vice-Presidents for Boston and Chicago. Burt Philbrick was drafted for another year as Assistant Secretary. The charm of Riversea was as strong as ever, and the class will gather there again some day, although on account of the general reunion to be held in Boston the coming June, the plans for next year are not yet settled.

Two of our classmates have gone into the contracting game for themselves during the past summer. Lester Hammond, who for some years has been Vice-President of the Elliot C. Brown Co. of New York, has set up for himself. His office is located at Room 5726 Grand Central Terminal Building, New York City. Adrian Sawyer, who was for some years a Vice-President of the George A. Fuller Co., in charge of their Chicago office, has got back into the building game as the Sawyer Construction Company, 16 Arlington Street, Boston. We feel sure that Adrian will not find construction work, with which he has had long experience, any "tougher than leather" which is what he has been mingling with for the last few years. He has completed during the summer vacation some alterations and repairs on the high school building at Winchester, Massachusetts, and is doing extensive landscape work on the Nims Estate at Woods Hole.

Baldwin made a flying business trip to Amsterdam this summer, going over on the *Resolute* in July and coming back on the *Rotterdam* in August. His stay on the other side was so brief that although we wrote to his office in New York to learn how long he would be away immediately we received a postcard which he had mailed to us on his arrival at Cherbourg, we received a reply that he was already on his return trip.—Willard Morse has moved his home from Tacoma to Seattle, his residence in the latter city being 2321—33d Avenue, South, Seattle, Washington.

A recent issue of *Business Chemistry*, the house journal of Skinner, Sherman & Esselen, tells of the trip which Burton Philbrick made to South America. Any classmate who will take the trouble to write to Skinner, Sherman & Esselen, 276 Stuart Street, Boston, for a copy of this diminutive publication will find an interesting account of Burt's adventures and of some of the difficulties which he had to overcome in carrying on scientific investigations in the South American jungle. Burt's name is not mentioned in the narrative, but classmates can fill it in.

Frederick H. Hunter, *Secretary*,  
Box 11, West Roxbury, Massachusetts.  
Burton G. Philbrick, *Assistant Secretary*  
276 Stuart Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

'04 In opening the class notes for 1924-25, the Secretary expresses the hope that you all have had a happy summer and have enjoyed a pleasant vacation which has rested you for the arduous tasks of the winter.

As is usually the case, the bulk of the notes for the first fall issue of The Review consists of the story of the annual class reunion. This year marked the Twentieth Anniversary of our graduation and extra effort was made to make the Twentieth Reunion the biggest one yet. The reunion was held on June 20, 21 and 22 at the Wianno Club, Wianno, Massachusetts, and it was attended by the largest gathering ever present, although not as large as was hoped for.

Before beginning the account, a few statistics may be of interest. There are three hundred and fifty-seven names on the mailing list of the class and a reunion notice was sent to each. Of this total, three were returned for non-delivery, two hundred and fifty-two elicited no reply, fifty-eight returned regrets at their inability to attend, and forty-one expressed their intentions of being present. Six of the latter were prevented from coming by unforeseen circumstances occurring at the last moment, so that the attendance was thirty-five, about twenty-five per cent larger than last year. Of those attending, about twenty-five might be termed the "Old Guard" as they have attended nearly every function ever run by the class. The "Old Guard" increases year by year and we hope that recruits may come faster in the future. It is noticeable that attendance at one of our annual reunions generally seems to forecast re-appearance at the next and so the gatherings grow in size.

Fifty-seven responded to the assessment, and here again it is to be noticed that the finances of the class are provided by practically the same men at each call.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the larger portion of the

class does not enter actively into its life. You who read these notes know in which division you stand individually and it is the hope of the Secretary that these words may serve as praise to the faithful and a reminder to the inactive.

As in the past, the clan gathered at noon on Friday at the Engineers' Club for lunch, about twenty-five being on hand. After a couple of hours spent here, the chauffeurs collected their passengers and started for the Cape. In past years the Secretary has succeeded in getting away last and therefore arriving last at the journey's end. This year he told his faithful passenger, Gene Russell, that the last was going to be nearer the first. Suffice to say that the old order prevailed, however, and the last was just as last this year as previously.

The trip down the Cape was made without any mishaps, arrests, or other untoward happenings and on arrival at Wianno it was found that several more classmates had come direct from their homes, so that the total number was swelled to thirty-three. We were again unfortunate in being unable to secure our favorite Tiffany Cottage, but were quartered in two others, as our numbers were too great to be accommodated under a single roof.

After dinner Friday evening, the crowd adjourned to the ballroom where an entertainment (?) was put on by a committee under the chairmanship of Eugene H. Russell, Jr. The other members of the Committee were Gene Russell, E. H. Russell, Jr., and E. Haines Russell, Jr. Buck Langley, the silver-throated tenor, rendered a couple of solos and led the class choir in community singing. Gene introduced an impersonator, who he said had been obtained at great expense. Personally, we doubt Gene's statement. The identity of said impersonator will not be revealed here for reasons which the Secretary will furnish upon request. He was a classmate and his work was good because no one had any difficulty in recognizing the person imitated, because no decayed fruit was thrown, and finally because he admits himself that he was good. Gene closed this part of the evening's entertainment by singing a lovely little ballad entitled, "Does the Spearmint Lose its Flavor on the Bedpost Over Night?"

The second part consisted of a mock court session. Mert Emerson was judge; Gene Russell, Clerk of Court; Charlie Haynes, Court Officer; General Holcombe, Prosecuting Attorney; Harry Stevens, Attorney for the Defendants. The Court Officer was in full uniform, with badge and night stick and his efforts to keep order in the court were productive of much laughter, especially his struggle with certain recalcitrant witnesses, one of whom was somewhat inebriated.

The cases tried were highly amusing and the work of the defending attorney so good that none of the cases resulted in a sentence. The judge showed an alarming lack of familiarity with his position and the jury was about what one might expect, considering the source from which it was drawn.

Upon conclusion of the court session the meeting adjourned to the Wayside Cottage where red fire was burned and fireworks set off in celebration of our Twentieth Anniversary. It was late before the customary Cape quiet prevailed.

Dave Sutton and Tommy Rockwood constituted the Golf Committee and arranged for tournaments for both Saturday morning and afternoon. True to tradition, it began to rain during breakfast and the morning tournament did not get under way until about 10:30. The afternoon tournament suffered from no such handicap and nearly everyone took part. It was intended to stage a tennis tournament but not enough entries were received, so the tennis enthusiasts played as suited themselves.

Dan Comstock arrived late Friday night and Charlie Homer came Saturday afternoon, bringing the total to thirty-five.

Saturday evening after dinner the annual class meeting was held. After the Secretary's report the Golf Committee awarded twenty-five prizes, consisting of golf balls in varying quantities. In the morning, Charlie Haynes won the prize for the best eighteen holes; Roberts won the medal handicap; and Rockwood the kicker's handicap. In the afternoon, Bixby won the prize for the best eighteen holes; Stevens won the medal handicap and Ferris the kicker's handicap. There were also various special prizes and when all had been awarded it was found that Hump Haley was the only player who had not won a prize, so he was awarded one for that distinction.

This was followed by the reading of letters from many of the fifty-eight who sent regrets. These letters, in many cases, told how the twenty years had been spent, since leaving the 'Stute and were very interesting. Following this, the Secretary called upon each of those present to give a brief account of his experiences. This proved a great feature and brought forth many very entertaining and interesting accounts, and showed conclusively that '04 has many successful men in its ranks. During this period of the evening, Mert Emerson arose and after a speech which started in by lauding the Class of '04 and which closed with highly complimentary remarks about Mrs. Stevens and the Secretary, he presented them with a purse of gold on behalf of those present. This was so entirely unexpected that the Secretary's response was entirely incoherent as he endeavored to express appreciation of the affection of his classmates thus signified. Words cannot describe the feelings which such an



## 1904 Continued

act arouses in the recipients and so Mrs. Stevens and the Secretary can only say that they are deeply grateful for such an expression of the feeling of the members of the class.

At various times during the evening, Gene Russell presented various gifts and prizes which occasioned a good deal of merriment. The meeting was the longest class meeting ever held by the Class of '04, as it lasted until one o'clock Sunday morning.

As usual, no set events were planned for Sunday morning, but considerable golf was played. Some of the boys were obliged to leave early in the forenoon, so that the gathering was at its maximum on Saturday evening.

Everyone acclaimed it as the best reunion yet and all those who had not been to one before agreed that they had been missing something good for years. We had a number of long-distance travelers this year. L. Bixby and George Atkins came from California and Proudfoot from Chicago. The full roster of those present is: C. J. Emerson, C. R. Haynes, J. E. Cunningham, H. M. Haley, J. H. Draper, A. W. Munster, J. A. Haraden, A. M. Holcombe, M. L. Emerson, C. F. Hunter, E. F. Rockwood, E. H. Russell, Jr., D. Sutton, C. Y. Ferris, A. O. Roberts, U. S. Anthony, R. Dennie, H. W. Stevens, D. L. Galusha, A. H. Langley, A. P. Porter, W. H. Edgecombe, R. G. Hartshorne, D. F. Comstock, G. E. Atkins, L. Bixby, P. S. Sweetser, W. Whitmore, F. W. Farrell, C. L. Homer, E. F. Parker, J. R. Sanborn, C. H. Stebbins, G. M. Proudfoot, E. O. Hiller.

Having finished with the reunion, there are a few other notes to be chronicled.

P. S. Sweetser severed his connection with Babson, of Wellesley Hills, last May. Phil has started in business for himself along the same line, with an office in Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Volts Avington is still in Santa Barbara, California. At present, he is engaged in "putting on the Casa Loma Subdivision," the largest real estate development in the city.

The Secretary has received an announcement of the marriage on August 6, 1924, of Miss Doris Elizabeth Andrews to Mr. Charles Joseph Emerson, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. At the reunion, Chick spoke as one of the bachelors (they were in the minority) and gave no inkling of coming events.

The class has been ably represented in Europe this summer by two of its members. Harold H. Gould, City Editor of the *Boston Traveler*, was unable to attend the reunion because of his impending departure for Europe. For reasons which the Secretary will not state, Gould advised that he was intending to visit Paris, but the remainder of his itinerary is not known. We hope to hear more about it later.

M. L. Emerson, accompanied by his daughter, sailed about July first and were to return the latter part of August. They were to spend most of their time in England. Charlie Stebbins discovered a picture of Mert in the illustrated section of the *Sunday Herald*, showing some of the notables attending the Advertising Men's Convention in London. Although the likeness was remarkable, it was not Mert.

The following news appeared in the *South Manchester, Connecticut News* for June 27:

"Secretary Hoover today announced the appointment of Guy C. Riddell, of Rye, New York, a consulting engineer of New York City and a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as chief of the newly-created minerals division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic commerce.

"This new division has been formed at the suggestion of the American minerals and metal industries."

In response to an appeal from the Chairman of the Alumni Committee on Athletics, the Secretary has made a contribution of fifty dollars from the class treasury, toward the support of athletics at the Institute. This action was authorized by vote of those present at the reunion class meeting last June.

During the past year two of our classmates have answered the last roll call: Lester W. Nickerson died on October 4, 1923, and Charles S. Sperry died on July 10, 1924.

In closing these notes the Secretary wishes to state that he still cherishes the hope that some one will send him a bit of news for the next issue.

Henry W. Stevens, *Secretary*,  
12 Garrison Street, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.  
Amasa M. Holcombe, *Assistant Secretary*,  
3305-18th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

'05

Oscar Merrill, Executive Secretary of the Federal Power Commission, was signally honored by his appointment as Chairman of the American Committee of the World Power Conference held in London in July. Here he acknowledged the welcome of the Prince of Wales and presented a paper entitled "National Review of Power Resources in the United States." Upon his return to this country, he said: "Delegates from forty nations who attended the conference will return to their countries with a new realization of the potentialities of their power resources. Never before has such a flood of facts on power develop-

ment been turned loose at one time. Arrangements also were perfected to make continuous the exchange of scientific and technical information which is certain to prevent costly mistakes, duplication of effort and other wastes." We have been unable to find an adequate report of the conference, but the program gave an idea of its size and importance.

In a letter written before the conference, Merrill says: "As for super-power, one of our side lines has been getting together the material for Secretary Hoover's interstate committee, and my chief engineer is one of the engineering board on the St. Lawrence Commission of which Secretary Hoover is head of the American section. Then there has been the Colorado River and Mussel Shoals with a few personal brickbats in connection with both. I'd like for about six months to have hold of the fellow who started the story that a government job is a 'soft snap.'"

Dick Marsh so monopolized the headlines in July that there is little need of our recounting the controversy over the white Indians he brought back from Panama. Suffice to say that the scientists concocted four different explanations of the origin of these white Indians. "I do not know about these matters," said Marsh, "it is entirely for the scientific men to determine and it is for that determination that I brought them here." Too bad all could not have seen the photograph of Dick and his protégés in the *New York Times Pictorial*.

Occasionally comes a communication which we hesitate to publish for fear of criminal libel. This time we are going to take a chance. "I had hoped to meet you face to face in some way while in Boston, but had to be satisfied at looking at George Thomas' ugly mug a couple of times instead. I'll let you in on a secret about George, if you don't know it. He claims to be a great gardener and exhibits his wonderful potatoes and tells about his green sassa and such, that he raises on his lake farm in New Hampshire, but — and here's the secret — he makes his wife and kids slave in the garden all summer and only goes up there and sits on the porch once in a while himself. 'Earning his bread by the sweat of his frau' as a famous engineer once said." We are not responsible for the opinion of our correspondent who, in this case, happens to be Fred Poole, no longer making tooth-picks. In July he signed on with Bigelow, Kent, Willard and Co., Consulting Engineers and Accountants, Park Square Building, Boston. It's engineering, but he doesn't tell us what kind. We'll ask Thomas.

During the yachting season, Zeke Coffin entertained the local members of Coarse Ten on his twenty-one footer at Marblehead. Fisher, Lewis and Lord were the guests. Folsom somehow permitting less important business to interfere. No further details are available.

A post-card from Beers dated Gatun, Canal Zone, reads: "I like it here but the family does not. It's pretty much the rule that the men like it and the women do not. Work eight hours and am practically my own boss. Have five West Indians (mostly Barbarians) under me. Have charge of the Agna Clara filtration plant which supplies Gatun and several army posts. There is prohibition on the C. Z. but" — which sounds very, very familiar. You know the rest.

W. F. Harrington has been made General Manager of the Dyestuffs Department of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. to succeed F. W. Pickard, who has been elected a member of the company's Executive Committee, with general supervision of the sales departments and policies. Dan has been Assistant General Manager of the department for three years and has had long experience in the chemical industry. He has been connected with the du Pont Company since graduation.

Louis Killian has conquered new worlds. The chief bard of the last reunion supplanted the great Denison as entertainer at the June outing of the Tech Club of New Hampshire at the Rollins Farm, Dover.

Herbert Bailey, director of research, Southern Cotton Oil Co., Savannah, addressed the convention of drug and food officials at Jacksonville, Florida, last spring. He has been with the Armour Packing Co., the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry and the du Pont Co. He is editor of the *Cotton Oil Press*.

Eugen Kriegsman, formerly in San Francisco, gives a new address: The Acceptance Corporation, Los Angeles, California.—It is said that George Hool has sent in the copy of the sixth and last (?) volume of his engineers' library. You see we are doing better, George.—Having perfected the production of gasoline, Doc Lewis is now a lubrication expert and addresses automotive societies.—Frank Carhart is with Jackson and Moreland, 387 Washington Street, Boston.

The Atlantic House, Nantasket, has been bought by Bob Farrington in anticipation of the next general reunion. With such headquarters, '05 should have no trouble in again playing the leading part.

Myron Helpert dropped into one of the monthly luncheons last summer, his first appearance in years. He is one of the owners of the Touraine Glove Co. whose store, on the busy corner, Washington and Winter, has been re-architected by the firm of Strickland, Blodgett & Law.

Your Secretary saw Fred Schwarz at the General Electric,



## 1905 Continued

Schenectady, last summer and had a very pleasant visit. His specialty is transmission work. At his earnest request, we have undertaken to recover for him some Harry Clifford notes which he lent Walter Butts in his senior year. So far, no success.

We around Boston have seen more or less of Harry Wentworth. He has attended occasional class gatherings, always welcomed. But, in checking up, some of us found that we knew very little of his activities. So we explained our troubles to Harry who was kind enough to prepare the following which we think is good reading:

"Electrochemistry in 1905 ejected but four of us from Boylston Street: Lewis, a Canadian, one of the first to fall in the war; Crosby, long, lean Crosby, a successful patent attorney of New York City; White, still a true electrochemist, or was the last I heard of him; and me.

"I got started in mining through our studies in electricity, in developing electrical concentrating machinery, for the concentration of the valuable ingredients of ores, and the separation of the different minerals. Requiring as it did, innumerable calculations to determine what the results, when obtained, meant, in dollars and cents to a given property, and (to this end) also requiring a working acquaintance with costs of production, reduction and freight, it was a movement along the line of least resistance to follow up this phase of mining, and in 1912 to hang up a shingle for consulting work in mining, with particular reference to its economic phase. A very satisfactory clientele and business developed with the activities arising from the beginning of the World War.

"In 1916 I dropped my consulting work and took the position of Technical Director of the American Zinc, Lead and Smelting Company, one of the largest of the Zinc smelters. Just what a technical director should be or was, we never quite decided; it has something to do with new developments, properties, processes, and the like, and I was a general roustabout, assistant to the President; so to clarify matters in 1917 I was pro—or de—moted to Vice-President in Charge of Exploration (I am at present a director of that Company and of a few others). Here I still am, although my activities are now being largely devoted to the development of gold in Canada, outside the province of the Zinc Company.

"During the past seven years I have had development work under way, for the Company's syndicates pretty much over the United States, Canada, Mexico, British Guiana, and Korea, as well as making examinations in many other parts of the Globe.

"At present my activities lie between Arizona and Northern Canada: two rather widely separated areas; too widely separated. It appears that Northern Canada is to be one of the great gold producing sections of the world. From no production in 1911 to the rate of \$30,000,000 per year (or one-half the U. S. rate) in thirteen years, is making real progress, and it looks as though the industry was just getting started.

"Most of this production is from a small belt in Northeastern Ontario, which area evidently extends over into Northwestern Quebec. It is probable, however, that in the vast non-agricultural region (for the most part) covering two-thirds of Canada, stretching from eastern Quebec to the Northwest territories, will be found, in time, several areas or zones of mineralization. Already another, in Northern Manitoba, is coming forward, and still a third, in Central Manitoba, is looking favorable.

"I have chosen Manitoba as my stamping ground for the present: a region little known by the people of the United States: the northern and eastern parts, a vast almost level country, covered with muskegs, hillocks, rivers, and lakes. Cold in the winter, but dry and not uncomfortable, fairly hot by day and cool by night in summer; a really enjoyable climate, except for the tediousness of the long winter.

"But gold does not choose the settled places in which to await development, and it is the pioneer's life which one must lead if he is to find it, and the work of our men is that of constantly overcoming difficulties and hardships, always lured on by the hope of success: by the desire to build something; to have something by human hands exist where nothing was before. We may accomplish something; we may not; but with proper stick-to-it-iveness, our history is that in time we shall."

Roswell Davis, *Secretary*,  
19 Thorndike Street, Beverly, Massachusetts.  
S. T. Strickland, *Assistant Secretary*,  
26 Pemberton Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

'06 The Secretary regrets to write that death has again entered the ranks of 1906, in this case claiming Mark H. Place, I.

The circumstances of his accidental death are unusually sad and will undoubtedly make a deep impression on the members of the class. Place was spending his vacation at Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin. On Friday afternoon, August 29, he backed his car down to the lake to clean it. When he attempted to drive it away, the car became stuck in the mud and unusual effort was required to free it. Shortly after, Mrs. Place took the car and

drove a few miles to do some errands. Upon her return after dark she noticed the lantern burning on the wharf and concluded that Mark and his son, Philip, aged seven, were out in the canoe fishing.

Some time later, the campers on the shore heard the boy crying, and rowing out they found him alone in the canoe. He was not able to give a very good account of what had happened, but apparently he had fallen from the canoe and had been rescued by his father, but the effort was too much for Mark and tired from his exertions in the afternoon, he sank and was drowned.

The Secretary will quote from the September issue of *Milwaukee Engineering*, a pamphlet published by the Engineers' Society of Milwaukee.

"On August 29, many of our members were shocked by finding in the daily papers a notice of the untimely death of Mark H. Place, who lost his life by drowning in Lake Koshkonong, near Milton, Wisconsin.

"Mr. Place was well known to most of our members as Secretary of the City Service Commission, in which capacity he came in contact with many engineers, and where he served the city with zeal and devotion.

"Mr. Place was born on January 1, 1879, at Walworth, Wisconsin. His father was a clergyman and during a large part of Mr. Place's boyhood he held the chair of Latin at Milton College. Mr. Place attended Milton College, graduating there in 1901 with the degree of A.B., then went to Laramie, Wyoming, where he was city editor of *The Boomerang*, a paper which had been made famous by Bill Nye. After a year of this work he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was graduated in civil engineering in 1906. He then did engineering work with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, the Illinois Tunnel Company and the City of Chicago, until 1913 as follows: Railway Construction from 1906 to 1911; Inspection of Repairs on Repaving and Similar Work for the Illinois Tunnel Company in 1911 and 1912; Miscellaneous engineering work for the Board of Local Improvements, Sewer Division, City of Chicago in 1912.

"In 1913 he entered civil service work as Examiner of Efficiency for the Civil Service Commission of the City of Chicago and continued in this until March, 1916. During this time he conducted investigations into the work of the various city departments preparing and marking engineering examinations and preparing reports on civil service matters. From March, 1916, to April, 1917, he continued in the same work but with a different title and higher status as Efficiency Engineer. In April, 1917, he became Chief Examiner and Secretary of the Chicago Civil Service Commission. He served until August, 1917, when he resigned to accept the position of Assistant Engineer of the Board of Local Improvements of Chicago, in which he had charge of the opening of new streets and other municipal engineering matters. In March, 1918, he left Chicago and came to Milwaukee, accepting the position of Efficiency Clerk. This position was practically the same as that of Chief Examiner and Secretary, which he later held, but for legal reasons he could not immediately be given that title. He was formally made Chief Examiner and Secretary of the Milwaukee City Service Commission on January 1, 1920, and continued as such until the time of his death.

"Mr. Place took an active part in the work of The National Assembly of Civil Service Commissions. He was, at the time of his death, Chairman of the Program Planning Committee of this organization and was a very active figure at its conventions. He was everywhere recognized as a leader in civil service administration and his advice was frequently sought by civil service commissions, often in cities larger than Milwaukee.

"His loss is very keenly felt by all the officials and employees of the city with whom he came in contact. His funeral, although held sixty-five miles from Milwaukee, was attended by representatives of practically every office in the City Hall.

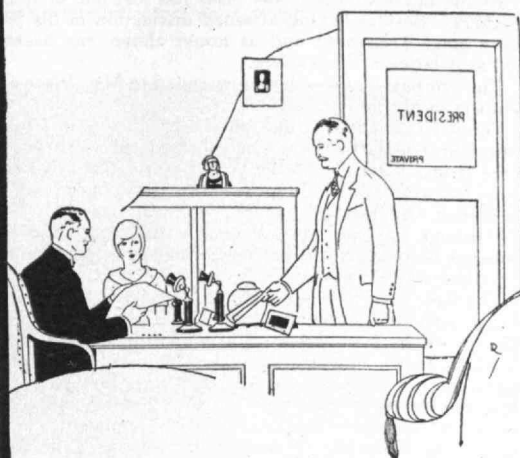
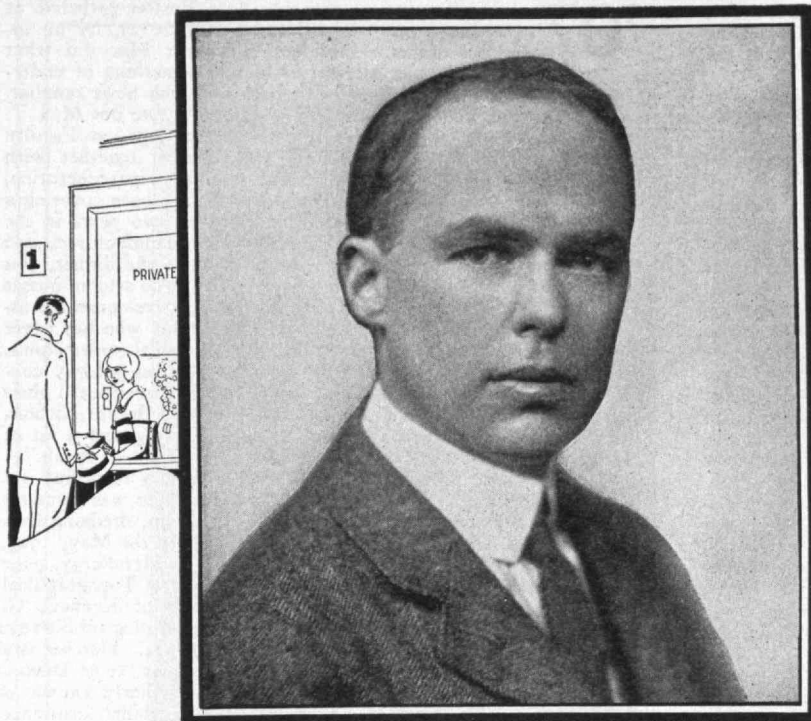
"Mr. Place was a member of the First Unitarian Church of Milwaukee and was very active in the Unitarian Layman's League in which he had held several offices. He was a Director of the Boys' Busy Life Club and was Secretary of the Milwaukee Alumni Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"Mr. Place is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ellen Crandall Place, and by two children, a daughter, Joan, aged twelve, and a son, Phillip, aged seven.

"Mr. Place was an active member of the Engineers' Society of Milwaukee and has done valuable work on several of its committees, notably the Library Committee.

"In recognition of the service rendered to it by Mr. Place, the Board of City Service Commissioners adopted resolutions which were included in the Minutes of the Commission and a copy sent to the family of the deceased."

Classmates will recall that Mark planned to take in the reunion which we held in Waterford in 1923. He missed connections but his brother joined the party for a few hours. Shortly afterwards the Secretary received a letter which concluded as follows: "Well, after seventeen years of not taking in any class activities, I'll have to promise to do better next time."



Mr. C. S. A. Williams, whose experience proves to you what a college man can do with the guidance of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. Read his story on this page.

## The story of a man who started at scratch

**T**HIS IS A STORY for any college man who hopes ever to be in business for himself.

In December, 1916, C. S. A. Williams had been in business four years.

Graduating from Williams College, he had started in a humble capacity with the Thomas A. Edison industries, and worked himself up thru the grades of assistant foreman, department head, and production manager. Finally he was appointed Chief Storekeeper for the Phonograph Division.

It was good progress. It proved that Mr. Williams would eventually attain to large success.

But Mr. Williams was not satisfied to attain to large success eventually. He wanted to find the shortest possible path to the top. And looking about him for a means of hastening his progress, he found the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

In his letter asking to be enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service, he said:

"I want to get a thoro knowledge of manufacturing along all lines, with the idea of

sometime going into business on my own account."

### Then he moved faster

Soon there were more promotions; before long he became assistant to the Chairman of the Board of the Associated Edison Companies. And then, naturally but inevitably, came the climax.

Mr. Williams was made a President in his own right. He became owner and executive head of the Bates Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of the Bates Numbering Machine.

From Storekeeper to President in six years! It is a fine record; and yet it is what any earnest man can accomplish who knows how to push hard, and how to take advantage of every outside agency that can hasten his advancement.

Mr. Williams would have succeeded without the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The Institute cannot make failures into successes overnight, nor turn weak men into strong.

The Institute exists to aid men who are already on their way to success, to bring them the joy of succeeding while they are still young. Eighty thousand of its subscribers are college men. By means of reading, problems and personal advice, it gives them that working knowledge of all departments of business which otherwise would be theirs only after years of practical experience. With its help, thou-

sands of men have made in *two* years the progress which otherwise they have made in *ten*.

The difference between early and late success in every ambitious man's life lies most of all in one thing: has he, or has he not, a *definite plan* for his business progress?

### Have you a definite plan?

You believe, as all men do, that you will be successful. Have you ever paused to consider *how* and *when* you will succeed?

A little book has been published which will help you to answer that question. It is called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," and it contains an interesting chart whereby you can definitely forecast *your* progress six months, twelve months, two years from now. This book tells all about the Modern Business Course and Service and its remarkable work in hastening the success of more than 250,000 men.

It will come to you, without cost or obligation, in return for the coupon below. Fill in the coupon now, and set up for yourself a *definite goal*.

## Alexander Hamilton Institute

### ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

208 Astor Place

New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature .....

Please write plainly

Business Address .....

Business Position .....

In Australia: 21 C Castlereagh Street, Sydney



In Canada: C. P. R. Building, Toronto

## 1906 Continued

In the death of Place, the class has lost one of its outstanding members. Besides having attained distinction in his profession, he was a good Tech man and as noted above was Secretary of the local association of Milwaukeee.

The sympathy of the class is extended to Mrs. Place and the other members of his family.

Percy Tilson has sent in a small reproduction of a painting of the United States Battleships which formed the sixth battle squadron of the Grand Fleet during the World War. The original, by Burnell Poole, has been approved by the Navy Department and presented to the British Admiralty.

I believe that we have previously noted in these columns that Poole has become a very famous marine artist specializing in pictures of the United States Navy.

The fame of 1906 is not confined to America. As a demonstration of this, note the following from *The Vote*, London, May 2, 1924: "Boston (U. S. A.) possesses a firm of women architects. They are Miss Lois Howe and Miss Eleanor Manning, both graduates of the Department of Architecture, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. They are interested primarily in the planning and construction of homes, and have done much in the way of remodelling city residences, and turning them into up-to-date flats, to meet the demand of the present-day business woman."

The register of the M. I. T. alumni of the Southwestern Association of M. I. T., shows four '06 men included in the list. As a matter of interest, they are listed as follows: Hermann C. Henrici, II, President Henrici-Lowry Engineering Co., Construction Engineers, 1222 Commerce Building, Kansas City; Alfred W. Hertz, IV, Van Brunt & Hertz, Architects, 608 Interstate Building, Kansas City; Walter G. De Steiguer, III, Cameron, Missouri; and L. G. Blodgett, I, Manager Operating Department H. F. Wilcox Oil & Gas Co., Wilcox Building, 6th and Denver Streets, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Classmates will be interested to know that Charlie Kasson who suffered a very severe breakdown last April is now improving rapidly and expects to be fully recovered within a short time.

The following is from the Brookline, Mass., *Chronicle* for April 17, 1924.

"Miss Lillie Collamore Smith, director of domestic science in the Brookline schools, left Thursday for Washington to attend a conference of supervisors at the Board of Education.

The Keene, New Hampshire, *Sentinel* for March 18, 1924, devotes nearly a column to the announcement that a new foundry and machine company intends to locate in Keene. The name of the company is the Burr Foundry and Machine Company of Boston and Keene, and Shields Burr is the Vice-President and General Manager. Shields Burr is a Course I man and has had varied experience since leaving the Institute. The last few years he has been doing Consulting Work.

*The Mechanical Engineering News*, Chicago, for April, 1924, mentions H. V. Coes as one of the authors of an article upon Coal Storage Systems. He is Manager of the Philadelphia office of Ford, Bacon & Davis, Inc.

In previous notes, we have had occasion to refer to the odd ways by which news items are obtained. In reviewing the advertisements in the *Saturday Evening Post*, we noticed that the National Carbon Company requests you to write to G. C. Furness if you have any trouble with your radio batteries. George has been with this company for some time and we feel if he is answering questions on radio he must be pretty busy just now.

J. W. Kidder, *Secretary*,  
50 Oliver Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

E. B. Rowe, *Assistant Secretary*,  
108 Water Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

'07 A small group of the men near Boston gathered at the Engineers' Club, Boston, on June 23, for an informal dinner. President Alexander Mac did what presiding was necessary and told something of undergraduate and alumni activities, with both of which he is familiar, as he is Vice-President of the Alumni Association. Our one M. I. T. Professor, Ralph Hudson, gave a little inside dope on Faculty procedure. The two Allens, Laurie and Charlie, together with Harold Wonson and Ed Squire, all executives in shoe manufacturing, discussed their line a bit. O. L. Peabody, who has been covering a good deal of the earth's surface during the past two years in the interests of the George H. Morrill Company, ink manufacturers, and who had been married only three weeks prior to the dinner, was present to receive congratulations. Sam Coupal, who seldom misses an '07 party, optimistic as ever over his mining development prospects, smiled happily at the bunch. George Crane, who has never before been in Boston so that he could attend one of these functions, was a welcome addition. Bob Taylor, specialist on subway construction, and Seymour J. Egan, ship architect, contributed their share to the conversation and Frank Hamilton and Bryant Nichols, being good life insurance salesmen, did little talking and a lot of listening. Take it all together, "a pleasant time was had by all."

Little news of interest has come to the Secretary regarding our fellows during the summer. Charles E. Baker, who was formerly in business in Boston, is now with G. H. Breyman, dredging contractor, at 17 Battery Place, New York City.—In the May, 1924, bulletin of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, page 299, is an interesting article entitled, "The Value of Topographical and Geographical Maps" under the authorship of Kenneth G. Chipman, who is topographer with the Canadian Geological Survey.—Herbert L. Fletcher was married on May 17, 1924. Fletcher is a sales engineer with the A. B. See Elevator Company, at 82 Devonshire Street, Boston.—Winslow D. Robinson, familiarly known as Robbie, is a salesman with the Federal Mutual Liability Insurance Company, at Park Square Building, Boston.—Bob Taylor has left the Boston Transcript Commission and has gone to Philadelphia as an assistant engineer in new transportation developments there.

Bryant Nichols, *Secretary*,  
2 Rowe Street, Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Harold S. Wonson, *Assistant Secretary*,  
W. H. McElwain Co., Manchester, New Hampshire.

'08 No notes have been received by The Review Editors from the secretaries of this class for inclusion in the November issue. The secretary received the usual notification that copy was due, accompanied by such news as had been compiled in the Review office. Members of the class having news or inquiries should address them to Harold L. Carter, Secretary, at 185 Franklin Street, Boston, Massachusetts, or Lincoln T. Mayo, Treasurer, at 181 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'09 If you didn't attend 1909's Birthday Party at Duxbury on June 20-22, you missed a real treat. The Fifteenth Reunion Committee, headed by Heine Spencer, got under way about the first of April, and to this committee's enthusiastic and conscientious work the success of the reunion can be attributed.

Unquestionably it was the best ever, as had been predicted, both as to attendance and all-round congeniality. For the first time the girls were invited, and it seemed to be the unanimous opinion that their presence added considerably to the enjoyment of the occasion.

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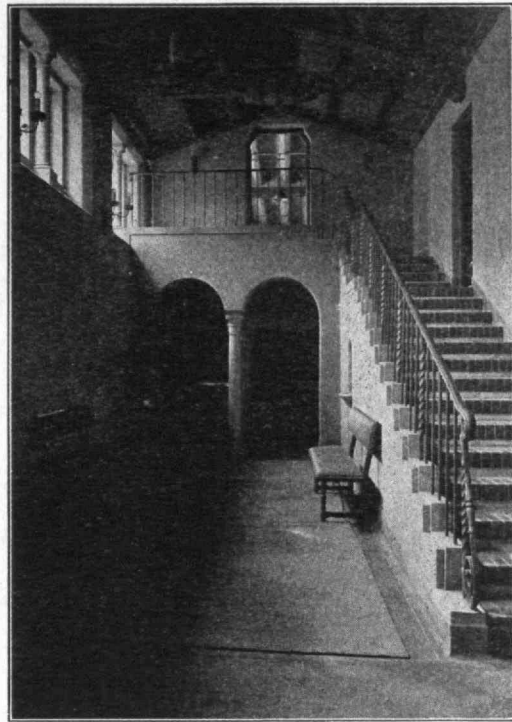
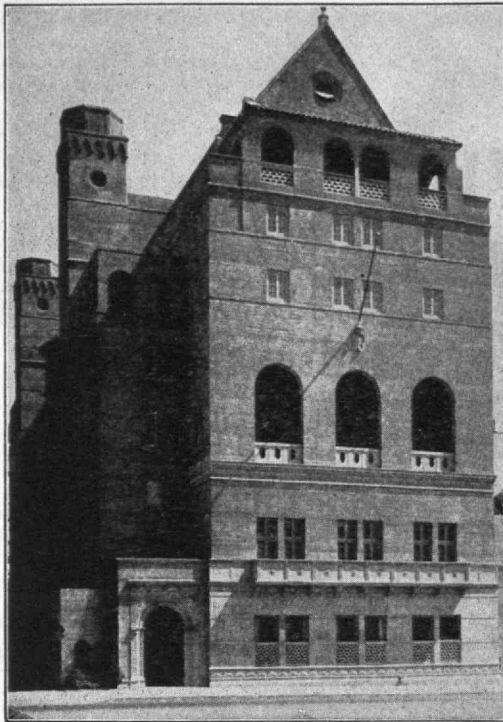
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## 1909 Continued

For once the weather man was good to us—it did sprinkle a little the first day—but it was possible to carry out all of the out-of-door part of the program.

Arrangements had been made previously with the local golf club so that members of the class could enjoy their course. A baseball game on Saturday morning, followed by a putting contest for the ladies, as well as the tennis tournament on Sunday morning, furnished all the exercise anyone could ask for.

On Saturday evening the Entertainment Committee pulled off a track meet in the Gym, at which boys and girls vied with each other in hooking up aprons with a million hooks, putting the feather, eating biscuits which had previously been dried in a dehumidifying machine, threading a needle in the dark and sewing on buttons, etc. Don't think for a minute these efforts went unrewarded. Magnificent prizes were awarded to the winners. A few tried to dance but the efforts of the phonograph were unavailing so the party disbanded, "the gang" to the cottage for the usual contest of bluff, while some of the mixed couples paired off for bridge. It hasn't been reported whether the party broke up at midnight of daylight saving, eastern standard, or central time.

Sunday noon at dinner the annual class meeting was held. Jack Moses was presented the platinum cup suitably engraved, for coming from the greatest distance. Carl Gram and Charlie Main tried to resign, but each was sentenced for a life term.

After dinner the crowd began to start for home. Not everybody was able to stay for the entire three days, but at one time or another, over fifty men, women and children got down to Duxbury, some coming from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Detroit and the West. Those present were: George T. and Gertrude S. Palmer, George E. and Marcia K. Wallis, S. F. Barnett, Raymond B. and Marion B. Temple, Henry K. and Madge H. Spencer, F. R. Faulkner, Chester L. and Anna D. Dawes, R. L. Smith, J. C. and Pauline Bollenbacher, Arthur L. and Helen E. Shaw, D. K. and May J. Bullens, Chester H. Pope, Howard C. and Caroline A. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hartshorn, Derick Hartshorn, Mary Elizabeth Hartshorn, Priscilla Hartshorn, R. L. and Marion B. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Royce W. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence C. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moses, and Jack Moses, Jr., John F. Davis, John A. Willard, L. D. Chapman, Francis M. Loud, Florence H. Luscomb, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Willman, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Haynes, Muriel C. Haynes, Marguerite J. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Perry, and Charles R. and Rose F. Main.

Space prevents the publishing of Chet Dawes' Tabular View, but from the Automotive Engineering Road Test from 10 to 12 a.m. on Friday, through the course on Drawing III from 11, 12, 1, 2, on

Friday night, Spherical Deviations on Saturday morning, to the continuance of the Road Test on Sunday afternoon, there was not an unassigned minute.

Unfortunately, something went wrong with the official camera, so that a photograph of the group cannot be published at this time.

Charles R. Main, *Secretary*,  
200 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts.  
George A. Haynes, *Assistant Secretary*,  
186 Lincoln Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

**'10** No notes have been received by The Review Editors from the secretaries of this class for inclusion in the November issue. The secretary received the usual notification that copy was due, accompanied by such news as had been compiled in the Review office. Members of the class having news or inquiries should address them to Dudley Clapp, Secretary, at 40 Water Street, East Cambridge, Massachusetts, or R. O. Fernandez, Assistant Secretary, 264 West Emerson Street, Melrose, Massachusetts.

**'11** Foster Russell, a pioneer aviator in Spokane, and an active member of the N. A. S. E. for twelve years, was fatally injured at the Russell flying field, east of Spokane, and died at the Sacred Heart hospital on June 14. He was born in Waltham, Massachusetts, in 1887, and was educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was President of No. 4, N. A. S. E., of Spokane, when he volunteered for service in the World War, serving as first lieutenant in the aviation service up to the close of the War. He is survived by a widow, mother, sister and grandmother.

Thus the *National Engineer* in its August issue chronicles the passing of one of our popular and successful classmates, a graduate in Course II. As recorded in the July *Review* I had a delightful visit with Foster at his flying field in Spokane last April and now it is my sad duty to report his death.

Sympathy of '11-ers also goes out to Walter Allen and his wife in the tragedy which they have been through in the recent accidental death of their oldest child.

Had a dandy call at my office from I. F. Morrison, I, this month (September). He and his wife came "down home" this summer from Alberta in southwestern Canada, where I. F. is a Professor in the Civil Engineering Department of the University of Alberta. He enjoys his profession immensely and is a great booster for Alberta. Dick Ranger, VIII, also called this month and like Morrison is most enthusiastic about his work, he being prominent in the engineering department of the Radio Corporation of America in New York.

Russ Wells, '10, who finished his Institute career with us, is still most successful with his Floyd-Wells Company in Royersford, Pennsylvania, and he and Mrs. Wells are proud parents of twin girls, Mary Elizabeth, and Barbara Ruth, born on May 17. "All departments of our domestic organization are tickled to pieces at the event," writes Russ, "and their daddy has already cut the old man's game of golf and has taken up the strenuous game of tennis."

Aurora Borealis Grossman of the Atlas Steel Corporation staff presented a paper on metallurgical development work at the convention of the American Society of Steel Treating in Boston, the week of September 22, but the son-of-a-gun didn't even come over.

Walter Arthur, V, who hails from Reeds, Missouri, and whom 1911 chemists will remember as having taken one year with us for a Master's Degree, has just returned to the Institute for further post-graduate work in his accepted profession. Have just had a nice call from him and he is very much impressed with the wonderful new plant and equipment here. Last year he was on the Faculty of the State School of Mines at Socorro, New Mexico, and at the conclusion of his work here, either a year or two years hence, plans to return to teaching.

Paul Kellogg, IX, is building up his own business under the title of Kalamazoo Stationery Company, makers of fine stationery. "The family is well," he writes, "and we sure do like this town, even though it is a long way from possible reunions."

Harold Robinson, I, announces that he will open a Civil Engineering office at 405 Main Street, Worcester, Massachusetts, on October 1. He lists reinforced concrete design, construction supervision, structural design, property surveys, general surveying, bridge design, consultation and reports on his announcement card. Good luck, Harold!

Much to my regret I missed two callers recently: Donald W. Southgate, IV, and Harry W. Waterfall, II. Don is a practicing architect in Nashville, Tennessee, and Harry is on the Faculty of the Johns Hopkins University and also agent for the Triangle Trading Company, importers and exporters.

In late June, Harry Tisdale, V, wrote from Schenectady that he was "still on the same job and as a side line he has just written an article on 'Tin Weighing of Silk' for publication in the *Textile World*."

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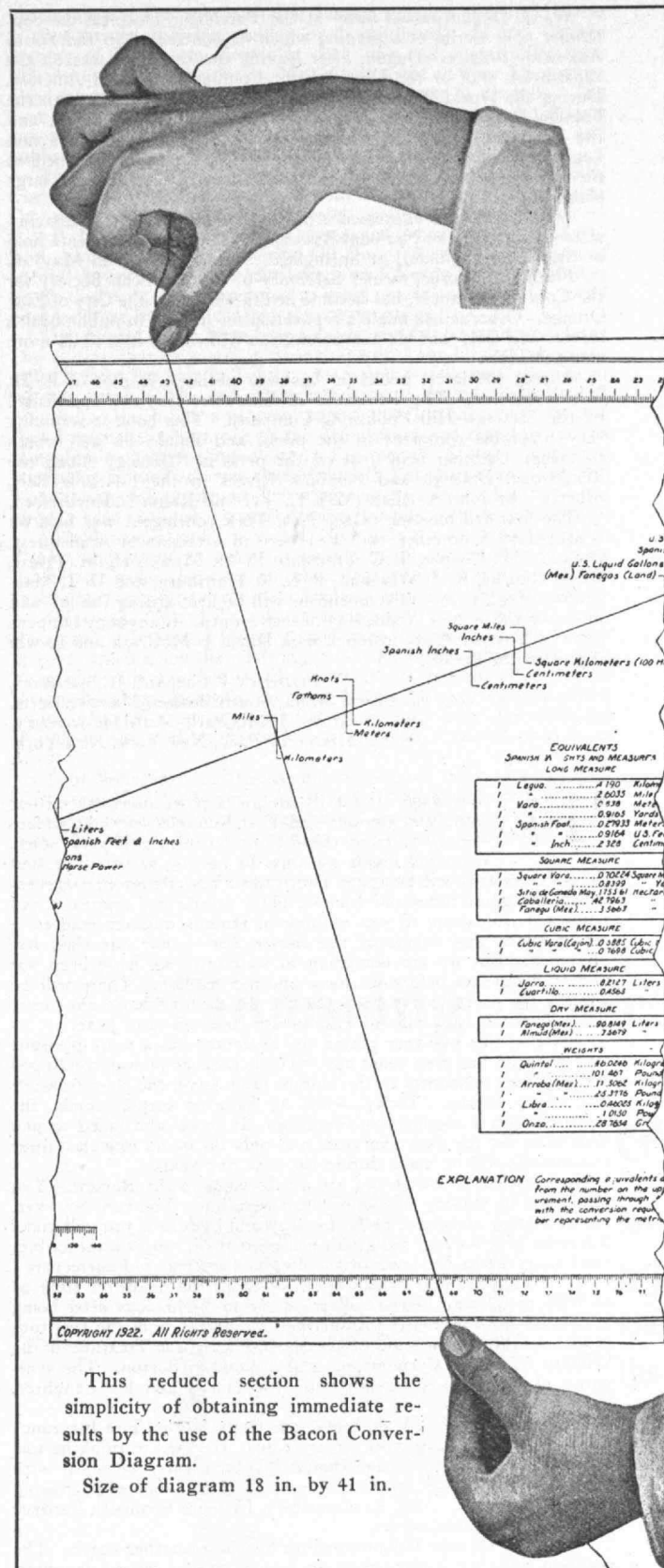
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## 1911 Continued

He reports business as fairly rotten, this being the reason why he was going camping and fishing up to Long Lake for over the Fourth.

Gordon Wilkes, II, has received a deserved promotion and is now Associate Professor of Industrial Physics on the M. I. T. Faculty. Other business changes, revealed by changes of address received, are: Cap Besse, II, has moved from Tuckahoe, New York to Easton, Pennsylvania; S. L. Hayes, V, formerly with the Proximity Print Works, Greensboro, North Carolina, is now with the Bronx Company, Inc., in New York City; T. R. Lathrope, VII, formerly with the State Board of Health at Little Rock, Arkansas, is now with the State Department of Health at Columbus, Ohio; Captain Willson Y. Stamper, I, formerly in Washington, is now reporting to Captain Cofte at the Armory in Newark, New Jersey; Arthur W. Underhill is in the engineering department of the Niagara, Lockport & Ontario Power Company at Buffalo, having been there for a considerable period.

Well, classmates, I hope to see a great many of you at the All-Technology Reunion here next June, but anyway, as the feller sez: "W. T. D."

Orville B. Denison, *Secretary*,  
Room 3-207, M. I. T., Cambridge A, Massachusetts.  
John A. Herlihy, *Assistant Secretary*,  
588 Riverside Avenue, Medford, Massachusetts.

'12

It is with sadness that we have to record the passing of four of our classmates during the past few months.

D. A. Tomlinson was stricken with heart disease while playing tennis on August 7. Surviving him is his wife, and a two-month old baby boy whom they had adopted a few weeks previously.

David Montt was killed in an automobile accident at Sao Paulo, Brazil, on June 20. He leaves a wife and four children. Five years ago he went to Buenos Aires as representative of the First National Bank of Boston, with whom he was connected for four years. A year ago he went to Brazil to direct construction of a group of factories for a Chicago syndicate.

Albert James MacDonald met death by drowning on August 17, at Wareham, Massachusetts. In 1913, MacDonald became associated with the late Arthur D. Rogers on the *Brickbuilder*, which afterwards became *The Architectural Forum*. Upon the death of Mr. Rogers, he became President of the Rogers & Manson Company and Editor of the *Architectural Forum*.



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W. G. Dugan passed away at the Patchogue Hospital on September 3, a victim of septemia, which he contracted in the South American Jungles. Dugan, after leaving the Institute, was on the exploration staff of the United Fruit Company in South America. During the World War he saw four years of active service with the Foreign Legion and later transferred to the French Infantry, and the Lafayette Escadrille, where he won the Croix de Guerre and Legion of Honor. After leaving the service he again returned to the United Fruit Co., as Resident Manager of one of their large plantations.

Albion R. Davis addressed a meeting of the Western Massachusetts Chapter of the National Association of Cost Accountants held at the Hotel Highland, at Springfield, Massachusetts, on May 26.

Frank J. Osborne, former Secretary of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, has become health officer for the City of East Orange. Osborne has made a reputation for himself in public health service and feels that his new connection will enable him to do more along this line.

Among the latest books on business methods, is that of E. H. Schell, entitled, "The Technique of Executive Control," published by the McGraw Hill Publishing Company. This book is receiving very favorable comment in the press, and should be well worth studying. Another book just off the press is, "Geology Along the Blackstone, Brazeau and Pembina Rivers in the Foothills Belt, Alberta", by John A. Allan (M. I. T., '12) and Ralph L. Rutherford.

The first fall meeting of the New York contingent was held on Wednesday, September 10. Ten were in attendance: Applegate, Cook, L. W. Cooper, J. C. Freeman, E. M. Mason, H. M. Priest, W. A. Rhodes, R. J. Wiseman, P. L. R. Flansburg, and D. J. McGrath. Regular monthly luncheons will be held during the fall and winter on the second Wednesday of each month. If anybody happens to be in New York, get in touch with David J. McGrath and he will attend to the details.

Frederick J. Shepard, Jr., *Secretary*,  
568 East First Street, South Boston, Massachusetts.  
David J. McGrath, *Assistant Secretary*,  
17 Gramercy Park, New York, New York.

'14

Greetings! It hardly seems as if we had slept off our grand and glorious Ten-Year Reunion, and here we are already starting the first of our eleventh year notes.

What old fossils we must be getting to be! The first thing we know we will be at our Twenty-five Year Reunion, congratulating the great industrial leaders, bank presidents, engineers and renowned educators, to say nothing of famous military leaders—Alden Waitt and others of the chosen few—that our class has produced. But we are not going to wait until we have been out twenty-five years before we have another reunion. There will be another big party in five years, and in the meanwhile do not forget that there will be a big All-Technology Reunion next June.

Starting this five-year period the Secretary has a more pleasant task than he had five years ago. Then, because of war conditions and expenses incidental to the alumni fund drive, the class treasury was nearly barren. Today, while we have no surplus funds, the treasury is in a comfortable condition. If those who failed to pay their dues for the past five years will only do so, no new class dues assessments will be made during the next five years.

It is useless to ask if you are a subscriber to the Review. You would not be reading this item if you were not. You can, however, render a great assistance to Technology and to 1914 if you will make it a point to ask every 1914 man you meet if he, too, is a subscriber. Each issue of the Review contains items of interest to Fourteeners.

It is your Secretary's sad duty to record the death on June 20 of William Bernard Harris. Harris came to Technology after being graduated from Harvard and received his degree from the Institute in Course II. At the time of his death, Harris was Treasurer of the William A. Jepson Corporation, coal dealers, of Boston. The sympathy of the class is extended to Mrs. Harris and her daughter, Faith.

Perhaps being Vice-President of the Hope Mutual Fire Insurance Co. has warmed the heart of Ernest Kerr. We used to think he was certainly destined to bachelorhood. At any rate, we learn with considerable pleasure that on May 22 he joined our ever-growing ranks of benedicts. Mrs. Kerr was Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Fordyce of Cohasset, Massachusetts.

Alfred E. Hanson has propped up his chest another notch. The occasion this time is the arrival on August 30 of a second daughter. Al still finds considerable attraction at Washington, not long ago having transferred from the Bureau of Standards to the Government Printing Office, where he is Superintendent of Buildings.

If mention were made of all of the summer activities of Porter Adams, there would be no room for anything else in this column. Your Secretary has before him over twenty newspaper clippings covering Pat's various aeronautical activities. One deals with an address of Pat and a Rear Admiral before the New Haven Chamber of Commerce; the next shows a photograph of Pat, the Governor of

## 1914 Continued

Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston greeting the world flyers as they arrived in Boston, and so on down through the list. On the evening of July 4 the people in that long valley extending from Mt. Ascutney in Vermont to Mt. Moosliaukee in New Hampshire were entertained by a brilliant fireworks up on one of the hills. The next day your Secretary learned that none other than our Pat Adams was responsible for the event. We think that for activity and publicity, Pat runs the Prince of Wales a close second.

Ross Campbell has pulled up stakes in Holyoke, Massachusetts, where he has long been associated with the American Writing Paper Co., and is now at Memphis, Tennessee, with Proctor and Gamble.—J. J. R. Bristow, too, has made a change and is now located at Groveland, Florida, with the Essential Oil Co. of America, producers of natural flower oils.—Fred Hurlbutt is in Chicago with The Patent Scaffolding Co., and is prepared to supply safety scaffolds for every purpose from building construction to execution.

Two foreign letters have been received recently. One is from Long Lau stating that he is still in Shanghai with Lam, Glines & Co.; the other is from Joe Fish in Tokyo. Joe writes as follows: "The touching paragraph at the end of the last page of the Fourteen Pointer sounded so much like a personal appeal that I immediately decided that I must have been one of the delinquents and therefore hasten to enclose a check for five dollars. You see, all of my papers were burned up in the little row that we had in Yokohama last year, and I can't save my life recall having sent you five dollars. If you already have received my subscription, just put it in the pot anyway.

"McMenamen and I have been living at the same hotel here in Tokyo, and intend to send our regrets to the big reunion in June. So far as I know there are no other Fourteeners in this section. If there are, you might drop me a line and give me their addresses.

"Since the War I have done some work in the States, spent some time in India and Europe, completing the circuit in the summer of 1922, and leaving the following winter for Japan, where I am very busy and enjoying life—still, however, as a single man. The quakes have let up a good bit, and I have just moved into a new house. Any Fourteener coming this way may have the privilege of judging the work of the best cook in Japan, if he will drop in on me."

Your Secretary and Mrs. Richmond recently enjoyed a call from Herb and Mrs. Whitcomb and were particularly pleased to learn that they were neighbors, living only a few houses away. Whit is with the M. W. Carr Co. novelty and jewelry manufacturers of

Somerville, Massachusetts. Three daughters keep Whit busy when at home.

Remember these notes will appear every month—if you will drop the Secretary a line once a year at least.

H. B. Richmond, *Secretary*,  
100 Gray Street, Arlington, Massachusetts.

G. K. Perley, *Assistant Secretary*,  
45 Hill Side Terrace, Belmont, Massachusetts.

'15

On the night of the Olympic Tryouts at the Stadium in June, the following members of the class dined together at the City Club: R. A. Warren, R. Hayward, C. T. Blackmore, J. F. Phelan, A. Hamburg, H. D. Swift, John Homan, H. W. Lamson, R. F. Pollard, Wayne Bradley, C. G. Norton, C. W. Wood, H. C. Thomas, L. H. Young, A. W. Mack, G. T. Rooney, F. P. Scully, Baldrey, Alf Nye, Cleve Lacey, Kelleher, and F. A. W. Davis. The gathering had been advertised as a preliminary meeting on the Tenth Reunion and after the dinner considerable time was spent in discussing this momentous event. There is evidently considerable enthusiasm regarding the prospect of this class gathering and everyone present volunteered his services in assisting the committees in any way he could. By the time that this Review reaches you, the Secretary expects that the committees will have been appointed and that the actual plans will have been started.

About the time of this dinner the Secretary received a postal from Mitchell Kaufman from abroad, showing a scene in Germany with the very interesting statement: "If I had some way of getting back a few barrels of the Munchen one gets here, it might help a bit in making a success of our Tenth Reunion." Undoubtedly, there will have to be one committee appointed to see that nothing is neglected to insure the appearance of this or something just as good.

Howard Thomas is representative of Lockwood & Greene Co. at the Wayside Inn. He spoke very interestingly at the class dinner of his experience there and his contacts with Henry Ford.

Reg Pollard, who is back in the States after a considerable sojourn in Chile, recounted his travels.

The following is from the *New London Daily*: "Mrs. McCall of Lancaster, New Hampshire, widow of ex-Governor Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Katherine McCall, sister of Mrs. Alfred Chappell, Jr., of Boston and this city, to Henry J. Gray Rudolf, son of Mrs. James Rudolf of

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## 1915 Continued

Canada, who was a member of the Royal British Flying Corps during the World War.

"Miss McCall is the second daughter of the late governor. She has two brothers, Sumner T. McCall, Harvard, 1913, of Evanston, Illinois, and Hal McCall, Harvard, 1919, now of Redmond, Oregon.

Mr. Rudolf's sisters are Mrs. Augustus Soule of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Miss Alicia Rudolf. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is now living in New York. Miss McCall was educated in Europe and at Mrs. Somers' private school, Washington, D. C., where she has lived much of her life.

"The wedding will be a quiet one and will take place late in August, after which Mr. Rudolf and his bride will make their home in New York."

The following from the *New Haven Union* for June 3 is of interest: "At a wedding Saturday afternoon, in Cambridge, Miss Marion Whipple and Gerald Marcy Keith of New Haven were married in Appleton Chapel, Boston, by Rev. Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, assisted by Rev. Raymond Calkins of Cambridge. Dr. Jefferson, an old family friend, performed the ceremony at the marriage of the bride's father and mother.

"Miss Whipple is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. George Chandler Whipple, of 6 Berkeley Place, Cambridge. Mr. Keith is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Keith, of Brooklyn. Miss Whipple is a graduate of the Boston School of Physical Education, Class of 1920, and for two years had charge of the Department of Physical Education at the Buckingham School in her home city. She has filled the office of Executive Secretary of the Girl Scouts Council. Mr. Keith was graduated in 1915 from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"The bridegroom's brother, Elmer D. Keith of New Haven, was his best man, and the ushers were William A. Ellis and T. Raynor Whipple, both of Cambridge; Walter P. Raynor, of Newton Center; Robert Burrell, of New Haven; Fearing Pratt, of Hingham; Gerald W. Blakeley, of Watertown; Marshall C. Balfour, of Quincy; and Thomas H. Joyce of Brooklyn, New York.

"Mr. Keith and his bride are to make their home in New Haven at 995 Forest Road, where, after June 21, they will welcome their friends."

We also understand that Keith has been appointed to the Yale staff.

One of the confirmed bachelors has finally surrendered. The following clipping of September 8 from the *Jersey City Journal* tells

the story: "Miss Charlotte Holbert Bates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Bates of 37 Magnolia Avenue, and Mr. Everett Coldwell of Bridgeport, Connecticut, were married on Saturday evening at 6:30 o'clock in the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. Mr. Harvey L. Wyatt, Pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Ruth Bates, as bridesmaid; and Mr. Sidney Clark of New York was best man. The home was decorated with cut flowers and the ceremony was performed in a bower of palms.

"A catered supper was served to sixty guests, followed by a reception. After a motor trip through the Adirondacks, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Coldwell will make their home in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"The bride is a graduate nurse of the Training School in the Hahnemann Hospital, New York City. She is well known in this city, being a member of Acacia Chapter, No. 9, O. E. S., and of Magnolia Court of the Amaranths. Mr. Coldwell is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is employed by a phonograph concern. He is a Shriner.

"Guests at the wedding came from Fall River, Bridgeport, New York, New London and Long Island."

We would like to hear more of the activities of V. J. Trushlevich who wrote to Professor Locke recently, as follows: "I survived the Civil War and during this period was living in Siberia working with different government officers. In 1921 I started to give lectures on ore dressing at the University of Tomsk and in 1922 at the Institute in Irkutsk. I am now located in the Academy of Mines at Moscow, where I am endeavoring to equip the Ore Dressing Laboratory, but find it very difficult to secure apparatus abroad so that I have to construct much of it myself. My salary as teacher is not sufficient for the living expenses of Mrs. Trushlevich and my boy, and I am spending all my spare time, which is not very much, in the preparation of a textbook on the dressing of minerals and also in writing various technical articles. I was very sorry to note the death of Professor Hofman. Please give my compliments to everyone who may remember me."

Frank P. Scully, *Secretary*,  
118 First Street, East Cambridge, Massachusetts.  
Howard C. Thomas, *Assistant Secretary*,  
100 Floral Street, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

'16 During the summer very little information concerning classmates has reached the Secretary. It appears that most of the class are too busy or else have not thought of the three words, "Write to Barker." If we are to have news in every issue of the Review this coming year, you men, especially those outside of New England, must help. Don't wait until you receive a personal letter from me before you decide to send in your news. What we want is some good, snappy letters from everyone of you, which will show that 1916 is still much alive, and ready to do its duty for M. I. T.

At last we have heard from our President, Bill Farthing, who has traveled all over this country and part of South America. He is now located in New York with the Houston Properties Corporation. He writes as follows: "Your letter of April 10 has at last reached me here after considerable wandering. I was very glad to hear from you and am enclosing a check. I trust this will help out a little and hope now that since I am back in this part of the country I will be able to 'sit in' on some of the Sixteen activities. I haven't anything worth while writing that would be of interest to the boys. I have seen a few of the class and talked to others and hope to get in communication with still others from time to time. It is certainly a pleasure to see old faces after so long a time. What are the plans for our next reunion? I have heard something rumored about next June. Is there anything to it?"

On the letterhead of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Department of Mechanical Engineering, I received the following letter from John G. Fairfield: "A bit of news for 1916. I married Miss Gladys Van Zandt, of Nyack, New York, in June, 1923; we are now blessed with a baby girl, Janet. The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where I am now teaching, celebrates its One Hundredth Anniversary this October (the oldest engineering institution in any English-speaking country), and if any '16-er can get out this way I will be happy to meet him; then or any other time.

Hovey Freeman still located in Providence, Rhode Island, has at last been heard from. He writes: "I have just noticed your appeal for funds of several weeks ago has remained unanswered. I had intended to write to you before but forgot to do so. As regards class news I really haven't any, for I haven't happened to see any '16-ers. It seems impossible to realize that we have been out of the Institute eight years and it will only be another two years before we will be holding our Tenth Reunion. Best of luck to all."

John M. Hood is now located at Lawrence and writes: "When I returned from my vacation the other day I found cards beneath my door, which signified that Mr. and Mrs. Earle F. Pearson, and daughter, Beatrice (aged seven months), had called. I certainly was

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## 1916 Continued

sorry to miss the call, as I knew Pearson well at school and have not seen him for a long time. His present address is Hawthorne Road, Concord, Massachusetts. I have nothing of special importance to report about myself and am still in the employ of the Pacific Mills at Lawrence.

From St. Louis, Vetreés Young writes: "Hen Shepard is the only Sixteener I've seen in a couple of years. He sold me an electric stacker and came out to see if it worked. Your job is a hard one. Read the notes in every issue with great interest."

George Camp has in the past year had some great experiences in Mexico. At the time that Mrs. Evans was shot and killed he gave up his contracting business in Mexico City to go to her aid and the last reports are that he is still missing. However, from last information received from Camp he is now back in Mexico City and still engaged in construction work.

We have received with deep regret a notice that Dr. John Duff of Charlestown, Massachusetts, died at Boston on September 19. He was a graduate of the Class of '81. His son, Paul Duff, was a member of our class in the Sanitary Engineering Department, after which he entered Harvard Medical. At the outbreak of the War, Paul enlisted in the Army and became a Captain. Returning to the United States in January, 1920, he resigned to resume his studies at Harvard.

Wallace Wentworth is now with the Western Electric Co. at their plant in Kearny, New Jersey.—Robert DeMerritt is a Lieutenant in the United States Army, stationed at the State Armory at Portland, Maine.—Nathaniel Warshaw is now located at 75 Wellington Hill Street, Mattapan, Massachusetts.—John Burford is living in Louisville, Kentucky.—Frank Drake is still with Schrafft and Company at their Summer Street store. Evidently he is making good as he has just built a house at Wollaston, Massachusetts.—John E. Woods and Bousquet are at Lowell.—John J. Hickey is to be married on October 9.

The following announcement has been received: "Mrs. Richard Derby Eyre announces the marriage of her daughter, Louisa Lear, to Mr. Bailey Townshend on Saturday, the fourteenth of June, 1924, in New York City."

Bill Drummey is still hard at it in the architectural game and is located in the Little Building. He informs me that on August 3 he became a daddy. The young man was named Nicholas David.

I have a short note from the Secretary of the Technology Club of Western Pennsylvania located at Pittsburgh, stating that Francis

C. Foote was very ill in the Allegheny General Hospital. This letter was dated August 15 and due to my own sad misfortune this past summer I have had no chance to follow up this notice. If any of you '16-ers are in Pittsburgh this fall, you had better call on our classmate.

D. N. Barker, Secretary,  
14 Marathon Street, Arlington, Massachusetts.

'17

There are signs of new blood in the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association. Day work is declared obsolete and piece work recognized. It is no longer — "Another Day, Another Dollar," but "Another Column, Another Dollar," for by means of a mysterious Secretaries' Compensation Fund or Bonus, notes that receive a mark of 90 or better for legibility, typewriting and grammar are to be paid for — some time — at one dollar per column.

In spite of this munificence (it figures a tenth of a cent a word) the Secretary Emeritus Review Editor Assistant Dean Professor Harold E. Lobdell, contributed a sheaf of notes on his summer's trip that made it almost unnecessary to do more. And by the way, he is entitled to that Professor business now by actual vote of the Faculty. Please see that he is shown the respect and deference due a man of his station in life. Here's his stuff.

During the past summer the Editors of The Review went on a recreation tour out to the great open spaces. The route took in most of western Canada, touched Alaska, was almost wrecked in Seattle, and officially ended at Glacier Park, Montana. Among other interesting observations it was discovered that the N. W. Mounties had been practically spoiled by the movies, and that the inhabitants of Prince Rupert, B. C., which port does handle most of the Alaskan fish catch, were so Californianated, by "west coast" instinct that they claimed they sent "practically all the halibut over the Grand Trunk Pacific to Buffalo and Boston." Why they should select Buffalo could not be solved.

In Seattle it appeared that their claims were modest, for this bustling metropolis with a forty-two-story building is not only a bigger fish port than Rupert but sends "most of the cod to Boston" (sic!). It's a great town where men are men and those that aren't, try to be. One Neal E. Tourtellotte, at the approach of whom denizens of the old Tech Union used to hide their watches and wallets under curbstones, has an office in the forty-two-story building. He and Don

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## 1917 Continued

Bradley, '18, are in partnership selling building supplies, as was announced by much free advertising given the firm last year in these columns. As a host, Neal excels. He maintains for his guests a menage called the University Club. His own residence is quite a ways away on a hill overlooking Lake Washington, where its rural solitude is not disturbed by the cable cars or his raucous guests. Neal seems to have settled down in quiet married bliss and horticulture seems to be his chief hobby. He tends his plantation late at night and sometimes early in the morning. It is a typical garden—lots of weeds and a seed bed too—on the English style of planting because the *unusual* climate is such that most American little seeds and bulbs do not seem to thrive.

Besides enjoying the natural beauties of Seattle, which certainly do exist, one remembers the charming hospitality and excellent cuisine of Mrs. Tourtellotte, an opportunity to visit Snoqualmi, Mt. Ranier (which is not yet named Tacoma), the cherries from Neal's father-in-law's gardens, and a proposed but unaccomplished visit to the public markets of Seattle.

The culminating event was a dinner attended by various convivial souls attended by two other erstwhile 1917 architects—Robert Fulton McClelland and William Alyosius Sullivan, Lt. C.C. U. S. N. The presence of a third '17-er now known as the playwright of the Pacific Fleet, Irving Barry McDaniel, was prevented because he was in charge of the Straits of Juan de Fuca that particular evening. The gathering was graced at dinner by a gentleman from Yale, and throughout the entire evening by a gentleman from Pennsylvania, who announced himself as "Who rrrrrr—tun seventeen." Sully, whom it seems has been going to the West Indies for the winters and was the principal investigator of the U. S. S. *Tacoma* wreck gave an interesting address on "The Luck of the Navy" and described incidents of naval life in Cienfuegos, Santiago, and way stations. It seems that he is the construction corps officer on the U. S. S. *Prometheus*, while I. B. holds a similar sinecure on the U. S. S. *Melville*. Since these are the two repair ships of the Pacific Fleet, it is evident that there is felt to be no Asiatic War imminent. Like similar reminiscenceful occasions, time constituted the sole reason for adjournment. At shortly after 4:00 a.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Sully left for the Arctic Club. At this point the Pennsylvania gentleman who had been saying goodnight since 1:00 o'clock Central Standard Time, observed that in his modest opinion Sully had as much chance of reaching the North Pole as he had the Arctic Club.

So much from Lobdell. Less committal about his summer's trip

was one Harrison P. Eddy, Jr. He went to Paris this summer and stayed there some time, but is keeping very quiet about it, which is unusual of Bill, and naturally one's curiosity is excited. His only comment was that he visited his Alumni Council Constituency, which is the Technology Club of Paris. He succeeded nicely in changing the subject by saying that Walt Harrington was now in Boston in the employ of one William Randolph Hearst, writing special articles. You may know the *Boston American*, Sunday Edition, Feature Section. If we find some especially brilliant piece of Walt's there, possibly the Review will reprint it.

Penn Brooks has joined the forces of Montgomery Ward & Company, and has moved to Chicago. His work is understood to be mainly with the distribution end of the business, but it will at the same time bring him into touch with many of the company's production units.

Saw Dix Proctor at the Steel Treasures' Convention in Boston. He is still living at the New York Tech Club at Gramercy Park, rooming with the well-known Bob Marlow. Proctor was in charge of a display of big milling cutters, the kind that plow through steel as though it were cheese. P. N. Rowe has returned from India.—Dick Rowlett has joined an advertising agency in Boston, and is interested there particularly in paper mill and paper mill supply accounts.

Ken Bell announces the arrival of John Thresher Bell on July 12, 1924. To be nearer his work in Peabody as Director of Technical Research for the A. C. Lawrence Leather Company he moved to Marblehead this month.—Ham Wood pasted a *Columbus Dispatch* clipping on his letterhead to assure us that the arrival of Frances Emerson Wood on July 9 was considered an event of importance in his town.—A. W. Buford is District Engineer for the Arkansas Highway Commission and is located at Forest City, Arkansas.—Walter F. Pond is at Rolla, Missouri, with the State Geological Survey, Bureau of Geology and Mines.—G. W. Collier, with Charles H. Collier, deals in lumber and coal at Grant, Nebraska.—Warren Tapley when last seen had tossed aside the shoe business and was at Newton, Massachusetts.—Gus Farnsworth was married to Miss Julia Louise Shepard at Evanston, Illinois, on June 1.—A. D. Dickson was married on August 16 at Melrose, Massachusetts, to Miss Ruth Fairbanks Snow.—Doug McLellan now runs the American Woolen Company, except when relieved by one William Wood. When so relieved he takes his post as Commodore of the Corinthian Yacht Club Piazza Fleet.—Dad Wenzel is now Dad Wenzel. A son was born on or about May 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Pollard announce the arrival on June 11 of Virginia Elizabeth Pollard.—Nelson C. Chase entertained the round-the-world fliers at his cottage at Mere Point, Maine, when they were forced to land on their way to Boston.—The engagement of Miss Frances Horowitz to Harry H. Beckenstein was announced this summer.

The *Dorchester Beacon* had this to say of F. C. Harlow's wedding (omitting the pink sweet peas, orchid crêpe, etc.): "A pretty home wedding took place last Saturday evening, at 18 Churchill Street, Mattapan, when Miss Marjorie Gordon Hutchinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard S. Hutchinson, of Moncton, New Brunswick, became the bride of Foster Chichester Harlow, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Newton Harlow of 89 Blue Hills Parkway. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Frank L. Luce of the Church of Our Saviour, East Milton.

"Mr. Harlow is a graduate of Milton schools, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '17, and served in the World War as a First Lieutenant in the Coast Artillery overseas. He is now employed as Assistant Special Agent of New England for the Fidelity-Phoenix Fire Insurance Company. After their return, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow will reside at 18 Churchill Street."

Joe Woodruff (néé Battis) sent us on a most excellent piece of work by the Springfield, Massachusetts Planning Board, of which Joe is the moving spirit. The book covered very completely the plans and progress in zoning Springfield, reducing its traffic problem, beautifying its river-front, and, in general, making it a model city. His work has obviously been successful, and it is not strange that the city is anxious to have him continue his effort. The *Springfield Republican* says this of him: "Effort will be made to induce J. T. Battis Woodruff to remain as Municipal Adviser when the Technical Advisory Corporation of New York City ends its connection with the city planning board, a happening forecast by the recent submission at the committee report, J. T. Battis Woodruff, engineer-secretary of the board, according to Mayor Edwin F. Leonard.

"Mr. Woodruff will stay here," the mayor has declared. "We must have someone to follow the work through and to keep in touch with everything in planning lines." He went on to say that some arrangement will be made in the near future to induce the planning expert to continue in the employ of the city. The zoning law, while an accomplished fact, still is subject to much explaining and many changes, and Mr. Woodruff appears to be the only one conversant enough with it, to take charge of this work.

"Since Mr. Woodruff came to Springfield, many of the proposals which he was instrumental in fostering have been accomplished. They include passage of the zoning ordinance, the creation of a board

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## 1917 Continued

of survey, the enactment of a billboard ordinance, a complete assessment scheme for all property, abandonment of trolley tracks on Court Square and the establishment of a loop elsewhere; a widened Vernon Street, establishment of building lines to insure against overdevelopment, and an outline as to school locations.

"The recommendation of the mayor's traffic commission, in regard to the one-way streets on the center of the city, adopted last week by the board of aldermen, was the result of many conferences with Mr. Woodruff and the planning board. The development of a parkway system to run from the north end of the city to the southern boundary is now in the process of fulfillment. The Bay Street park, under discussion, is but a part of the chain. Atwater Park at the north end of the city, a recent acquisition, is the northern terminus of the proposed parkway. Many other park prospects are either being considered or in the actual process of accomplishment.

"Mr. Woodruff has had a broad education fitting him for work with the Technical Advisory Corporation and the local planning board. He was born at Salem, and after graduating from the high school of that city, received the degree of mechanical engineer from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He also took a special course at Boston University. He is a member locally of the Exchange Club and the Tekoa Country Club, and is President of the Springfield Improvement Association, an organization to be distinguished from the Springfield Improvement League."

F. N. Crane writes from Route 1, Box 30, San Gabriel, California, with the usual preamble: "I guess I've been rather slow answering your letter, but think my excuse is good, as I became engaged the first of the year and was married on May 15. Her name was Frances D. Mooers of East Milton, Massachusetts, and she drove a Cadillac car with three old ladies and a cat over the continent from Boston to Los Angeles last fall and was spending the winter here when I met her. I took quite an automobile drive myself last summer covering 13,000 miles and thirty-five states in a four-month trip in a Willys-Knight. I am still busy in the City Engineer's office in Los Angeles, now having charge of the checking and approving of new subdivision maps. Los Angeles has had a great boom lately; over 500 maps went through this office last year. At present, activities have slackened somewhat, but we don't anticipate any long depression. I wish I had some Tech men to write about but haven't seen one of our class since I've been out here nearly five years. There are several other Tech men in the City Engineer's office: Knowlton in charge of sanitary sewers, C. P. Cooke in charge of field surveys, and J. W. Cooke, his brother, in charge of the San Fernando Valley branch office. There are a good many engineering projects coming

up in this vicinity which should make work easy to get if anybody wanted to come out. The county recently voted thirty-five millions for flood control work, twenty-five of which is to be spent on a big dam in San Gabriel Canyon which will be a five-year job. I'll be glad to see you or any others of the class who happen to drift out this way. You can usually find me in the City Engineer's office in the City Hall at Los Angeles."

Raymond S. Stevens, *Secretary*,  
30 Charles River Road, Cambridge, A, Massachusetts.

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'18

The series of class luncheons which were started last spring began anew the Monday after Labor Day when some twelve or fourteen members of the class gathered at the Engineers' Club. The noticeable change in the affair was the appearance of Gretchen Palmer who has thus established a precedent which might appeal to some of our other co-eds. The luncheon was held on the second Monday, owing to the Labor Day holiday which, of course, occurred the first Monday of the month. In the future, these luncheons will be held the first Monday of the month at the Engineers' Club at the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Arlington Street at 12:30. Everybody who is in Boston and can possibly make it should do so.

Attention has been called in several ways to the fact that our class is very low in standing among the graduating classes of the Institute which pay alumni dues. Of some fifty odd classes our class stands about fourth from the bottom in percentage of dues paid. This is somewhat deplorable, although it is more or less accounted for, without doubt, by the fact that at the time of our graduation there was very little unity of action or coördination of the different members of the class. Please look up your old checks and see if you have paid your dues. If not, it should be attended to at once. Let us see if we can elevate our class into a general standing.

Another place where we have been noticeably weak is in paying up the pledges which we so cheerfully made at the time of the Endowment Fund Drive. Our class was not noted among the heavy con-



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## 1918 Continued

tributors to that drive. At the same time, Dennie reports that of the money payable, but a small part has been turned in. Here is another chance for a little personal research work on the part of those who pledged but have not yet paid. Please help us to get in line.

The Secretary had a note from Ken Reid a few days ago in which he said, "I have just heard from Pete Sanger and am writing to tell you that he is now connected with *Rock Products* of 542 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois. This is a business journal for producers of cement, lime, crushed stone, sand and gravel, gypsum, etc." Pete is going to try to get to the next class luncheon if he is in this vicinity.

Gretchen Palmer wrote in a few days ago giving us the following dope: "I was afraid that I wouldn't have any news for you for the Review for this next month but some little things have come to my notice.

"I suppose you saw or heard of Bunny Pinkham's engagement which was announced in the *Transcript* last Wednesday night. I am sorry but the copy had been destroyed out at the house before I had a chance to take down the young lady's name. I do know that it said they were planning on a spring wedding.

"Via West Virginia I learned this morning that our old friend, D. W. MacArdle, has moved and is now living at 609 Main Street, Wakefield. Also the news came the same way that he is going to teach at Tech this winter in the Department of Mathematics. You see he has to let news like that come to us through very wide channels instead of trying to keep in touch with us himself.

"News and more news. Congratulations are in order to our old friend, Kink Kayser, and his wife on the birth of a young daughter last Saturday, September 13, weighing ten and one-quarter pounds. This is the second child in the Kayser family as young David will be three in October. Wonder if he will send both the son and the daughter to M. I. T. As you all remember, Kink was in Course II when at the Institute and is now the Manager of Wellesley College. I happened to see him this summer and in course of conversation I asked him what course he had at the 'Stute he thought was doing him the most good out there and very quickly his answer came 'Polly Con.' That is a joke for sure, as I know for a fact that he never did very much in that class."

Not long ago we heard from our old friend, Bill Turner. He is now assistant general agent of the Traffic Department of the Texas & Pacific Railway Company. His office is in the Oliver Building in Pittsburgh. Bill threatens to make up a report of his recent activities so that we may look forward to some interesting reading in the near future.

Reports are still coming in regarding the wedding of Julie Leonard. We had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Leonard for a fleeting instant at the tennis matches at Longwood this summer and also understand that Julie's new helpmate participated in the Women's National Golf Championships at Nyatt, Rhode Island, recently.

In the Montclair, New Jersey, *Times* for last May 28, there was a lengthy account of the wedding of Howard Allen and Miss Eleanor Thomas. Included in the wedding party as an usher was Gard Gould of Fitchburg. Miss Thomas is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Thomas of Park Street, Montclair, New Jersey, and a graduate of Wellesley. Howie is now associated with the Westinghouse interests in Havana. The happy couple went to Canada and Washington on their honeymoon and by now, doubtless, are back in their home in Havana.

The Springfield *Union* for May 20 included a very interesting article concerning the helicopter invented by Emile Berliner, which is primarily interesting to us because of the participation of Henry Berliner, one of our class, in the experiment. The article is as follows: "Washington, May 19—Convinced that hovering helicopters

will become as common as motorcars, Emile Berliner, veteran designer of the heavier-than-air floaters, has announced that complete success of his contrivance is imminent.

"Construction of an improved helicopter is under way in his shop here, Berliner told the United News in an exclusive interview. With it, next fall he hopes to win the \$250,000 hovering prize offered by the British Government.

"The problem of lifting and forward propulsion is solved," Berliner said. "With my son, Henry, I am confident I have contrived a method of getting back to earth safely in the event of engine trouble."

"Hovering flight is a mechanical problem just as the automobile was. It will be solved as successfully and its application will become as widespread," the designer predicted.

"Our new machine carries the customary two lifting propellers, above the three narrow planes on either side of the fuselage. In the arrangement of those planes and distribution of the plane surface lies the secret of safety."

"According to the prize terms of the British War Office our machine must rise to two thousand feet and then descend to one thousand. At that height we must hover for half an hour in a breeze of from five to twenty miles an hour velocity."

"I am confident that our helicopter, with my son in the cockpit, will win the English prize after a summer trial of the new model at College Park, Maryland," he declared.

"Yes, \$250,000 is a heap of money," Berliner conceded, "but it scarcely will recompense me for my actual expenditures."

"Twenty years of my time is on the debit side of the ledger but if the new machine succeeds I will be compensated."

"Since my son and I attempted our first flight in 1908 we have not suffered an accident. I told Henry to remember always that he had but one neck to break and he still has it unbroken."

"Berliner spun the pages of a bulky book of clippings, pictures, rough sketches and notes which tell the tale of his dream from the first day to the present.

"Scrapbooks are useful," he said. "Patent suits are pretty difficult matters unless one has proof of priority such as is contained in this book."

"Henry Berliner, twenty-eight years old, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, does the flying and now solves the engineering problems that used to go to his father.

"Sailing at a height of twenty feet over a rough half-mile circle, Henry already has proved the practicability of our helicopter," the father proudly declared. "He could have gone higher but he remembered about his neck and remained within jumping distance of the ground. This fall he will go out of sight."

"Berliner's helicopter is capable of seventy-five miles an hour, according to naval officers who have watched trial flights.

"A midget propeller ingeniously set just forward of the rudder and on top of the fuselage enables the nose of the machine to be tipped downward at a maximum of fifteen degrees.

"By that means forward propulsion is obtained, though Berliner declares the downward slant does not cause the machine to lose altitude."

It was a great shock to read in the *Somerville Herald* for July 23 of the death of Charles J. Nangle. The account follows: "Charles Joseph Nangle, of 42 Richdale Avenue, died last Saturday at the Boston City Hospital after an illness from pneumonia of only two weeks. He was twenty-seven years old, born in Cambridge on November 1, 1896. He leaves a wife, Mrs. Sarah (Hayes) Nangle, and two children, Barbara, seventeen months' old, and Charles Joseph, Jr., one month old.

"Mr. Nangle was a graduate of Somerville High School, and of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in the Class of 1918.

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1918 Continued

During the War he served as a naval aviator, although he was not sent overseas. At the time of his death he was employed as a salesman for the Worthington Pump Company, of Boston.

"Military services, conducted by members of Somerville Post 19, American Legion, were conducted on Sunday evening, and on Monday morning solemn high mass was celebrated at St. Anne's church, of which Mr. Nangle was a member, at 9:00 o'clock, by Rev. Fr. Corbett. Burial was at Holy Cross Cemetery, Malden.

"Besides his wife and two children, Mr. Nangle is survived by his father and mother, Mr. Charles Kennedy and Mrs. Elizabeth Frances Nangle, who also lived at 42 Richdale Avenue; and five sisters.

The Melrose, Massachusetts, papers for June 20, included the following account of the wedding of Harry LeVine: "On Thursday evening, June 12, at 8:00 p.m., Miss Eva Albert, daughter of Mr. Louis Albert of Dorchester, was married to Harry C. LeVine of 25 Holbrook Court, Melrose, at the Beacon House, Brookline.

"The bride was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Rose LeVine. Mr. Sydney Albert acted as best man.

"The bride is a graduate of Sanford, Maine High School and of the State Normal School. The groom is a graduate of Melrose High School and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"After an extended trip through New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont, Mr. and Mrs. LeVine will make their home in Brookline."

Don't forget the class luncheons.

Please bear in mind the matters of alumni dues and endowment fund subscriptions and get them paid up as quickly as possible. Our class should be high on the list.

P. W. Carr, *Secretary*,

400 Charles River Road, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'19 Of course the class is anxious to hear about the reunion so rather than keep that bit of interesting news till the December issue of the Review, it seems better to get it in before it gets stale.

As a result of the committee's enticing broadcasts, thirty-one members of '19, with much gusto and mindful of the good old days at the 'Stute, appeared at the Powder Point Hotel at Duxbury for

the reunion on June 27 to 29. The gang got together at Walker Memorial on Friday noon and, after having lunch there, motored to Duxbury, where Bill Snow and his Flivver welcomed us. (Some horn, Bill!) Friday afternoon was spent in getting settled, swimming, and a baseball game, Blubber Wales acting as a most agreeable umpire. During the evening four teams made the pin-boys hustle on the bowling alleys at Brant Rock. Saturday was given over to golf and tennis, and a baseball game between the Ins and Outs. The question as to the winning side depended on your viewpoint. Richards won the tennis singles and Bill Snow shone at golf.

A class meeting was called by Don on Saturday evening after a sumptuous dinner. The resignation of Gene Smoley was read and accepted with regret. We are all sorry to lose Gene as Secretary and grateful to Sheeline who has been Acting Secretary for some time and did much to keep the class together and make the reunion a success. Paul F. Swasey, IV, was elected Secretary-Treasurer. The question of class dues and reunion expenses was discussed and the motion was made by Art Griffin to have class dues of one dollar a year beginning October 1, 1924. This was amended to have the President appoint a committee of five to change the amount from time to time, as necessary, to take care of class expenses. It is hoped that in this way enough money can be raised to take care of the expenses of our Tenth Reunion so that only a small assessment need be made at that time. It was also voted to make the reunion charges for this year, \$25 for three days, \$20 for two days, and \$15 for one day. After the meeting we enjoyed movies which included one reel of pictures representing life at Tech.

On Sunday everyone enjoyed a shore dinner and swim which marked the end of the reunion. This was our first real get-together as a class and it was interesting to hear what all the fellows are doing. We are greatly indebted to the men who planned the reunion and are sorry that more of the fellows could not get there. There was not a dull moment and plenty of diversion was provided for everyone, each according to his own taste. The following men were present for at least a part of the time: Way, Cashin, Rasmussen, Seifert, Tribou, Kenison, Maynard, Bolan, Richards, Given, Wiswall, Snow, Flynn, Blake, Sheeline, Griffin, Wales, Baker, Somerby, Denison, Goodrich, Pierce, Page, Lee, Bristol, Dean, Doten, Michelson, Stewart, Rodgers, and Swasey.



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1919 Continued

Now let's get going on that Tenth Reunion, June 1929. Make a note of it now!

A contribution of \$50 was sent to the Advisory Council on Athletics as voted at the reunion and the following letter has been received from the Secretary, Allan Rowe: "Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of August 7, and that of the generous contribution from the Class of 1919. May I, both for the Council and for myself, express to you and through you to the class, appreciation for your generous coöperation? That there will be need of this assistance, past experience makes me certain. It is very helpful to feel that Alumni support is so concretely back of the efforts of the Council."

The following notes of the doings of individual members of '19 have been received: The engagement of Miss Marion Harding of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, to Fraser M. Moffat, Jr., was announced early in July.—Alan Henderson McIntosh and Miss Elizabeth A. Campbell were married at 7 Rutledge Street, West Roxbury, Massachusetts, on June 7, 1924. Everett Doten, also '19, acted as best man.—George McCarten and Miss Margaret Gilmore Kreglow of Palmerton, Pennsylvania, were married on July 19, 1924.—Holley Stetson Winkfield and Miss Dorothy Rose Barker of 173 Prospect Street, Lawrence, were married on July 19, 1924. Winkfield is Assistant Professor of electrical engineering at Northeastern University.—Cards have been received announcing the birth of a daughter to Francisco Lobos, IV, on May 24, 1924, in Santiago, Chile.—Charlie Herrick who is with Stone & Webster in Savannah, Georgia, called on the 'phone on his way back South after spending his vacation at home. Charlie is still single. We surely thought some girl would fall for his smile before this!—Max Knobel, who has been out at the University of California, is now with Guggenheim Brothers, New York City.

We learn from the *Courier-Citizen* of Lowell, Massachusetts, that Walter W. Walworth, who has been employed as resident engineer on the construction of the Lincoln Highway, is now located with the R. M. Humphrey real estate office, 319 Hildreth Building, Lowell.

Marshall C. Balfour was recently appointed a representative of the International Health Board and is to be stationed near Macon, Georgia, under the direction of the Rockefeller Foundation. He was in health work in France during the War in the service of the International Red Cross and has been at Harvard for the past two years.

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Wilbur S. Burbank who is with the U. S. Geological Survey has recently appeared as co-author of a large and valuable bulletin on the Geology of the Republic of Haiti, issued by the Department of Public Works of the Republic of Haiti.

There's no doubt that we are all of us interested in reading class news in the Review, so if each one of you will do your share and let me hear from you, I'll do my darndest to make things interesting. Here's hoping that we have news from the Course Secretaries for the December Review!

Paul F. Swasey, Secretary,  
Box 1486, Boston, Massachusetts.

# '20

Dear Gang:

Here's hoping you all had a great summer and are feeling fit for the coming year's work. Somehow or other, to me, the year still begins with the opening of college in the fall. Let this coming year, then, be a banner one for 1920. And now, before you people hear of any marriages and births, etc., which our class has contributed since the last Review, let me introduce to you, 1920's Five-Year Reunion! Nothing else but! Start planning for it the minute you read these notes. Don't just say, "Oh! I'll make it if I can" — but rather "I'll be there, if I have to mortgage the home or sell the car!" The exact dates and scene of the coming round-up for 1920 will be furnished you, each and every one, individually. What we want more just now, is that every one of you talk Reunion to any 1920 man you may meet. Many of the class reunions will undoubtedly take place in or near Boston. It has been suggested that a place on the shore, maybe near Old Lyme or Saybrook, Connecticut, which is midway between New York and Boston, would meet with the approval of many. Be that as it may, nothing is definite, and any live wire suggestions as to location and events during the reunion days, which any of you may have, write to me. A committee is soon to be appointed to handle the reunion, and any suggestions will be most welcome. Rest assured that we'll have at least three days of as much fun crowded into them as our fertile brains can conceive, but individual enthusiasm and coöperation from all of you is needed. Begin now, and we'll end with a bang in June, 1925!

Now for the latest! Our worthy engineering minister, Franklin Blackmer, was married on June 20 to Miss Carolyn Joerndt. They will reside in Berkeley, California.—Count Littlefield, our mining engineer, sneaked home from the wilds of South America, just long enough for his marriage to Miss Gwendolen Baron of Lowell, Massachusetts. From the last report I judge Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield were to start back to South America, after a brief stay in New York's bright lights.—Snug Etter's engagement, reported last issue, materialized on June 28, in St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Etter will reside there, where Snug is employed with the Bemis Bag Co.—Hugh Duffell is next in line. He "stepped off" with Miss Elsie Olfene, on June 9. He will be at home in Natick, Massachusetts, at 27 Wimmemay Street.—George (Pierpont) Morgan joined the ranks, on the 12th of June. He and Mrs. Morgan, who was Miss Lillian Self, will reside at 812 North Street, Beaumont, Texas.—Harold Dennison was married on July 2 to Miss Margaret Elks. They will reside at 246 Billings Street, Atlantic, Massachusetts.—Franklin Badger was married on April 2, to Miss Anna Cozens. They will reside at 38 Woodward Street, Newton Highlands.

I have before me a card that reads, "Edwin Albert Reed, July 27, 1924, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Reed." So I guess Chuck will have much to crow over now. Congratulations, Chuck. Will he be a Course XV man?—Bill Hedlund was married in July to Miss Ruth Polley.—Johnny Philbrick is engaged to Miss Edith Hodgman of New York.—Larry Burnham is engaged to Miss Olive Wright.—Carl Leander was married on June 11 to Miss Alice Gustafson.—Billy McMahon was married in June to Miss Jennie Anderson. Thus ends this month's list.

Albion Doe writes the following letter which is of interest to all: "I know you would not know that there was a city by the name of New York if some of us didn't write now and then to mention the fact. And I am sure the fellows don't know what a great bunch belong to the Society of Industrial Engineers, and I don't know how they are going to find out unless somebody writes about it. I ask you this: they put me on the program at the National Convention at Buffalo last month, so don't you think they need a lot of new members to take the control from a group which would do that? Again I ask you: they had a most wonderful convention, intellectually and socially, so, don't you think we of '20 ought to be in on such things? Fine group of practical leaders in industry; just where Tech men belong, but I didn't see very many.

"The Democrats found our town. I am on a Committee to entertain the Delegates, their wives, daughters, etc. We meet for luncheon at the Banker's Club to plan what we are to do along the line of displaying Broadway, Coney Island, the subway sardines, the tombs and other objects to our country cousins. We don't plan such a lot, but we don't overlook the luncheon. As the delegates are to be busy sorting dark horses, our problem is simplified to one of



1920 Continued

interesting the wives and daughters. We feel that we need little planning to do this.

"I have not seen any more of our fellows lately; I guess they have gone to their country homes and the watering places for the hot season. The Course XIII men here are unable to leave their work, for some of them are feverishly designing fast boats for their Uncle Sam, and others are furiously concocting faster ones for affluent sea-loving citizens. These citizens have evidently heard Professor Schell say, 'Get a fast and early start, and keep in front.'"

Arthur Radasch announces the birth of a daughter, Molly Jane, on January 16. I had this in letter form; I was not in among the "cataloged list," hence it is out of place in the notes. Congratulations, Art.

Bill Fitzgerald, one of our number who left in 1918 to go into Aviation, writes from Panama where he is connected with the United Fruit Co. as engineer.

Harold Bibber writes very interestingly on July 2, 1924, from the International General Electric Co., Chiyoda-kwan, Minami-denna-cho, Kyobashi-ku, Tokyo, Japan: "This is the letter that I have been going to write you for the last six months.

"I have come across a couple of men out here in the East who keep in touch with a large number of friends at home through a printed letter which they send out. Though I shall not attempt that, it did occur to me that by dint of a few sheets of carbon paper I could send a note to my friends a bit oftener than otherwise.

"As I have the occasion now to review the past I might start back with the fact that I left the head office of the International Company in Schenectady in December and came out by way of the Santa Fé, stopping off at the Grand Canyon one day en route. That was as impressive as it had always been pictured, though I did not find the colors as bright as I had expected. I should describe the colors as mostly sober; the only bright color is yellow.

"This route landed me in Los Angeles, where I had just time enough to visit a friend, and then run out to see Hollywood and get back to take the train for Frisco. On my way up I found from the newspaper that the ship I had passage on from Frisco had been cancelled, and so eventually I was transferred to the *President Madison* of the Admiral Oriental Line sailing from Seattle. This trip (the whole length of the Pacific Coast) was something which I had not anticipated and though it hardly made up for missing Honolulu, it was worth while.

"The ocean trip was quite uneventful and the rough weather was so constant that I became accustomed to it. The North Pacific in winter is but little better than the North Atlantic, I judge. Believe me, the lights on the Japan coast were a welcome sight that last night out!

"I can give only a resume of my impressions of those first few days. The first thing that I thought of, was about the climate. I had heard all sorts of reports about it, and I found that the truth is that it is much like the Northern Atlantic Coast States except that there is not so much snow and the thermometer does not go so low. It seems that one feels as cold, and he wears the same amount of winter clothing as he would at home. The snow was very infrequent this winter, there having been but three storms, during the most severe of which not more than ten inches of snow fell, if that. It did not remain more than three days any of these times.

"In March it began to get warmer and by the first of April the cherry trees were in full bloom; everyone was in light overcoat or kimono. During May you can give up your light overcoat, straw hats come out, and light clothes begin to make their appearance. In June the police don their white uniforms and 'Whites' begin to be worn by civilians. By July all are in white and helmets take their place among straw hats they say. Also in June it rains quite often to make up for the weeks of unbroken fair weather in the winter, no doubt.

"The cold in winter leads some of the Japanese men to wear fox stoles around their necks and fur ear muffs. This no doubt seems a bit unusual to everyone the first time they see it on the street, but after all we wear fur collars on our coats at home, and whether the fur is loose or sewed to one's coat, what is, after all, the difference?

"The politeness of the Japanese is proverbial and their manner of bowing, though rather hard to understand at first, is appreciated later to be more expressive than the foreign handshake. To see men lift their hats when they greet each other is interesting. Good intentions in manners here do not, it seems, count for as much as at home; you must get the proper form as well.

"The first place that I lived in the country was the Imperial Hotel. The architecture of this imposing pile is rather bizarre, but seems to be well suited to the country. It is the present center of the Japanese and foreign social life of the capital. Here are held the big political dinners as well as the smaller private wedding dinners and receptions. Foreigners gather for appropriate celebrations and their private dinners and parties. The hotel spreads over a vast amount of ground and is a maze of corridors.

"It was here on January 15 that I experienced my first earthquake, said to have been one-half as severe as that of September 1,



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1926 Continued

1923. It was hard enough to suit me as it gave me all the thrills and the sensation with none of the dangers. The only people in the hotel injured, as you perhaps saw from the papers, were those who did not land well when they jumped from the windows. We who stayed in the windows rather had the laugh on them. One of the most curious things was the difficulty and almost impossibility of standing up or walking when the actual movement was only two inches. Since this one there have been many minor ones of course.

"After living somewhat over a month in the hotel I went out to live at my present location out in the suburbs with a very pleasant group of people. We have a large foreign house and live in quite the same style as we would at home.

"Week-ends I have tried to use advantageously in gaining a knowledge of the country. One of my first and certainly most outstanding trips was to the famous temples at Nikko. I went in company with a man who had been over twenty years in the East, and who knows the language well. It took some five hours to get there by train from Tokyo and as we arrived at nightfall we went at once to a native inn. My initiation into the ritual of this institution reminded me of my fraternity days. I found that I could eat some of the Japanese food and that I could sleep some on the mattresses or heavy quilts laid on the floor as beds. Now, of course, I can both eat and sleep more.

"The Japanese national sport which corresponds to our baseball game is no doubt wrestling, called Sumo. I had the opportunity of attending one of these matches lately in company with some Japanese friends who explained the whole affair to me.

"In Tokyo, there is a great covered amphitheatre which is used for this sport. The matches are held for about two weeks twice a year in Tokyo, and in other large cities, the bands of professional wrestlers traveling about from place to place. The men are of tremendous physique and most of them much stouter than would be considered good form for a western athlete. This, however, does not militate against them, due to the fact that the rules governing the wrestling are different from ours, and there is no mat work, falls being made by the wrestler being thrown from a standing position. The ring in which the bouts take place is a true circle some twelve feet in diameter. There is one referee or starter and four judges who sit on opposite sides of the ring. There were many exciting contests, but it takes them so long to get into action that the Westerner longing for excitement soon gets impatient.

"A recent event of interest to the Americans living here was the visit of the round-the-world-fliers who were in Tokyo for two full

days going the social rounds and paying their respect to Japanese officials.

"The ever present topic of discussion here for the last couple of months has been the immigration question. No doubt it is hard for Americans who are not familiar with Japanese characters to appreciate why they should feel insulted at a law which has very little different effect so far as practical exclusion is concerned from the Gentlemen's Agreement which has existed since 1907.

"Here it is a question of pride. Even we Westerners feel better when told that a person we call on is not at home, rather than to be told that so and so does not wish to see us. Even when we know that the latter is the case. But out pride is not hurt. We have saved our face.

"The parallel is quite perfect. The Japanese do not strongly object to being excluded practically, but to be publicly and formally excluded, is another matter. The primary school textbooks teach that Japan was originally the land of the gods. With this as a background, the tremendous effort of the last fifty years to make the nation a leading power, and the success which the country has had in two modern wars both have developed a feeling that the nation is now the equal of any Western nation. To be taken into the disarmament conference at Washington and treated as equal strengthened this feeling — and now the American Congress comes along and says, 'No, you have not arrived yet, in fact, you can't ever arrive.'

"If Congress had excluded all immigrants, there would have been no question, but this declaration that the Japanese are not the equal of the Europeans is taken as an insult."

In closing, don't forget the reunion spirit. Start planning now. Definite dates will be set very soon. June, 1925, is good enough to work on now.

Kenneth F. Akers, *Secretary*,  
54 Dwight Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

'21

Tense is the air as I sit on a barrel of Mid Continent (35.6 degrees API Gravity) Crude, head in hands on my rustic table in the one corner of my shanty now gloriously lighted for the momentous occasion by two small penny candles — trying to distill off fractions containing other than engagements and marriages — but alas — no luck — can't get fire enough to crack the heavy ends left in my dome, so you must take it as crude as it is.

If there ever has been written one sentence which contained more bunk than this last, I would give my asphalt base for it.

Enough Bunk — Let's Go!

Ralph S. Wetsten, VI-A, became engaged the early part of the summer to Miss Evelyn Crawford Flintoff of East Orange, New Jersey. Congratulations, Wet.

Asher Cohen, X, and his wife got their name in the Chelsea, Massachusetts, *Record* to the following effect: "Mr. and Mrs. Asher Cohen and daughter, Grace, of New York, are the guests of Mr. Cohen's mother, Mrs. Jennie Cohen, 194 Shurtleff Street, for a few days. Mr. Cohen is a former Chelsea boy, having graduated from the Williams School, Class of 1913 and Chelsea High, 1917. He graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1921 and is now making good as a chemical engineer in the big city."

Another engagement is announced, namely that of Joseph Moosbrugger, II, to Miss Ruth Arline Bishop of Buffalo.

And that's not all the engagements, for John C. Barker's, XV, to Miss Elsie C. Linde of Woodfords, Maine, was announced the early part of the summer. Johnny is now associated with the John W. Burrowes Contracting Company.

Dana Kepner, XI, has left Chicago to go to Denver, Colorado, as Sanitary Engineer. The following item from the *Denver News* tells the story: "Through what state officials declare is an extraordinary offer of funds from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Colorado Board of Health is to have a sanitary engineer, who will supervise all sanitation work and surveys which may come under the jurisdiction of the health board, and who will cooperate with similar officers of other states and of the federal government in promoting better sanitation. At a meeting of the State Health Board, held last night in the state office building, the board accepted the offer from the Rockefeller Foundation, and appointed Dana Kepner, formerly of Denver, to the position on the state board. Under the agreement with the Rockefeller Foundation, according to Dr. Tracy Love, Secretary of the board, the Foundation will provide funds for the engineer's salary, and will assist in establishing Mr. Kepner's department for the surveys and work. No announcement was made of the maximum amount of money which will be available to the State Board of Health under the agreement, but it is understood that the sums available from the Foundation will be flexible. The establishment of a state sanitary engineer to work with the state board of health will be immensely beneficial to Colorado, Dr. Love declared last night. Such work as will be done by Mr. Kepner has long been needed in the state, to put Colorado to the front with other states which are conducting similar work. The plan, for which arrange-



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## 1921 Continued

ments are virtually complete, will provide means, I hope, for spreading a world of educational matter in the campaign for better sanitation and health conditions in every corner of the State. Mr. Kepner is the son of H. V. Kepner, principal of the West Side High School of Denver. He is rated highly as a sanitary engineer, is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and for some time was sanitary engineer for the city of Boston. He is at present employed as sanitary engineer by the city of Chicago. He will take up his new duties in Denver on July 1." Good luck to you, Kep. Looks like a fine opportunity.

Chester R. Painter, II, was married the early part of June to Miss Edith Randall of Florence Park, New York. Ted is a teacher in the Perkins Institute for the Blind at Watertown, Massachusetts.

Early in the summer the Boston *Herald* carried a news item that James Le Grand, I, had been appointed an instructor in the Mathematics Department at the Carnegie Institute of Technology for this coming year.

Another engagement, namely that of Reginald G. Burr, VI, to Miss Priscilla Gough of Cohasset, Massachusetts, was announced in July. Burr is with Stone & Webster and at present is located in Ponce, Porto Rico.

Henry W. Erickson, III, has gone and done it. Erick is back from Mexico and Chile and was married the latter part of the summer to Miss Marion Clark Bagg of Cambridge, Massachusetts. They were married in Quincy, Massachusetts, to the tune of Mendelsohn's Wedding March. With memories of Erick playing utility center fielder at the Senior Picnic at Pemberton it is difficult to see the same fellow quietly settled down. Much happiness to you, Erick, in your home at 6 Cedar Street, Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Carol L. Stone, III, has accomplished a great deal since last heard from. As a minor accomplishment he received a Master's Degree in Mineralogy at the University of Arizona, but the biggest one was to become married to Miss Margaret Ross Reed of Tucson, Arizona. The wedding took place in May at Tucson. Many happy returns.

R. L. Price, X, was for some time a director of the School of Chemical Engineering Practice at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Late this summer he severed his connection to become associated with the Miner Laboratories, consulting engineers and chemists in Chicago, Illinois.

A piece of good news for you. After a couple of years of inactivity in class affairs our highly esteemed Reg Smithwick, III, has once again gotten back into the work. He has once again become the representative of our class on the Alumni Council succeeding your Secretary who had to relinquish his duties in January of this

year upon joining the Standard Oil Company of Indiana at Whiting, Indiana. We are looking forward to great accomplishments and good reports and assure loyal support.

Miles Zoller, XV, is a Sales Engineer with the Eagle-Picher Lead Company located in Chicago. Miles is handling lead oxide for industrial uses.

Edmond G. Farrand, VI, no longer sells insurance but is doing engineering and sales work for the United Conveyor's Corporation, 1535 Old Colony Building, Chicago. The above Company handles steam jet ash conveyers, ash storage tanks and power plant equipment.

Solomon S. Silverstein, X, has been in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for some months past, where he is carrying out a piece of work for Bigelow, Kent, Willard & Company, consulting engineers of Boston. His address is 3900 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Gerald Tattersfield, X, was married on October 11 to Miss Doris Elna Nelson of Gloucester, Massachusetts.—On September 15, Harold H. Lockey, XV, was married to Miss Ruth Lovina Lilley of Milford, Massachusetts. And another marriage. Walter A. Jayme, III, Canton, Ohio, was married on June 14 to Miss Katherine Ryley.

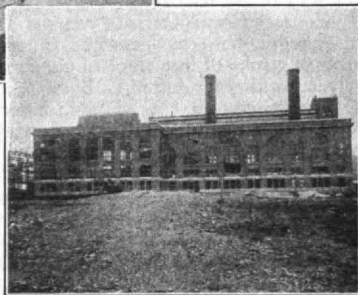
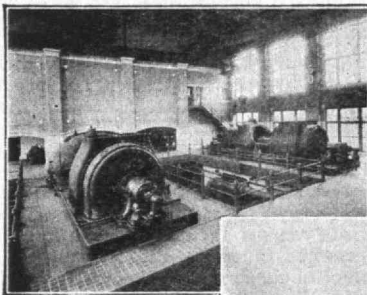
—We have word that Laurence B. Davis, XV, became engaged in June to Miss Marion Wetherell.—Clark Greene, X, was married on August 22 to Miss Gladys Ann Westerman of Springdale, Connecticut.

Arthur A. Turner, I, is still with The Harbison Walker Refractories Company and is now located at 202 East 33rd Street, Indianapolis, Indiana. Art is selling the above Company's products through Indiana and northern Kentucky.

On September 3, 1924, the stork stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul N. Anderson, IX-B, leaving Thomas Ogren Anderson, yelling, "We Are Happy."

Ernest D. Clarkson, II, early in September was married to Miss Gertrude Cummings of West Acton, Massachusetts. Ed is with the Atlantic Refining Company and located in Philadelphia.

With all of these announcements of marriages and engagements given above, what chance has your Secretary of getting in a word edgeways that he also got married on June 1 to Miss Helen Eliza Mackenzie of Mattapan, Massachusetts. You see it was like this, fellows, Whiting is a long way from Boston, got lonesome, got married and I'm not sorry. At the present time I am located in Whiting, Indiana, with the Standard Oil Company of Indiana in charge of a Sales Training School. Whiting is only sixteen miles from Chicago on the New York Central Railroad and our telephone number is Whiting 81-J. Any of you '21-ers who come within shooting distance of me and don't look me up is due to receive a good bawling out.



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1921 Continued

Here is an interesting piece of news. In December, 1922, I wrote to John J. Stanton, IV, which letter he received in July, 1924. The letter had chased him from Portland, Oregon, to places unknown, finally locating him at Rome, Italy. John is at the present time travelling on a Technology Fellowship in Architecture and plans to return to U. S. A. in December or January. Even if the letter was late in getting there, it came back with eight good American dollars enclosed for Alumni Association and class dues.

Say you single fellows! How does it seem to read only about weddings and announcements? Well, if you don't like it and have anything to be proud of, send it in and we'll write it up — whether the Review Editors will publish it or not, we can't tell.

Raymond A. St. Laurent, *Secretary*,  
427 Oliver Street, Whiting, Indiana.  
Carole A. Clarke, *Assistant Secretary*,  
55 Tiemann Place, New York, New York.

#### Course I

**'22** Red Eckberg wrote in May, giving a brief account of his doings since graduation. In July, 1922, he went to Panama as hydrographer for the Canal. After ten months he returned to Boston and entered the employ of Stone & Webster. He became engaged to Miss Beatrice Fellows whose home town was Northampton. She attended Smith and the University of Michigan. They were married on June 28.

From Philadelphia, where he was with the United Gas Improvement Company, Bill (W. W. K.) Freeman sent word that he, too, had gone and done it. His partner will be Elizabeth deForest Bull of Naugatuck, Connecticut. She was a Wellesley girl and also studied at the School of Fine Arts in Boston.

Way back in April, Bernie Gasser and Fred Justice were inquiring for the whereabouts of Keith Robbins. They were curious to know on which side of the tug-of-war he pulled at the local picnics, married or single, strongly suspecting that he is the first to break the pact made on graduation. They offered the reward of two pins and a collar button for information concerning him. Here's a chance for Keith to win it himself.

J. F. Hennessy, *Secretary*,  
4 Cypress Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

#### Course IV

At the conclusion of the customary summer months we find ourselves confronted with the task, now traditional and inevitable, of chronicling the doings of the old grads since last heard from. As suggested in previous letters, the architects of 1922 have won no medals for correspondence with their Secretary. They toil, spin, and possibly succeed, but they report not. Hence the pyramids, and the development of the Secretary's imagination.

Summer months are strong on production of love-affairs and mosquito bites, but leave something to be desired as an incubator of good, round-bottom facts for a letter to The Review. But, as President Coolidge said on flipping his cigar ash from the Washington Monument, a little goes a long way; and so, armed with a few well-defined truths, we set ourselves to the creation of a report which we hope will have those sterling literary qualities so essential for publication in The Review. That remains to be seen, as the oriental dancer coyly remarked on undrapping all but the choicest portions of her anatomy.

It long has been our custom to inaugurate these jottings with a hasty survey of activities in Greater New York. This arises not from any local feeling of omnipotence and superiority, but from the facility with which we are able to spear the news in this vicinity. It is only logical and natural, then, to begin with statements to which we can make affidavit, and to turn to the conjectural and imaginative only after we are sufficiently wound up and tuned in.

New York it is, then. And, what with the Democratic Convention, the visit of Ed Windsor, and the organization of the Technology Atelier, it has been a mighty busy little town this summer. Our readers doubtless are more or less familiar with the salient features of the two phenomena first named, but the national press has been strangely taciturn regarding the last subject. It thus becomes our own little scoop, and we pounce upon it and drag it to our Corona with unmitigated glee.

The idea of an atelier where local alumni of Course Four could pursue their designing schemes beyond the limits afforded by the average office was first conceived by Professor Emerson over a year ago. Since that time enthusiasm has flowed and ebbed (mostly the latter until recently), and the matter rocked along like an old chair, the high spots in the story being the constant exhortations of Chris Carven that "we must put this over with a bang, men," and Harry Stearns' selection of an empty floor just over a bar as a possible location for the atelier. It was pointed out at the time that it was a splendid site on account of the extra police protection which the building would afford. However, a rumor, persistent at the time, that General Butler was coming to New York, dissipated Harry's dream, and the whole thing drifted into innocuous desuetude until Moses Schley came up from Baltimore to lead it out of the wilderness. The exodus ended at No. 32 East 12th Street, where the atelier, with Slick as Massier and Chris his able Sous, is prepared for a big business this winter. Among those who have indicated their desire to join up and find out how much they have forgotten are the Messrs. Schley, Pisa, Cronin, K. K. Karven, Amon, Berla, Schweitzer, Pierce, and Delehanty, all of recent vintage at Rogers. For Patron, Harry Stearns has been selected from a large field of aspirants for the job, and for this the outfit is to be congratulated right roundly. Harry promises to be there as full of ideas and cigar smoke as of yore, and brings with him many new ideas gained during a series of long stays in the Back Bay (when long stays were popular). As the monkey said on that memorable occasion which we all know too well to ask its name, "They're off," and may the best man win!

From the local coterie of younger Technology architects a number of changes, both business and otherwise, can be reported. By a strange stroke of fate three of our former classmates now find themselves working for Alfred C. Bossom, a prominent architect on upper Fifth Avenue, who specializes in bank buildings and anything at all for Dallas, Texas. Ross Wiggs, seeking a wider experience than was to be gained from his former office, transferred his instruments early in the spring, and was followed somewhat later by G. Peers Brookfield, also of Canada and more recently of Oxford, and by Slick Schley, who finally came to his senses and moved into town, from Baltimore. The last two gentlemen ran an approximately dead heat, arriving at their new office neck and neck, figuratively speaking. It is rumored that Brookfield won by the margin of one bat-wing of his collar, but this can not be verified until the slow-motions are released. Also of interest, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggs have left Greenwich Village, and are having their groceries sent to No. 2305 Sedgwick Avenue. And, too, Marion Dimmock, whose doings ever have been described zealously in these columns, recently packed up his toothbrush and spare collar, and departed in the general direction of Memphis, Tennessee, where he is participating in the superintendence of a bank construction for McKim, Meade, and White (they did the Boston Library, you know). A card from Dimmy intimates that Memphis is some shucks as a town, and he even confides that more W. W.'s are there than Huntington Avenue could boast in the hey-day of its glory.

And now we come to the sad part of the story. Every story must have its sad part, and here is ours. To make it short, Emmy Stickney

## Technology Branch

### HARVARD COÖPERATIVE SOCIETY

Our Men's Wear department made a new record for the volume of business done during the last college year. We hope to be able to develop this department so that we can supply the every day needs of all regular fellows.

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## Technology Branch



1922 Continued

and Peggy Kimball have left us. They have left, departed, evacuated, vacated, and otherwise forsaken and forsworn our shores, and are now, separately or collectively, either in or travelling, toward Europe. Emmy bade adieu to Litchfield and Rogers a number of months ago, and Peggy similarly disrupted the office of Walker and Gillette several weeks ago. Both are bent on doing Europe and such parts of Asia and Abyssinia as the circumstances will permit, being particularly anxious to find out if there is anything to this story about Mr. Jenney's masterpiece on the Common finding its inspiration along the banks of the Nile.

Under the head of important intra-city movements we beg to report that Al Pierce now has his own key to the Park, he and his Mother having taken an apartment just across Gramercy from the Club. Slick Schley and the humble author of these humbler lines, are now hanging their tooth-brushes in the same cabinet at the Hotel Irving, also on the square, but are going to leave shortly when that hostelry goes on the hundred per cent American plan for the winter.

And with this we turn our attention from the Metropolitan area, and give our usual courteous and kindly consideration to our cousins in the provinces. To begin with, Warren Tibbetts Ferguson and Miss Elizabeth Root, of Brookline, are betrothed, if the Boston *Transcript* and the Newton *Graphic* can be relied upon, and the offerings of such a powerful journalistic syndicate can not be taken lightly. But Fergy needn't get stuck up, for Brookfield also is slated to tee off soon with Miss Martha Forgie, of Long Island, the lady of his choice, and, what is more, Hemmy has gone them one better and is married. Now, what do you think of that? We used to think it always would be Hemmy and Baldy, but alas, matrimony is made of sterner stuff than schoolroom twitter reckons. And so we find that Hemmy's linen boasts no embroidered "B" at all, but instead she now is Mrs. Horace Hawkes, and brews Horace's coffee in a ducky little love-nest over in Jersey, where the subway ads tell you to live for the children's sake. Well, we are awfully glad, and for Hemmy and Fergy and Brookfield we wish all of the domestic felicity and everything which traditionally goes with married life. We envy them all, and should like very much to announce that we, too, have found a button-fixer, but in all probability the next and many succeeding reports will find us still among the great unwed.

In the Middle West we find that Bert Weber and his partner continue to enjoy good business, and that Bert recently took a vacation down in New Mexico, doing a bit of excavating among the remains of a previous civilization. Bert left Chicago at about the same time as Loeb and Leopold, but Bert can go back. Out on the Coast we get only the scant information that Mark Ellsworth and Mrs. E. have completed their tour of California or bust, probably having busted, and now are located at No. 267 Oak Knoll Avenue, in Pasadena. An awfully pretty name for a street, don't you think?

And that's the story, the whole story, and nothing but the story, nothing much. Before the Asbestos falls on our little act we have one simple request to make of the architects of 1922. We long have suspected that these letters are not read by more than a few of those for whom they are intended. If true, we resign. To arrive at a true knowledge of the state of affairs we should like to have just a line from each one saying that he or she reads the letters in *The Review*. This is not a solicitation for any favorable comment on the efforts of the Secretary, but merely a move to determine if many of us still are enough interested in hearing from our old classmates to make these letters worth while. If not, the Secretary's time can be more profitably spent than in writing letters never to be read. For, as Napoleon once observed, "it's a wise gink who knows when to quit."

George S. Holderness, Secretary,  
17 Gramercy Park, New York, N. Y.

#### Courses V and X

Once again, after four months of surcease from secretarial toil, we return to the business of chronicling the achievements of our doughty heroes of Courses V and X, '22. If we had a full appreciation of the sacred privilege of handing this epic on to posterity, this moment should bring paeans of praise to our lips and songs of joy to our hearts. Perhaps in the extremity of our rejoicing we should even be jumping up and down and clapping our hands with glee. Would you know the real truth? It may be disillusioning but, we return to our secretarial duties with a dull but very distinct grunt. You know the reason, if you have any conscience at all. Why, why, why won't you Chemists and Chemical Engineers of 1922 drop us an occasional line, even though it be only a post-card, and tell us the state of your fortunes? Where are you? What are you doing? Engaged? Married? Any heirs? You know what we want to know—the things you want to know about the rest of the gang.

We enter the lists this month, fortified with just one letter, but, thank fortune with one very good letter. That letter came from the trusty typewriter of Os True. To him we owe thanks for most of the news these notes may contain.

Since sometime around May 1, Os has been with The Green Fuel Economizer Company. He first spent a few months getting the hang of things at the main office and works at Beacon, N. Y. Since

## DAYLIGHT ILLUMINATION.

The angle of refraction being equal to the angle of incident, it is a simple matter to determine the correct angles to use in manufacturing glass which will give good illumination. But for proper industrial plant illumination, there is more to be considered than mere deflection of light. The direct beam of light must be eliminated in order to prevent sun glare, which is objectionable on account of its causing heavy shadows and strong contrasts which decrease the efficiency of employees and necessitate the use of shades which in turn reduce the light to such an extent that daylight illumination any distance from the light source is not sufficient. Therefore, in order to produce a glass which when used in the windows of industrial plants will produce as near to ideal illumination as possible, we must first eliminate the direct rays of the sun by deflecting the light to the ceiling and side walls which re-deflect it back to a distance 25 to 50 feet from the window throughout the entire working area. To accomplish this we have scientifically designed a type of glass which is named "Factrolite."

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If you are interested in the distribution of light through Factrolite, we will send you a copy of Laboratory Report—"Factrolited."

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Chicago.

1922 Continued

then he has been doing his stuff as a salesman in the New England territory, working out of their Boston office at 141 Milk Street. On the occasion of his first visit to Beacon, he stopped over in New York and your faithful servant had the pleasure of a three or four-hour visit from him. For the benefit of Ye Oldtimers, I want to tell you that when Os waxes conversational he does it just as efficiently and delightfully as ever. His letter dated July 8, with the exception of a few deletions, follows:

"I was at the Florence Stone Company in Gardner, Mass., and saw H. O. Berry. He is working there as a Chemical Engineer (magic words) and reports that he is married and is the proud father of a son, some four months old. He told me that Barnes has been with the Goodyear Rubber Company in Akron for sometime past. Also, when in Boston, I ran into Dyer, X-B. He is working in the Lab for the Merrimac Chemical Company at Woburn. I had a letter from Heinie Wagner. He says that he is getting over his recent illness and is on his feet again. He had been to the American Chemical meeting in Washington and saw Roger Hunneman there. He also reports that Ray Mann is engaged to a young lady out Buffalo way (Ray, do your duty and send us all the details). Ray and Heine are both working for the Iroquois Gas and Herb Cobb goes with them this summer.

"Tyson returned from Europe about the 15th of April, and was up to see me one Sunday. . . . He is planning to start on a trip around the world in the fall—pretty tough, what?"

Censorial deletions rob Os' style, like that of most of us, of much of its charm and naiveté. But must be, can't be otherwise. At any rate, you have the gist of it all.

As far as we know, just three of our number have been married since our notes last went to press.

On Saturday, April 26, Miss Helen Bruce Page of Chestnut Hill, Mass., was married to Thomas Nicholas Berlage of St. Louis, Mo. The ceremony took place at the church of the Redeemer, Chestnut Hill, and was followed by a reception. Miss Page after studying at Smith College went abroad for a year of Continental travel.

We have a clipping from the Boston *Morning Globe* of May 29, which is the authority for the following: "Miss Rena Gladys Macomber, an instructor at Lynn English High School, and George Henry Rhodes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo J. Rhodes of Providence, Rhode Island, were married last night in Trinity Church, Copley Square. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Macomber

of Winthrop, Maine, is an alumna of the Farmington, Maine, Normal School, and was graduated from Emerson College of Oratory in 1917. The wedding reception was held in the Westminster. Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes will reside in Elizabeth, N. J."

On July 5, Leo Carlsmith was married to Miss Hope Snedden at Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire. We regret that we have no further details at hand regarding this last.

It is possible that some more weddings have occurred of which we have not heard. If so, please tell us the good news, so that we may add to those of the rest of your friends our sincere good wishes for your health, happiness and prosperity.

S. Parker McConnell, *Secretary*,  
18 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey.

Eric F. Hodgins, *General Secretary*  
Room 3-205, M. I. T., Cambridge, Massachusetts

'23 Once again fall registration days are over and the bursar's coffers are overflowing with five dollar fines for condition exams and late registrations. The men of '23 can, for the second time, enjoy the thrill of knowing that the \$5's are not coming from their pockets.

Even though we are not back at the 'Stute, our interest in its activities must now be rekindled. Let's not allow our relations with Tech to drift into a hazy past, but rather let us renew them with a new vitality. Try to get out to some of the coming athletic meets and games or at least follow them in the papers. Don't forget one of the best ways to keep in touch with Tech and the old gang is to read *The Review* and support your class notes.

#### Course II

The number of men in Course II makes it hard work to keep in touch with anything like the entire number. So I would appreciate it if any of the crowd would send along notices of interest.

Frank Kurriss is with the New York Telephone Company as engineer on Machine Switching equipment, which he writes is another name for the new dial system of telephony.

Alfred Perkins is one of Stone & Webster's hard working draftsmen. When he wrote the letter, he was still single but lots of things have happened since then and well, who knows?

R. J. Robinson is with the Heine Boiler Company in St. Louis but he is stationed in their New York office for a time.—H. J. Vernor is a foreman with the Anaconda Copper Co., at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. By the way, Vern, let us congratulate you on your engagement to Miss Ida Mae Fox.

Elmer Sanborn is still in Cleveland with the White Motor Co. He spent his vacation back in Boston and couldn't keep his spikes off. He ran the Walter Scott mile in the Caledonian Games and placed third the day he started back to Cleveland. Same old Elmer!

A Course II wedding took place last June 26 when Herb Hayden was married to Miss Katharine Owens of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Congratulations, Herb.—Speaking of weddings, H. B. Kepple has gone and done it too. He was married last June to Miss Lucille Piaget of Flushing, Long Island.—Announcement was made last June of the engagement of Donald W. Height to Miss Katharine F. Ellis of Melrose. Appropriately enough this information has been followed up by the report of a wedding staged in Melrose on September 27, in which the same two individuals figured as the principal actors. The new Mrs. Height is the daughter of Fred E. Ellis, '88, which makes it a sort of all-Technology affair. If what we hear is true, Don has by this act added just about one cubit to his family stature.

H. J. Bickford was married last May to Miss Mary Vaill of Winsted, Connecticut.

That is all for now. Maybe the next mail will bring in a lot of dope, but then again, maybe it won't.

Harold B. Gray, *Secretary*,  
Vitreous Steel Products Co., Nappanee, Indiana.

#### Course VI

I trust a handsome majority of Course VI men are now sufficiently settled to have an occasional evening for *The Review* notes. We need lots of dope and some of the boys need encouragement. Send it along, even if it's only a marriage or a legacy.

As your humble Course Secretary, however, I am an unstable quantity. I left the Utah Power and Light Co. this summer for the home port, and after being associated with my father's business for a few months, shall take up some special studies. So for the time being, please mail notes to yours truly at Wilmington, Delaware.

It was wonderful experience with the U. P. & L. system. The Salt Lake territory is developing fast, and the copper mining possibilities are almost unlimited.

En route East I looked in vain for '23 Course VI men in Chicago, the local Secretary advising that the '23 men there hailed from other courses.

Our sympathies go out to Rod Goetchius, on account of the death of his sister, Irene, resulting from an auto accident last summer.

## MEMORANDUM

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## 1923 Continued

Rod is still with the American Telegraph and Telephone Co., and is at present testing carrier systems between Buffalo, and New York, Boston and Troy respectively.

Paul Plant has quit General Electric in favor of the New York Central Railroad, enlisting as special apprentice. Pete McKinnon, who went with the New York Central right off the bat in 1923, now has his rate in the engineering department and is busy drawing pretty pictures most of the time.

Albert J. Pyle, *Secretary*,  
110 West 30th Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

## Course XIV

Alas, such a quiet bunch of fellows. Never at the 'Stute were they so silent! Wonders never cease or perhaps it is wisdom. 'Tis a wise man who speaks but writes not. Surely now that we all are wealthier by a whole year's experience, there should be many tales to tell. The first year has scattered us over all the country and in many professions, I dare say. How many are still at engineering, who have fallen victims of fair damsels and who have cast their fortunes elsewhere? For one, your Course Secretary met a graduate of electro-chemistry, Class of '22, on the street in New York, who had become office manager of a hat concern! Another of '23, Course X-A, is in the banking business!

### CHARLES H. JOHNSON

M. I. T., '05

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The setting of our story is peculiar to the Orient. Chop Suey, noodles, and Chow Mein furnish the local taste and color. The atmosphere was Chinese though nestled beneath the Metropolitan Tower in Madison Square. In the midst of such surroundings at an evening's repast came Oscar Perkins upon your Secretary! So startled was he that two noodles slipped right back in the soup. The Gaussian and Laplacian probability curves certainly had a kink in them that time! Well, Oscar had driven the corpse of his Star down to the village from Boston for a couple of days' holiday and was about to skip your Secretary when fate thrust a meeting upon him. Oscar seemed a bit changed from the days of old, but whether it was the cold cold world or an affaire d'amour that wrought the miracle could not be learned. He is still with the Technicolor Moving Picture Co. in Boston, but has been transferred from the research to the inspection department. On the information of Oscar, it was learned that Duke Ducote was in Boston.

F. P. Montgomery, '02 Pres.

R. J. Marlow, '17, Treas.

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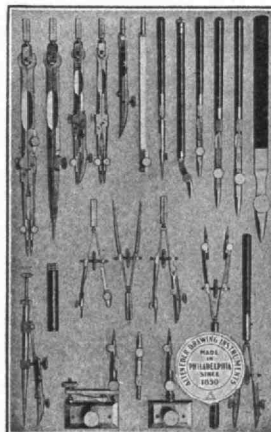
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BULLETIN H SENT ON REQUEST



## 1923 Continued

It will also be of interest to members of the class to know that Dr. Knobel is now connected with the Guggenheim Brothers in New York, and that our friend Dingie has become a physics instructor.

So far as is known, G. G. Kearful and your Secretary are the only members of the class to break into print since Dave Joy. A paper by Prof. M. deKay Thompson on "The Production of Chromates from Ferro-Chromium Anodes" to be read at the Detroit meeting of The American Electrochemical Society in October contains some experimental work by G. G. Your Course Secretary gained minor mention in a paper presented at The First World Power Conference in London during July. The paper entitled, "Current Practice in Steam Power Plants of the United States" by P. Junkersfeld and George A. Orrok, '89, Chief Consulting Engineer of The New York Edison Co., contained a review of the twenty-three largest central stations in this country.

Kearful, since graduating in June, has taken a position in the sales department of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston, where he is specializing in heating equipment. Oscar Perkins said that G. G. tried to sell him some apparatus without much luck. Kearful said he might be in New York for a few days some time ago, but as yet he hasn't made good the threat.

Howard Cobb motored through New York after graduation on his way to Colorado. He made me an evening's visit and we talked over old times and about what the fellows were doing. Howard said he made a million or more runs on plating cobalt and then concluded it was N. G. in his thesis. He had no definite plans for the future other than a few months' rest; let's hope not a perpetual one! He dropped a card from Akron, Ohio, which said he was having a fine trip.

A notice from the Alumni Association gives a new address of Doc Smith as 6719 Paxton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. We've heard nothing from Doc since he left Cleveland.—A. H. Steinbrecher is with the Wisconsin Oxygen Hydrogen Co., at Kenoska, Wisconsin.—A. F. Robertson is with the Nightbank Peninsular Mine at Connaught Station, Ontario, Canada, and G. S. Lund has the new address of Bygdo Alle, '18, Kristiania, Norway.

Fellows, your Secretary is looking to your coöperation and support to furnish him with news for our column, so snap to it and let's have a volume of nifty news from each of you. If you are in New York do not fail to give me a ring at Stuyvesant 5600, Extensions 467 or 483 between nine and five, or Gramercy 0469, the Tech Club, after five. I shall always be glad to have you call on me either at

the office or at my room at 111 East 19th Street at any time. If I can be of service to any of you, do not hesitate to let me know. Meanwhile, good-bye and good luck.

Frank M. Gentry, *Secretary*,  
Room 1522, The New York Edison Co., 130 East 15th Street, N. Y. C.  
Robert E. Hendrie, *Secretary*,  
12 Newton Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.  
H. L. Bond, *Assistant Secretary*,  
Room 1-181, M. I. T., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

**24'** This is the premiere of the notes of the Class of 1924 and the Secretaries lament the fact that they consist only of generalities instead of personalities. With a firm purpose of doing better at their next appearance, however, they would like to proceed with a few remarks to the class.

The majority of us have started in on our life of labor in the industrial or business world and each one consequently has a good lot of interest in knowing where his classmates are. As yet we have not entirely completed the organization for the assembling of this information. In this connection we want to impress upon you the fact that the Course Secretaries are only the collectors of the information, that it must first originate with each of you. Therefore when the Course Secretary makes a call for news, kindly respond immediately.

To get your name in print requires the news to be mailed to three different persons, from you to the Course Secretary, to the General Secretary and then to The Review. You might say this is a lot of red tape, but remember it permits us to print fuller notes and print them more often. We are depending upon you to respond to every call for news and thereby start the system. If you have not already written to your Course Secretary, do so at once. Those who were elected during the last term at school and their addresses follow: Course II, F. S. Hungerford, Canastota, New York, and E. J. Hanley, 20 Park Avenue, Whitman, Massachusetts. Course III, C. A. Frank, Jr., 329 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, and C. R. MacBrayne, 232 Boylston Street, Watertown, Massachusetts; Course IV, Hugh Perra, 34 Madison Street, Taunton, Massachusetts; Course V, F. C. Wagner, 100 Frederick Street, Hanover, Pennsylvania; Course VI, Helen Hardy, 236 Auburndale Avenue, Auburndale, Massachusetts; Course VII and XII, P. K. Bates, 167 Mt. Auburn Street, Watertown, Massachusetts; Course X, W. B. Coleman, 46 Morningside Avenue, New York, New York; Course XIII, G. F. Ashworth, 49 Lincoln Street, Winchester, Massachusetts, and G. C. Joyce, 72 Wyoming Avenue, Malden, Massachusetts; Course XIV, H. G. Donovan, 48 Washington Street, Concord, New Hampshire, and T. E. Mattson, 133 High Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts; Course XV, D. B. Jennings, 339 Morris Avenue, S. E. Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The secretaries for the other courses will be appointed by the officers of the class and announced later. If you have not heard from any of them, drop your personal information to either the General Secretary or the Assistant General Secretary. News of anyone, irrespective of courses, can be sent to them and it will be published.

One thought we wish to impress. The Class of 1924, of which you are an integral part, still exists. It has changed only from an undergraduate body to an alumni body. It is still our class, with the same makeup but with perhaps a greater interest in the Institute and each other. You are now asked to do very little besides pay your \$8.88 to the insurance endowment and your \$3.00 to the Alumni Association. We hope you will also feel a responsibility of continually reporting news to the secretaries. If you will do this, we can promise you that lengthy and newsy notes will appear often in the columns of the Review, subject of course to the whims of the editors.

## Course II

Since this is the first time in four years that we have not been preparing for intensive training with the mental athletes at Technology and renewing old acquaintances, no doubt many feel somewhat lost. However this should only stimulate some of you birds to get a letter in before the next Review is printed. Although we cannot shake the hand of our old friends, we would at least like to hear about them in some way. Many came through with an answer to my letter last June, but the police must be after some of you who are keeping your whereabouts a dark secret. The following consists of all the information your Secretary has at hand.

Bill Walterskirchen is with The Engineering Service Co. of Des Moines, Iowa. He failed to give the details of his existence.—Stevenson is giving his services to Stone & Webster, but knowledge of his location and application of his labors he has managed to keep dark.—George Jones is making gas for the New Jersey Public Service Co. down in Camden, New Jersey. He seems to think the temperature altogether too high inside the generators when they do the relining.—Ed Pollock spent the summer at home then went down to Kelley Field and we suppose he is a "would be" aviator now.—Perry

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Mechanical Engineer*

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## GEORGE P. DIKE

M. I. T. ex '99

*Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor of Patents*

350 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

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## P. F. MAHER, '17

*Public Accountant*

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1924 Continued

Maynard is working for the N. E. Tel. & Tel., making communication better for the public.—The last information received from H. C. Hsu was that he is either going to England or Germany next year, but his mission is unknown.

Smitty is another one of those birds who won't stay on the ground but has been down at Brooks Field, Texas, in the air service, and intends to go with the Western Electric Co. in Chicago Illinois.—I am living next door to Dick Bushnell for the present and he is

putting in his time somewhere in the vicinity, but I swear I can't tell you the place now.—John Davey and Al Miller are making boilers for Babcock and Wilcox. They also state that there will be no more cadaverous accidents from boiler explosions involving large loss of life.—Through a little clever research it has just been brought to

# Addresses Wanted

One of the prime functions of an Alumni Office is to keep an up-to-date mailing list of all Alumni. Mail has been returned to the Alumni Office for the following Former Students. Information is desired concerning them, that they may be kept on the mailing list. Please help us.

ORVILLE B. DENISON, '11,  
Secretary-Treasurer, Alumni Association.

Name	Last Known Address	
		'70
HAYWARD, WILLIAM P. G.,	165 Highland St., Roxbury, Mass.	
		'74
HONGMA, AECHIRAU,	Osaka, Japan.	
TUCKER, BENJAMIN R.,	120 Broadway, New York City.	
		'84
DAVIS, WALTER C.,	50 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.	
WHELOCK, EDWARD, M.D.,	15 S. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	
		'86
HERRICK, CHARLES H.,	159 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.	
		'88
EASTMAN, HENRY F.,	National Calfskin Co., Peabody, Mass.	
GAINES, AMBROSE P.,	814 James Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.	
HILL, HENRY E.,	Lyndhurst Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.	
SIEBERT, MRS. W. H.,	40 Shepard St., Cambridge, Mass.	
		'90
LaROSE, ANTHRINE W.,	57 Bensen Bldg., Albany, N. Y.	
MOSS, SAMUEL A.,	Merchants National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.	
TAYLOR, GORDON H.,	Kennewick, Wash.	
		'92
HOWARD, FRANCIS G.,	5 West 28th St., New York City.	
JENKS, BARTON P.,	The Watson Company, Attleboro, Mass.	
KEENE, MRS. THOMAS M.,	45 Forest St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.	
LADD, HARRY A.,	2859 Leeward Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.	
SAGE, HENRY JUDSON,	53 State St., Boston, Mass.	
		'94
BARTLETT, HERBERT W.,	144 South 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	
ELKINS, FLORENCE E.,	23 Prospect St., Manchester, N. H.	
THOMAS, WILLIAM B.,	420 Grand Ave., Oakland, Calif.	
WEIDINGER, ALBERT E.,	435 W. 123rd St., New York City.	
WHITESIDE, MRS. GEORGE S.,	69 Northrup St., Portland, Oregon.	
		'96
LAWSON, GEORGE P.,	461 Canal St., New York City.	
VON HOLST, HERMANN V.,	72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.	
WIGHT, ALBERT O.,	Inglewood, Calif.	
		'98
EVERETT, JULIAN F.,	216 Boston Block, Seattle, Wash.	
HARWOOD, LT. FRANKLIN B.,	2699 California St., San Francisco, Cal.	
HORSEY, OUTERBRIDGE,	151 E. 61st St., New York City.	
KENDALL, ROBERT E.,	Proctor & Gamble Co., Staten Island, N. Y.	
LEMOYNE, CHARLES,	Wendell, Idaho.	
METCALF, BRYCE,	60 Wall St., New York City.	
MOEBS, JOSEPH,	815 C St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	
MORRIS, JONATHAN M.,	54 Harvest St., Dorchester, Mass.	
NEIDICH, SAMUEL A.,	1038 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.	
PALMER, LYNDON C.,	103 Huntington Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.	
PROSSER, REAY COOPER,	Ridge & Hazel Aves., Webster Grove, Mo.	
WIGHTMAN, EDWIN E.,	Bethlehem Steel Co., Steelton, Pa.	
		'00
ARCHIBALD, GEORGE H.,	306 Continental Life Bldgs., Toronto, Can.	
HANSON, HARRY C.,	185 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.	
HOLMES, ARCHIBALD R.,	306 Continental Life Bldgs., Toronto, Can.	
LAINE, WILLIAM B.,	109 Bedford St., Stamford, Conn.	
TILLINGAST, FREDERICK H.,	U. S. Reclamation Service, Lahonton, Nev.	
		'02
BAUCHELLE, JOHN F.,	1609 Walker Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.	
GRAY, LEVEN J.,	St. Petersburg, Florida.	
HORSTMAN, WILLIAM H.,	3610a N. 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.	
MORSE, MISS MARGARET F.,	60 Burroughs St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.	
PARRISH, MRS. EDWARD, JR.,	Woodland Rd., Jamaica Plain, Mass.	
REDFIELD, J. HOWARD,	Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.	
REED, FRANKLIN H.,	17 Gramercy Park, New York City.	
SCHWARTZ, AARON,	49 St. Mary's St., Brookline, Mass.	
WILLIAMS, IRVING, P. R. R. Md. Div.,	Altoona, Pa.	
		'04
BLATT, HERMAN, O.,	2190 Queen East, Toronto, Can.	
BRIGHAM, CHARLES H.,	Kennebec Paper Co., Augusta, Maine.	
BROWN, JOHN L.,	Watkins, N. J.	
HOPKINS, LEONARD O.,	1100 Monroe Bldg., Chicago, Ill.	
		'04
HOWARD, LEWIS T.,	17 Battery Pl., New York City.	
McDOUGALL, THOMAS C.,	220 East 2nd St., Los Angeles, Calif.	
NYCE, J. CRAWFORD,	1412 Leary Ave., Seattle, Wash.	
PROUDFOOT, GORDON McL.,	122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.	
RATHBONE, JOHN V.,	209 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.	
RAY, EDWARD R.,	Santa Barbara, Calif.	
RIEBEL, ELOY C.,	209 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.	
SPILMAN, CAPT. JOHN A.,	U.S.N.C.C. Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.	
WAKEFIELD, THOMAS,	1875 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.	
		'06
ACKERSON, J. L.,	30 Broadway, New York City.	
BATCHELDER, FREDERICK R.,	50 Oliver St., Room 801, Boston, Mass.	
BURLEIGH, CHARLES R.,	c/o Business Builders, Knickerbocker Bldg., New York City.	
CARTER, PULASKI, E.	Parker St., Scranton, Pa.	
CLIFFORD, WALTER B.,	1522 Union Trust Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.	
FABER, THOMAS W.,	Standard Steel Car Co., Butler, Pa.	
FEELEY, ARTHUR E.,	1041 E. 42nd Place, Chicago, Ill.	
HALEY, FRANK,	9 Adams Court, Lynn, Mass.	
HOTCHKISS, WALTER A.,	611 Greer Bldg., New Castle, Pa.	
JOYCE, ARTHUR L.,	41 Hubbard Ave., Cambridge, Mass.	
MILLER, CARROLL E., JR.,	c/o Montgomery Ward & Co., 8 Museum Rd., Shanghai, China.	
MORSE, HAROLD,	200 Cedar St., Newton Lower Falls, Mass.	
NOBLE, G. CURTIS,	Winnetka, Ill.	
RILEY, GARFIELD,	1855 Columbia Rd., Washington, D. C.	
RIPPEY, ATTWOOD E.,	1055 South Olive St., Los Angeles, Calif.	
SADTLER, PHILIP B.,	945 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.	
TERRELL, WENDELL P.,	Box 901, Birmingham, Alabama.	
THOMAS, WALTER G.,	28 Newton St., Quincy, Mass.	
WILLIAMS, JAY W.,	55 Ashford St., Allston, Mass.	
		'08
BUTLER, JOSEPH W.,	26 Rosedale St., Dorchester, Mass.	
FERNALD, PAUL E.,	Box 877, Tucson, Arizona.	
HALL, SHERWOOD, JR.,	Hall Motor Co., 574 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.	
HOWE, LEON D.,	58-62 Water St., Clinton, Mass.	
LUFKIN, CHARLES L.,	Interstate Cotton Oil Refining Co., Sherman, Texas.	
OWINGS, THOMAS,	1636 Calvert St., Baltimore, Maryland.	
ROHDE, MAX,	853 7th Ave., New York City.	
		'10
FERNSTROM, KARL D.,	103 35th St., Newport News, Va.	
FITZWATER, J. M.,	56 Mitchell Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.	
FLEMING, PAUL,	Galveston, Texas.	
FULTON, GORDON R.,	156 Beacon Hill Ave., Lynn, Mass.	
KALBACH, LEE,	802 First Ave., E., Oskaloosa, Iowa.	
McMORROW, JOHN F.,	57 Wachusett St., Forest Hills, Mass.	
MANN, MRS. RALPH H.,	1222 Main St., Worcester, Mass.	
MELLISH, MURRAY H.,	43 Exchange Pl., New York City.	
NEWHALL, EDWARD,	Hotel Canterbury, Boston, Mass.	
PHILLIPS, ALFRED I., JR.,	25 Allindale Way, Dedham, Mass.	
REYNOLDS, HERBERT G.,	993 East 40th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	
SHULE, HUGO A.,	1258 Pratt Blvd., Chicago, Ill.	
SHAPIRA, SAMUEL,	53 West 113th St., New York City.	
TOWNSEND, CAPT. JOHN M.,	14 Oak St., Cambridge, Mass.	
		'12
ALBEE, ALBERT C.,	80 Josephine St., Somerville, Mass.	
BAKER, FREDERICK,	Calvert and 31st Sts., Baltimore, Md.	
CANFIELD, EDWARD, JR.,	126 Washington Pl., New York City.	
DAMON, DR. STANLEY W.,	197 Stratford St., W. Roxbury, Mass.	
DREWSON, PIERRE,	10 East Ninth St., New York City.	
ETHERIDGE, WILLIAM S.,	1442 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.	
FREDRIKSEN, NORMAN,	23 Cedar St., New Britain, Conn.	
GIESSY, EARLE M.,	810 5th St., Ashland, Wis.	
JENKINS, HUBERT O.,	Davis, Calif.	
JOHNSTON, CECIL C.,	1860 3rd St., San Diego, Calif.	
LAWRENCE, PAUL R.,	678 Fillmore St., Gary, Indiana.	
LENNON, ARTHUR J.,	69 Woodford St., Dorchester, Mass.	
MORSE, HARRISON H.,	Cummer Diggins Co., Mesick, Mich.	
O'NEILL, MICHAEL C.,	430 Harvard St., Brookline, Mass.	
OLSEN, WALTER J.,	73 Harlow St., Arlington, Mass.	
RIDELL, RALPH H.,	84 Brookings St., Medford Hillside, Mass.	
RICHARDSON, WILLIAM E.,	c/o Aberthaw Const. Co., Boston, Mass.	
RUSH, PROF. JAMES E.,	816 Heberton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.	



## 1924 Continued

light that Carol Dunn and Mike Carey are with the Brooklyn Edison Co.—Myron Freeman is managing the Royal Blue Line in Boston; he must realize the need and possibilities of the rubber neck wagon.—Bob Reid and yours truly are now putting the finishing touch on our thesis and shortly hope to hold our degree.

As for myself, I have been in a rather dormant state and very much so during the past four weeks while entertaining that childish disease, scarlet fever, at the hospital. I also discovered something interesting about one of our number. I hope when the time comes he will give me authority to spring it in these columns.

Let's have some news from some of you successful engineers. We ought to be able to fill a couple of pages in this news organ, but I can't make it all up. If the facts were known some of this news is original, but I believe most of it to be correct. It takes an expert to write a front page story from two lines and needless to say I am not that. Signing off until the next issue.

Fred S. Hungerford, *Secretary*.  
Canastota, New York

## Course VI

George Salsman and Bob Hart are with the telephone company.—Frank Barrett is taking the telephone company's intensive course in Boston.—Henry Simonds is with a public service company, now in Fitchburg.

Helen Hardy, *Secretary*,  
236 Auburndale Avenue, Auburndale, Massachusetts.

## Course IX-B

Steve Bromley, working in his first official test as aeronautical engineer with the N. A. C. A. (National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics) was instantly killed when his plane dropped into the harbor outside Dangle Field, August 21, 1924. Major Dafrance, a former American Ace, was the pilot.

Earle Bates is operating the Bates Brothers Granite Quarry in Weymouth. Bates Brothers seam face granite is the most beautiful in the world. Ask Earle.—Jack Cannon knows the Institute would shut down without the best-dressed-gentleman (?) in 1924 present, so he is with us for a while longer.—Bill Robinson says he is going to study for a change, so he's back for graduate work, working part time for President Stratton.

No Course Secretary elected.

D. B. Jennings, *Secretary*,  
339 Morris Avenue, S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan.  
H. G. Donovan, *Assistant Secretary*,  
Box 385, Niagara, Wisconsin.

## Addresses Wanted

(Continued)

Name

Last Known Address

'14  
CLEVERLEY, FRANK C., Houston, Texas.  
COVITT, PHILIP, 1410 Grand Concourse, New York City.  
FINKS, ABRAHAM J., 942 Rhode Island Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
GINSBURG, SOLOMON M., 526 West 117th St., New York City.  
LEATHERS, WALTER H., Pratt & Whitney Co., Hartford, Conn.  
MONTANARO, AUSTIN, 205 Salem St., Boston, Mass.  
OSAA, NORMAN, 217 South Scoville Ave., Oak Park, Ill.  
RISHEY, T. B., U. S. Charlestown, San Diego, Calif.  
VAN, YUN TSUN, 2 Zunsai Ave., Shanghai, China.  
WOOD, HERBERT B., 289 Jackson St., Lawrence, Mass.

'16  
CLARKE, BRUCE A., 16 Main St., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. J.  
CLARKSON, FREEMAN, 1390 Munn Ave., Hillside, N. J.  
FARHI, JOSEPH, 101 Townsend St., Roxbury, Mass.  
FARTHING, WILLIAM J., c/o The Texas Co., Key West, Florida.  
JACKSON, HARVEY W., 202 Benjamin Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
PEARSON, EARLE F., 18 Mellen St., Ashmont, Mass.  
SPOONER, GEORGE A., 118 45th St., Des Moines, Iowa.  
WELLS, ARTHUR K., 98 Hancock St., Cambridge, Mass.  
WRIGHT, LEON S., c/o B. F. Goodrich Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

'18  
BLAIR, PAUL H., 2515 N. Halstead St., Chicago, Ill.  
BOGHOSSIAN, ARAM G., Majestic Hotel, Fort Worth, Texas.  
BRIMBERG, SAMUEL, 452 New Jersey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
BROWNIE, PERCY W., 315 North G St., Tacoma, Wash.  
BUSHIE, RALPH J., 21 Kelly St., Newburyport, Mass.  
BUTLER, HAROLD B., 130 Summer St., Boston, Mass.  
COUSENS, MARION L., 12 Thurston St., Winter Hill, Mass.  
DRAKE, ALLEN F., R. F. D. No. 2, Box 51, Attleboro, Mass.  
GLEASON, HAROLD L., 846 Fellsway, Medford, Mass.  
GOTTLIEB, JULIUS, 199 Chelsea St., East Boston, Mass.  
HAMILTON, NORMAN R., 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

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Technology Review

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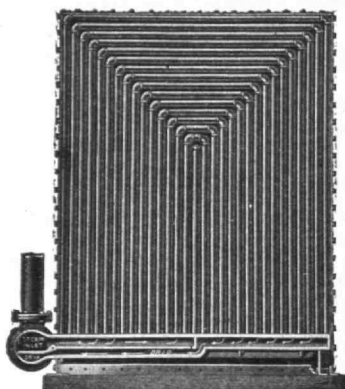
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The tests carried on under actual working conditions show that the time that was heretofore necessary for the drying of hides and leathers has been reduced to a third. This important result is obtained through the use of

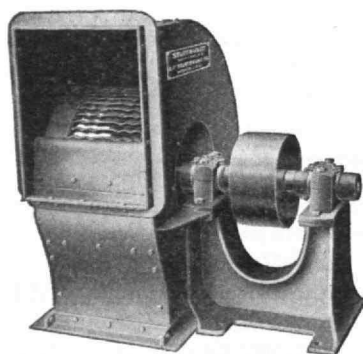
## Sturtevant

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### DRYING SYSTEMS

#### BY USING THESE SYSTEMS

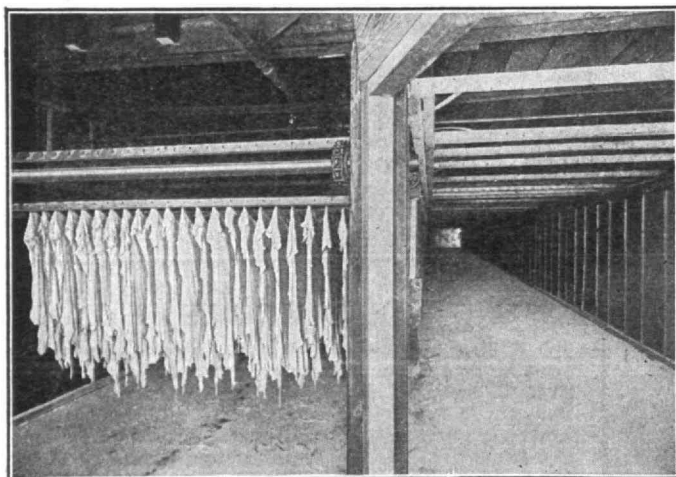
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Entrance examinations are held at the Institute in September. In June, applicants will be examined by the College Entrance Examination Board in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and many other cities in America and Europe. A circular stating times and places is issued in advance by the College Board.

Graduates of colleges and scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted, without examination, to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training.

Graduate courses leading to the degrees of Master of Science, Master in Architecture, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science are also offered. Special research Laboratories of Physical Chemistry, Applied Chemistry and Science have been established.

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The Institute publishes a number of bulletins designed to acquaint prospective students and others who may be interested with its requirements, facilities, instructional aims and subjects. These will be mailed gratis and post free upon request.

For general information, requirements for admission, brief description of courses, etc., ask for *Bulletin A*.

For schedules of courses and detailed description of subjects of instruction, ask for *Bulletin B*.

For the announcement of courses offered in the Summer Session, ask for *Bulletin C*.

For information on Advanced Study and Research, ask for *Bulletin D*.

For the report of the President and the Treasurer, ask for *Bulletin E*.

For a popularly written explanation of Engineering Course content, ask for *Bulletin Y*.

For these bulletins, or for any other information, address

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